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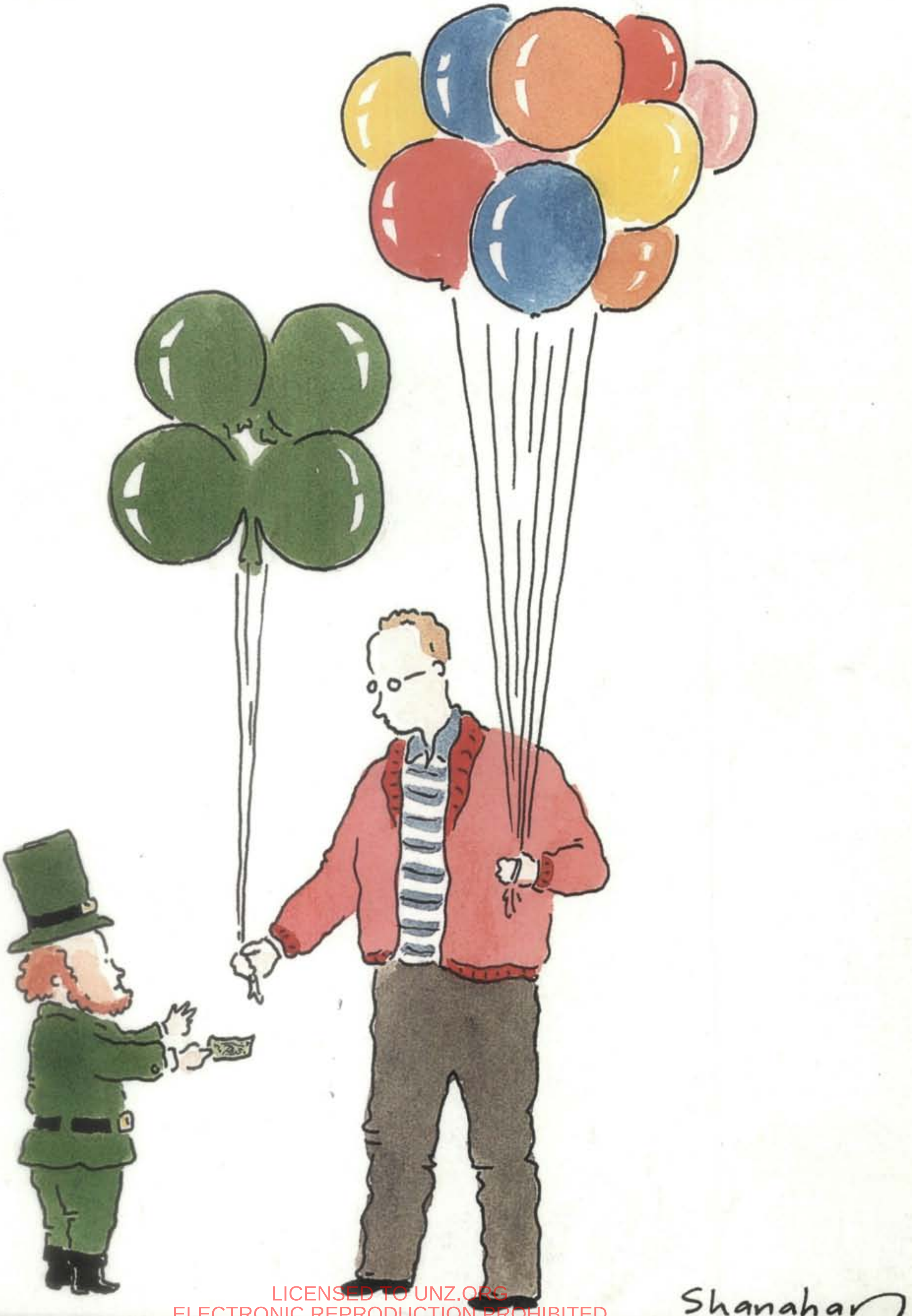

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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and publisher; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1-11 Hay Hill, London W1X7LF, England; Penn Brown & Associates, Inc.: 175 Derby St., No. 36, Hingham, Mass. 02043; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVIII, No. 4, March 16, 1992. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885. © 1992 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. THE MAGAZINE'S NAME AND LOGO, AND THE VARIOUS TITLES AND HEADINGS HEREIN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS, INC., WHICH PUBLISHES THEM THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
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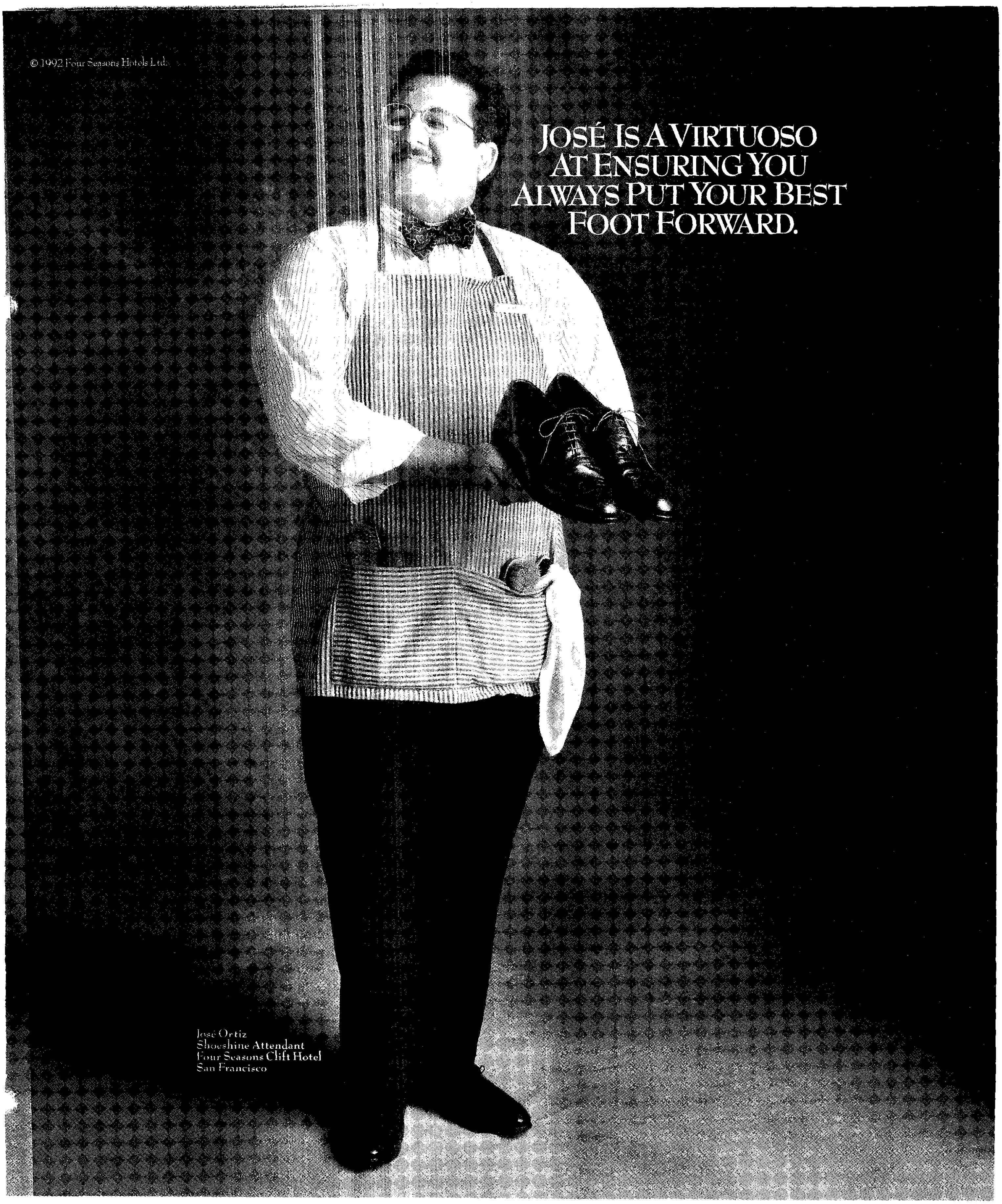
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

It begins, as so many classic tales do, with a shipwreck. Washed up on an American shore, in 1904, a seven-year-old orphan is brought to Oregon lumber country, where she is given the name Opal Whiteley and brought up in stern surroundings. To survive, Opal keeps a diary—hundreds of crayon-scrawled pages written in a fractured syntax and crammed with eerie arcana: about rare forest flowers, European royalty, the Latin Mass. The diary is torn up by Opal's foster sister, but its fragments are miraculously preserved. In 1920, Opal painstakingly reassembles them and the diary is published to immediate acclaim. Some readers are understandably wary: how could a seven-year-old have possessed such recondite knowledge? That Opal is now claiming to be the illegitimate daughter of Henri d'Orléans—a claim that, if true, might help explain her prodigious allusions—increases general skepticism. Before long, the story is forgotten and Opal, now calling herself Françoise d'Orléans, undertakes a jarring trip to Asia before settling in England. Françoise becomes increasingly determined to prove her lineage. Among other acts, she announces that she was betrothed at birth to the Prince of Wales; when the latter abdicates, she takes to the streets, shouting "David! David!" Beset by both poverty and a deepening Blitz-era delirium, Françoise becomes a resident of Napsbury Hospital, where the staff call her the Princess. The diary is eventually reissued (it is available from Tioga Publishing Company) and there are renewed inquiries into its authenticity and into the complex, "Anastasia"-like claims of its author.

Robert Nassif Lindsey, whose musical version of the diary opens this week at the Lamb's—it's called "Opal" and stars Marni Nixon and the six-year-old Eliza Clark—says it doesn't really matter whether the author had royal blood. What matters is the diary's beauty. "The words really sing," Lindsey says, "so it made a lot of sense to set the story to music." He has worked on the project intermittently since graduating from the University of Iowa, in 1980, and over the years he had the good fortune to become Françoise's friend. So it would be nice to report that Herself is arriving for Lindsey's big day. That, however, is not the case. Princess Françoise Marie de Bourbon-Orléans died last month, in England. She was—again, this is her version; there is no known birth certificate—ninety-five.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Before It Hits Home—A play by Cheryl L. West about a young black man with AIDS and his family. With Frankie R. Faison, Yvette Hawkins, and James McDaniel. Opens March 10 at 8, and runs through March 22. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

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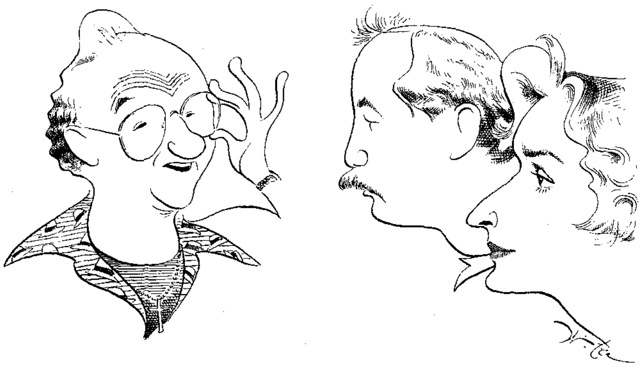
Bernie's Bar Mitzvah—Written and directed by Howard Perloff, this you-are-part-of-the-show show includes an array of food (complete with a Viennese table) in the ticket price. Ian Bonds plays Bernie. In previews. (24-Karat Club, 327 W. 44th St. 1-800 231-8607.)

Conversations with My Father—Judd Hirsch, David Margulies, and Tony Shalhoub in a new play by Herb Gardner. Daniel Sullivan directed. In previews. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Death and the Maiden—A drama by the Chilean playwright Ariel Dorfman, which stars Glenn Close, Richard Dreyfuss, and Gene Hackman. Mike Nichols directed. Previews through March 16. Opens March 17 at 6:30. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

First Is Supper—The American Jewish Theatre presents a play by Shelley Berman. Previews through March 15 at 3. Opens March 15 at 7. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

Four Baboons Adoring the Sun—Stockard Channing and James Naughton lead the cast of a new play by John Guare. Directed by Peter Hall. Previews through March 17. Opens March 18 at 6:45. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



Gene Hackman, Richard Dreyfuss, and Glenn Close in "Death and the Maiden"

Get Used to It—A new gay musical by Tom Wilson Weinberg. In previews. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 869-3530.)

Guys and Dolls—Jerry Zaks has directed this new production of the 1950 musical by Frank Loesser (score and lyrics) and Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows (book). (It was based on a Damon Runyon story.) Peter Gallagher, Nathan Lane, Carolyn Mignini, and Faith Prince lead a forty-member cast. Previews begin March 16. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Hamlet—Stephen Lang has the title role and Elizabeth McGovern is Ophelia in this Roundabout Theatre Company production. Paul Weidner directed. In previews. (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Homo Sapien Shuffle—A play written and directed by Richard Caliban. Opens March 9 at 8, and runs through March 29. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Jake's Women—Alan Alda stars in a new play by Neil Simon, which Gene Saks directed. Previews begin March 12. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Lotto (Experience the Dream)—Cliff Roquemore's comedy about a Los Angeles family who wins the lottery. The show played Brooklyn's Billie Holiday Theatre until recently and has now moved to Manhattan. Previews through March 14. Opens March 15 at 3. (Heckscher, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. 369-6500.)

Manhattan Class Company—Presenting a festival of one-act plays by Jacquelyn Reingold, Ethan Silverman, Oni Faida Lampley, and Patrick Breen. Opens March 9 at 7, and runs through March 21. (120 W. 28th St. 727-7722.)

The Master Builder—The National Actors Theatre production of Ibsen's play. With Earle Hyman, Lynn Redgrave, Maryann Plunkett, Madeleine Potter, and others. Tony Randall directed. Previews begin March 11. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Opal—A new musical by Robert Nassif Lindsey, presented by the Lamb's Theatre Company. Previews on March 11. Opens March 12 at 8. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—A revival of Tennessee Williams' classic 1947 play. Jessica Lange is Blanche, Alec Baldwin is Stanley, Amy Madigan is Stella, and Timothy Carhart is Mitch. Directed by Gregory Mosher. Previews begin March 17. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

'Tis Pity She's a Whore—Val Kilmer and Jeanne Tripplehorn in a production of John Ford's Jacobean tragedy, which JoAnne Akalaitis directed. Previews begin March 17. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

The Virgin Molly—A play by Quincy Long. Previews begin March 14. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-8755.)

NEW THIS SEASON

And—Ron Silver stars in a play by Roger Rosenblatt. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Closes March 29.)

Beau Jest—A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

The Bells; or, the Polish Jew—Everett Quinton has adapted an adaptation of a hundred-and-twenty-year-old "dramatic study." He also plays all the roles. Eureka directed. (Charles Ludlam, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Boesman & Lena—This revival of Athol Fugard's spellbinding play is more openly emotional than most other stagings have been. Keith David and Lynne Thigpen are the intrepid Cape Coloureds and Tsepo Mokone is the black African, whom the couple shelter at considerable risk. All three perform splendidly, under Mr. Fugard's direction. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/92.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes March 22.)

Catskills on Broadway—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Marilyn Michaels, the fourth member of the company, does imitations of imitations. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Chain and **Late Bus to Mecca**—A double bill of plays by Pearl Cleage. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 873-3767. Closes March 22.)

Chess—Tim Rice has revised the book and lyrics for this revival of the musical, which has a score by Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus. (Master, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St. 663-8893.)

Circle Repertory Company—The third play of the season is **THE BALTIMORE WALTZ,** by Paula Vogel. The cast, directed by Anne Bogart, consists of Cherry Jones, Joe Mantello, and Richard Thompson. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes March 15.)

The Comedy of Errors—A production of Shakespeare's comedy, directed by William Gaskill and presented by Theatre for a New Audience. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes March 14.)

Crazy for You—Lightly based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. The scenery is by Robin Wagner; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the masterly direction is by Mike Ockrent. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Dancing at Lughnasa—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and

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preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Down the Flats—A play by Tony Kavanagh, which is set in Dublin. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

From the Mississippi Delta—In eleven scenes, Endesha Ida Mae Holland dramatizes her own rise (and journey) from the Delta (where she had been a teen-age prostitute) to the University of Minnesota and triumph in academia. The leading character, though, is her mother, a midwife called Aint Baby, who is very well portrayed by Cheryl Lynn Bruce. The role of the author is split between Ms. Bruce, Sybil Walker, and Jacqueline Williams, and the result is a lively and merry evening. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Ghosts—A production of Ibsen's play, with April Shawhan, Arnie Burton, Michael Levin, Edward Seamon, and Robin Leslie Brown. Robert Brink directed. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes March 14.)

Grandchild of Kings—Harold Prince's enthralling adaptation of the first two volumes of Sean O'Casey's memoirs is set—beautifully—by Eugene Lee in a square in Dublin. The performances, all of them satisfying, are by the members of the Irish Repertory Theatre Company; Padraic Moyles, Patrick Fitzgerald, and Chris O'Neill are Sean as child, young man, and old man, and the invaluable Pauline Flanagan is Sean's mother. Traditional Irish songs and dances accompany the action every inch of the way. (2/24/92) (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 477-7900.)

Innocent Eréndira and Her Heartless Grandmother—An adaptation of a novella by Gabriel García Márquez; directed by Jorge Alí Triana. Performed in Spanish; simultaneous-English-translation sets are available. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting, in rotating repertory, Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO** and Friedrich Schiller's **MARY STUART**. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Julie Halston's Lifetime of Comedy—For up-to-the-minute coverage of what it is like to be "divorced, over thirty, hormonally imbalanced," you can't do better than the wit and wisdom of this multi-talented actress-comedienne-sage. She's a little like Joan Rivers, a little like Joan Collins, and a little like St. Joan. Also a little like ZaSu Pitts. Among our favorite moments in this autobiographical show are the story of events leading up to Miss Halston's tragic divorce, the visit to the breast doctor, and the ritual reading and textual analysis of the *Times* wedding announcements. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

The Lady from Havana—An encore presentation of a play by Max Ferra about a Cuban family in Miami. Three performances a week are in English; three are in Spanish. Performances begin March 18. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 869-3530.)

Marvin's Room—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering young man. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist, David Petrarca the director. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

The Most Happy Fella—This is one musical we think the world could be without and feel no sorrow. The story of a girl forced to content herself with some old duffer because some other old duffer wanted to teach everyone a lesson about making do with what life has to offer, it's pseudo opera superimposed on pseudo Americana. As for Gerald Gutierrez's Goodspeed Opera production, it's your basic slightly-better-than-average dinner-theatre revival. What's the rumpus? (2/24/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Other Side of Paradise—Keir Dullea plays F. Scott Fitzgerald in this one-man show written by John Kane. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 563-1684.)

Peacetime—Stephen Mailer is a young Jewish veteran of the First World War in this play by Elaine Berman. Pamela Berlin directed. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes March 15.)

Private Lives—Joan Collins does just fine as Amanda in Arvin Brown's production of the Coward play. (In any case, she was once in a "Road" movie with Bing and Bob, so we won't hear a word against her.) But the real star of this revival—the source of its elegance and style—is Simon Jones, who finds many adorable ways of reinventing the role of Elyot. (3/2/92) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Real Live Brady Bunch—Episodes from the acclaimed TV series, reënacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Return to the Forbidden Planet—Gabriel Barré, Julee Cruise, Robert McCormick, and Louis Tucci are all appealing in this light-minded entertainment, a London import that won the Laurence Olivier Award for best musical in a year when it might have gone to "Miss Saigon" (whose producer's subsequent indignation led to the creation of a new award category). The show—a patchwork of beloved pop songs stitched together with Shakespeareana—has almost nothing to do with the cult movie it is based on, and still less to do with "The Tempest." Written and directed by Bob Carlton, it is more than anything else an occasion to laugh a bit and rock out a lot. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Search and Destroy—A labored and heavily ironic play about a young man who reads an inspirational self-help book and resolves to make a movie of it; his quest for the requisite cash, which causes him to sink deeper and deeper into corruption, makes up the plot. All in all, it's an exhausting evening, but the performances, under David Chambers' direction, are good. With Griffin Dunne, as the hapless fellow, and Stephen McHattie and Keith Szarabajka, among others. (3/9/92) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Shmulnik's Waltz—Seen earlier this season at the Jewish Rep, Allan Knee's comedy, with music by David Shire, begins performances here on March 11. Featuring Steve Routman and Wendy Kaplan. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)

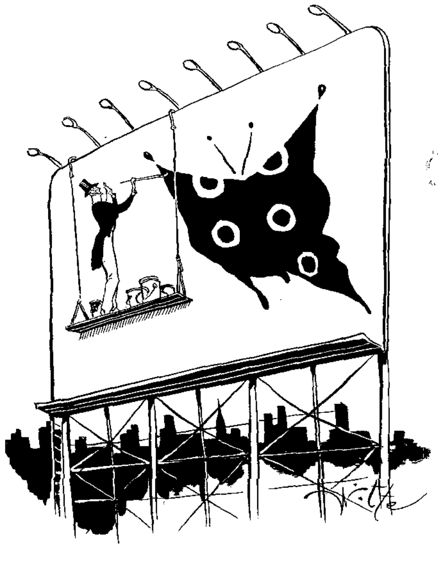
Sight Unseen—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. (2/3/92) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

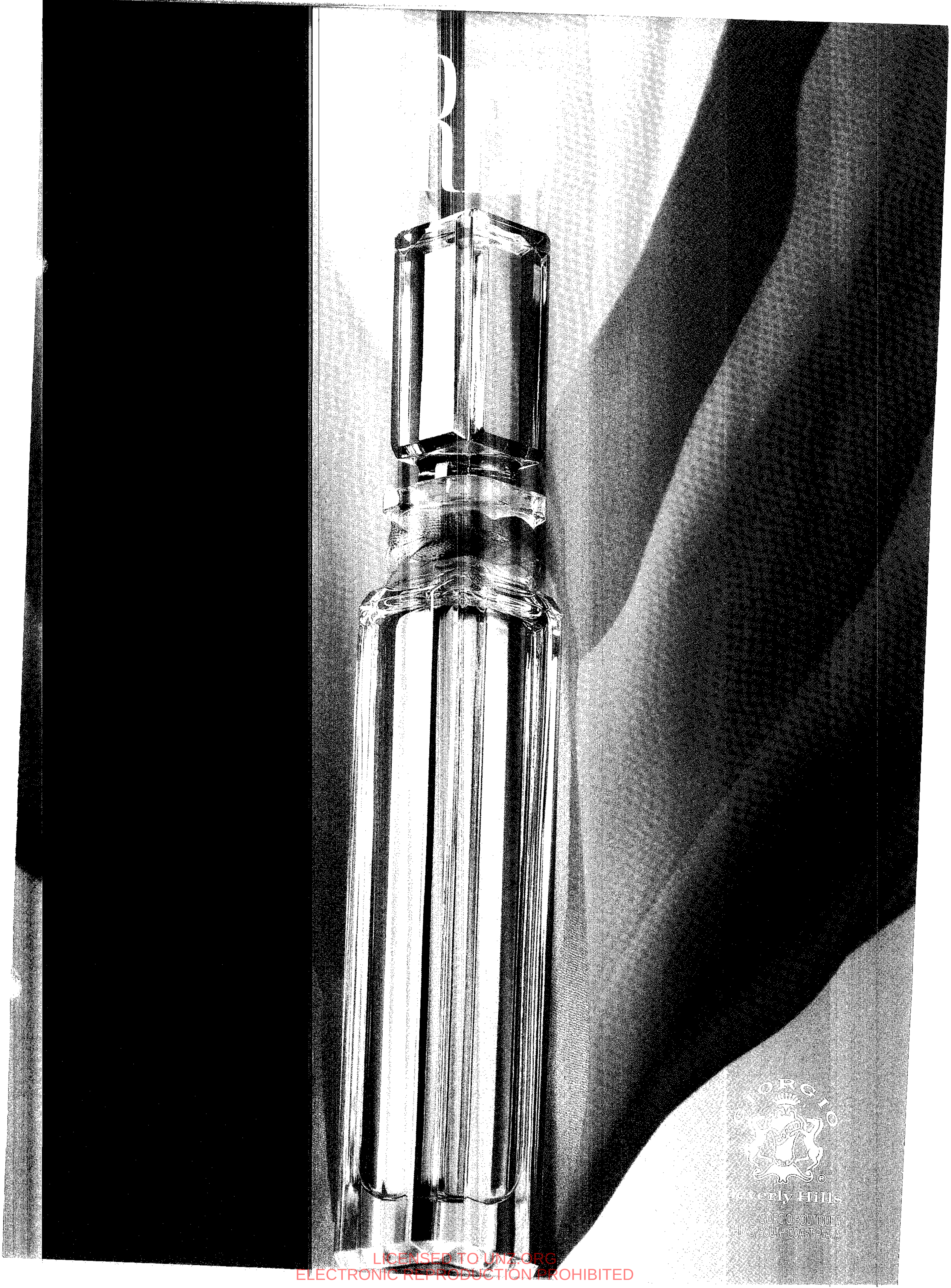
The Substance of Fire—Jon Robin Baitz's play about an intransigent publisher at odds with his grown children, having moved from Playwrights Horizons, seems stronger than ever in this more formal theatre. The remarkable Ron Rifkin continues in the leading role, and he is ably supported by the members of the original company—Patrick Breen, Maria Tucci, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Jon Tenney. (3/9/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Tubes—A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

LONG RUNS

BREAKING LEGS: The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Karen Valentine, Ronald Maccone, and Nick Wyman. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.). . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty-two in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . ***FOREVER PLAID:*** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.). . . **LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART:** Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Christine Baranski, Joanne Camp, Jonathan Hadary, and Brian Kerwin; directed by John Tillinger. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.). . . **LOST IN YONKERS:** There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.). . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **PAGEANT:** A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.). . . **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.). . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . ***THE SECRET GARDEN:*** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **SONG OF SINGAPORE:** A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.). . . ***THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:*** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

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GIORGIO
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ILLS, SOUTH COAST PLAZA

DANCE

IN Osaka, Japan, during the spring of 1703, a nineteen-year-old teahouse courtesan and a twenty-five-year-old clerk in a soy-sauce shop walked into the woods and died together by the same knife. The couple were as unlucky as any other human beings cursed with hopeless love, except in one respect: the playwright Chikamatsu Monzaemon became alerted to their story. Within two months of their death, he had whipped up a play and put it into production. Titled "Sonezaki Shinji" ("The Love Suicides at Sonezaki"), it was a local hit. Then, owing to the vagaries of the theatre, it dropped out of repertory for some two hundred and fifty years. When it was revived, in 1955, it began to be appreciated internationally, and it is now generally cited as the most popular play ever written by Chikamatsu, who is frequently called the Shakespeare of Japan.

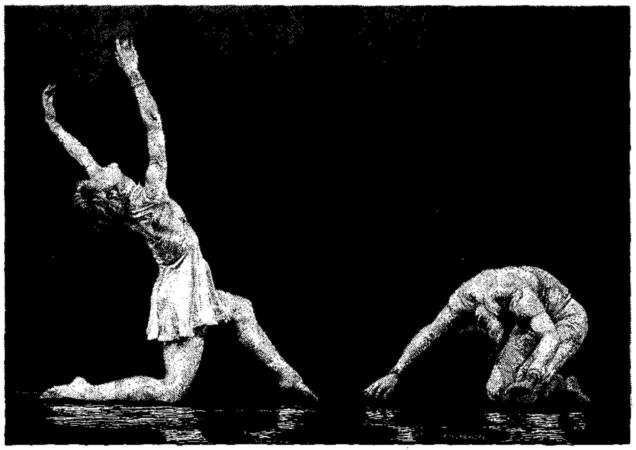
This week, you can see it at City Center (with simultaneous English translation available), and we can guarantee that when blade is plunged into body the actors will feel less than the audience. For "Sonezaki Shinji" will be performed, as it was at its 1703 world première, by puppets—puppets brought to life by members of the illustrious Bunraku troupe. We can also guarantee that these puppets will execute such gestures as placing a hand into a lap or tracing a sleeve across a tear-stained cheek with more economy and refinement than you will discover in any performances by human beings this season. A lot of people go to the ballet seeking perfection, but a lot of ballet dancers go to Bunraku and find it.

Each of the large Bunraku puppets is manipulated by three people—one for the head, face, and right arm (the master puppeteer), one for the left arm, and one for the legs. The coördination of the puppeteers, who are visible onstage, is itself choreography, and their technique can be almost as absorbing as the puppets' artless effects. One volume worth consulting on this subject is the 1985 "Backstage at Bunraku," by Barbara C. Adachi. The text gives a clear and complete account of the history and practice of Bunraku, and the black-and-white photographs, by Joel Sackett, document this theatrical form with understanding and affection.

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through March 29. March 17 at 7:30: "Neighbors," "Beach Birds" (New York première), and "Trackers."... ¶ March 18 at 8: "Exchange," "Native Green," and "Loosestrife" (New York première). (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Bunraku—The National Puppet Theatre of Japan presents "The Love Suicides at Sonezaki." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. March 10 at 7:30; March 11 and March 14 at 2 and 8; and March 12-13 at 8.)

Feld Ballets/NY—March 10 at 8: "Ah Scarlatti," "Savage Glance," and "Wolfgang Strategies."... ¶ March 11 at 8: "Clave," "Fauna," "Love Song Waltzes," and "Skara Brae."... ¶ March 12 at 8: "Ah Scarlatti," "Endsong," and "Wolfgang Strategies."... ¶ March 13 at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Shadow's Breath," "To the Naked Eye," and "Skara Brae."... ¶ March 14 at 8: "Common Ground," "Love Song Waltzes," and "Wolfgang Strategies."... ¶ March 15 at 2: "Ah Scarlatti," "Fauna," "Clave," and "The Jig Is Up."... ¶ March 15 at 7:30: "Contra Pose," "Ion," "Evoe," and "Endsong."... ¶ March 17 at 8: "Love Song Waltzes," "Savage Glance," and "Wolfgang Strategies."... ¶ March 18 at 8: "Ion," "Evoe," "Love Song Waltzes," and "Wolfgang Strategies." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through March 22.)



Victoria Finlayson and Robert Swinston in Merce Cunningham's "Neighbors"

Gail Conrad—Presenting "Walk Around the Block (An Urban Riff)." (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. March 12-15 at 8.)

Art Bridgman/Myrna Packer—Performing "Strip" and other works. Presented by the Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 529-2318. March 12-15 at 8:30.)

Brenda Bufalino and Lynn Dally—In a tap-dance performance. (Woodpeckers Tap Dance Center, 170 Mercer St. 219-8284. March 13-14 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

AT a show at the Bottom Line the other night, we were reminded of an old "Saturday Night Live" sketch, in which an announcer would introduce "... and the Pips." Then, with the absent Gladys Knight represented by a spotlighted microphone, her accompanists would sing the backup harmonies to "Midnight Train to Georgia." The show we'd come to see was Mahlathini and the Mahotella Queens, but about five minutes before show time the management announced that "due to an illness" Mahlathini himself would not be performing. Refunds were offered, but at that point, with the audience seated and into its first round of drinks, the offer was mostly rhetorical. The group, which has been in existence since 1963, is from Soweto, and they play a style of music called Mbaqanga, also known as township jive. Oddly enough, this style, sprung from an oppressive environment, is relentlessly cheerful and life-affirming. The lyrics, sung in Zulu and English, extol love, peace, and the power of music—though one might read political content into them.

The group's solution to the missing-leader problem was quite a bit more graceful than that of the "S.N.L." cast: the four Mahotella Queens, all of whom have clear and strong pipes, picked up the lead vocals, either in harmony or individually. The band set the backdrop with trebly, meandering guitar lines, counterpoint bass riffs, and a bobbing, syncopated beat. But music is just one aspect of the show, the others being costume and dance. In addition to red-green-and-black necklaces, T-shirts sporting a color picture of the group, and beaded skirts and headdresses, the Queens wore spanking new white gym shoes, which were essential for the energetic, choreographed dancing that accompanied every song. Aerobics instructors might want to pick up a copy of the group's latest CD.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The Welsh vocalist **IRIS WILLIAMS** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. The program is devoted to Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Edith Piaf, and others. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **ALL FOUR FUN** will be performing March 10-14, and **IVAN LINS,** a Brazilian pop singer who recently released an album titled "Awa Yio," begins a two-week engagement on March 17 (following a Town Hall appearance on March 14). Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—This northern restaurant-bar, an airy, two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery, is a shade too slick for Columbia students but just right for post-collegiate jazz fans. The name is taken from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome that featured Bird himself. **RUFUS REID** and **AKIRA TANA** perform March 13-14. Music from nine. Dining.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—For the price of a drink or two, you can catch a handful of bands here any night of the week. (The cover charge is mostly a formality—walk along Bleecker Street and you're sure to have a free pass handed to you.) In the old days, as a mural behind the bar attests, the club hosted the likes of Bob Dylan, Linda Ronstadt, and Joni Mitchell. Now you're not likely to recognize anyone onstage unless you went to high school with them. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. **MACEO PARKER, FRED WESLEY,** and **PEE WEE ELLIS** (James Brown colleagues all) share the bill March 10-15 with **JOHNNIE JOHNSON** (who backed up Chuck Berry). Beginning March 17, the stage belongs to **JUNIOR WALKER AND THE ALL-STARS** and the **JUNIOR WELLS BLUES BAND.** First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

shows you've missed. **DAVID BUSKIN** will be here on March 13; and the extraordinarily inventive drummer **BILL BRUFORD** holds sway March 14-15. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, for the next few weeks, **EARTHA KITT.** Ms. Kitt has a staggering list of stage, TV, and recording credits. Most of her songs are tales of men and money, and she doesn't so much sing her lyrics as growl them, prowling about the stage like a lioness protecting her cubs. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the more intimate Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A low-ceilinged basement establishment, with lemon walls and abundant candlelight. Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** leads a trio March 10-15. Music after nine-thirty.

CORNELIA STREET CAFÉ, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319)—In the basement of this tucked-away Village restaurant-bar is a narrow room, decorated with a few tables and steampipes, where you'll find music, poetry readings, and theatre-of-the-cramped. The restaurant itself is a wine-and-candlelight neighborhood café; downstairs, there's a do-it-yourself, sixties-coffeehouse aesthetic at work.

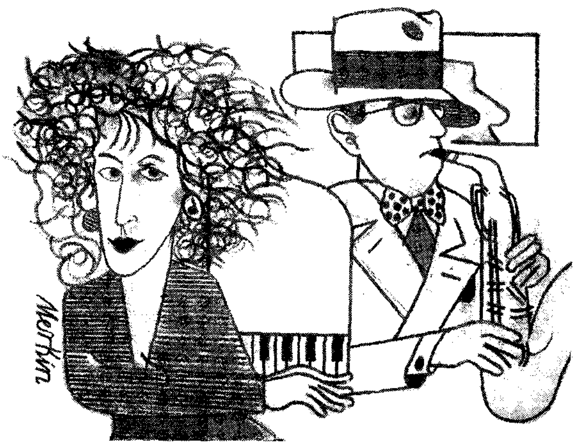
FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The seating arrangements in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement make flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. Saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** leads a quintet March 10-15, and **BILL EVANS** starts up on March 17. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. The schedule, in part: **LYNNE ARRIALE'S** trio on March 11, the **PETER ELDRIDGE** quartet on March 12, **MARTHA LORIN'S** foursome on March 13, and the **JUDY BARNETT** quintet on March 14. Music from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JEWEL BOX LOUNGE, 323 W. 44th St. (262-3333)—An intimate, glittery cabaret whose name describes it perfectly. The crown jewel here just now is **BUD E. LUV,** a Vegas-style crooner with some big rings of his own, as well as a pompadour and a winning collection of smoking jackets. Mr. Luv takes his name from a character in Jerry Lewis's "The Nutty Professor," though the latter-day Luv is in a more lighthearted vein than the Lewis character, which was a caustic sendup of Dean Martin. This Mr. Luv has dead aim, and he pulls off a feat: he wrings laughs from a concept you may have thought was exhausted. Shows Tuesdays through Fridays at ten, Saturdays at nine and midnight, and Sundays at nine.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, a menu full of items like bangers and mash, and a piano. Knickerbocker is an airy, good-spirited place and, while music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. Basses are banished, however, March 11-14, when pianist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** teams up with sax player **MICHAEL HASHIM.** Music from nine-forty-five.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but perhaps a more apt name would be the Second Chance, since so many lost, forgotten, or faded rockers turn up here. But the club's busy schedule includes a variety of newer acts, too. **DELBERT MC CLINTON** will be here on March 13. **BLACK 47,** which comes in on March 17, has had a brief, strange history. The group started out playing after-hours gigs at an Irish bar downtown. Their membership consisted of a trombonist, a uilleann-pipes player, and a singer-guitarist who sang strident variations on the Irishman-in-New-York theme. Before long, limousines were lining the avenue outside the bar and the members of Black 47 were being schmoozed by all manner of record-company types. The band now has a heavy-duty agent, and their show here is a clear sign that they're on their way out of the pubs. Music after nine. Dining.



Judy Carmichael and Michael Hashim at Knickerbocker

POSSESSION

The Children's Museum (83rd Street between Broadway and Amsterdam) has added a new exhibit on collecting. Ranging from small-time assemblages hidden in a model of a child's room ("Star Trek" figures, stuffed animals, and yo-yos) to more sophisticated collections (baseball cards, tin figures, and stamps), the exhibit is an examination of what makes people collect. According to the curator, Jane Bloom, the urge generally arises during that stage of childhood when children start to separate themselves from their parents. For children, she said, collecting involves "carving out a little part of their world they can control." On a recent visit, Bloom carried a flashlight to help children look under the model room's bunk bed, where toy baseball players and dolls of the teen group New Kids on the Block are hidden.

Thirty-six collections are represented in the exhibit. Among them are a free-lance writer's assemblage of things that come in rainbow colors (crayons, for example), a photographer's assortment of Statue of Liberty memorabilia, a sculptor's collection of marbles, and a seventh grader's accumulation of chopstick rests. A special rotating section of the show has been designated specifically for materials assembled by children and adolescents. Several of the permanent collections on display are supplemented by items donated by corporations, such as the Barbie-doll and baseball-card collections. The baseball cards and the nearby stamp collection (which was augmented by the American Philatelic Society) are intended to appeal to somewhat older children. Still, one very young child seemed pleased by them. Grabbing three metal chains attached to laminated baseball cards, the child said to her mother "I want to take these cards home." "Why?" her mother asked. "I don't know" the child said.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—This blues bar stands apart from the Upper East Side's usual array of singles bars, and has become a big draw for the neighborhood's army of post-collegiates. The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drink concoctions lend the place a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: this long, dark, brick-walled room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor. The veteran bluesman **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN,** who performs March 11-12, is not content with one-four-five chord structures and the same old standards. His live shows are an unusual assemblage of swing, boogie-woogie, pop, soul, and R. & B.—and, of course, blues. A recent set included a Duke Ellington tune and the Righteous Brothers hit "Unchained Melody." Brown, who is in his seventies, is tall and lanky, and is given to wearing Stetson hats and rodeo apparel. He's loose yet imposing, and he gets a savage sound from his guitar. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

MARQUEE, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—If the hero of a movie walked down this creepy, semi-deserted block, the audience would be throwing things at the screen and shouting "Turn back! Turn back!" Thanks to this fine alternative-music club, though, there's usually a fairly steady flow of traffic through these parts. The blues label Alligator Records sponsors a show on March 13, part of a tour to celebrate its twentieth anniversary. Performers include the Chicago belter **KOKO TAYLOR, LONNIE BROOKS'** outfit, **LIL' ED AND THE BLUES IMPERIALS, ELVIN BISHOP,** and **KATIE WEBSTER.** March 18 belongs to the **CONNELLS** and **THIS PICTURE.**

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. An acclaimed young rock outfit named **SEBADOH** will be here on March 14, and the **CONNELLS** appear on March 16. Shows at ten on Thursdays, and at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. The slinky chanteuse **HELEN SCHNEIDER,** whose recent credits include an album of Weill songs and the part of Frida Kahlo in a Hilary Blecher musical that ran in Philadelphia not long ago, is in the midst of a month-long stay here. She is singing a Harold Arlen program. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. Mondays belong to Howie Wyeth's ragtime trio, Tuesdays and Fridays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band (with comedian Morty Storm joining them on March 12), and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Show times vary.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This decaying theatre was once the famous Studio 54, where the late Steve Rubell's henchmen helped popularize the policy of turning away the unbeautiful. Now it's the home of one of the city's biggest, oldest, and loudest rock clubs, which was formerly housed in a decaying ballroom in the East Village. The club features a broad stage, mobile-home-size speakers, plenty of room to shimmy, and, for the sedentary, a giant Big Brother video screen. March 14 belongs to a small army of groups, including Cannibal Corpse, Massacre, Suffocation, and Ripping Corpse—bring the folks! Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Rodeo Bar, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—A Western theme bar, attached to a Mexican restaurant. You get walls designed to simulate a log cabin; a buffalo head that blows smoke through its nostrils; a horse trailer that's been converted into a bar; peanuts for eating and, occasionally, throwing. But wait, there's more: a TV that plays tapes of rodeos, New Mexico memorabilia, and live music nightly—country, blues, folk, rock, hillbilly. Shows from ten-thirty.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—In the upstairs cabaret of this landmark (which is currently celebrating its sixty-fifth anniversary), the distinguished English pianist **GEORGE SHEARING** will make the ivories dance on March 15. Shows at eight and ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut decorated with a fruit-and-bamboo motif and dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. S.O.B.'s dance floor is always jumping with Rastas and N.Y.U. students, and there's always someone onstage shouting "Put your hands in the air!" **ASTRUD GILBERTO** is in action March 10-12. Ms. Gilberto, who rose to fame with her 1963 rendition of "Girl from Ipanema," has a cool, vibratoless voice and a graceful, reflective stage manner. The low-key sambas and bossa-novas that she and her band cook up may remind you of Bacharachesque soundtracks from sixties movies; in fact, you may find yourself recalling montages of young lovers running in the rain, driving into the sunset, rolling in the grass. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The **TERUMASA HINO** quintet is here March 10-15, and **ART FARMER** leads a quintet of his own as of March 17. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Sweet Jane's, 113 Jane St. (924-5263)—A rock club out at the edge of town, that strange, mythical place where Springsteen has been known to set a song or two and where it can be pretty hard to get a cab. Inside, Sweet Jane's is a midsize, comfortable space, with oil paintings, cool lighting fixtures, and a couple of bars. Like many night clubs—the Marquee, the Palladium, and the Tunnel come to mind—Sweet Jane's has lots of little corners and alcoves to cater to your ever-changing mood. The **ART NEVILLE BAND** performs on March 12.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, located near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. The pillared, loftlike room is decorated in a hodgepodge, vaguely Bourbon Street manner, and sight lines are above average. But the sound system has been known to be temperamental. The **WOLFE TONES** are here on March 11, and the Irish ensemble **STOCKTON'S WING** comes in March 16-17. Show times vary.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." The **MAL WALDRON** trio is here March 10-15, and the **ED BLACKWELL PROJECT** begins work on March 17. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Pianist **JANE JARVIS** and bassist **MILT HINTON** work out March 9-14, and again beginning March 16. Music from eight.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

Rufus Thomas, the soul veteran who's taught generations how to walk the dog, looked out over the podium at the tuxedoed-and-spangled-and-dolman-sleeved crush heating up Rockefeller Center's skyscraping Pegasus Suite during the Third Annual Rhythm & Blues Foundation Pioneer Awards and complained, "Next year they have to hold this bash at a place with more seats so us old-timers can tell if we're getting a standing ovation."

However, only the soulless could have remained unabashed by the rush of awe, respect, and occasionally too rambunctious exuberance propelling this event, which was held to honor such R. & B. masters as Mr. Thomas, Nellie Lutcher, the Dells, and the Staple Singers. Proof of how humbling this assemblage was to an audience of "pups" like Nona Hendryx and Bonnie Raitt was hearing revered singer Chuck Jackson call the normally tough Queen Latifah "Babycakes" and seeing her do nothing but blush.

For in this room were the remaining pioneers of the chitlin circuit, who'd sung in clubs where they couldn't be served and harmonized in hotels that wouldn't rent them rooms, who'd been scammed out of royalties and crossover hits, but whose talent and style were so undeniable that their heirs, like Janet Jackson and Whitney Houston, eventually became our dream girls.

The survivors greeted each other with undisguised affection, hugging from the gut. "How you doin'?" one sight for sore eyes asked another. "The best I can" was the reply. "I'm having the time," declared soul great Mavis Staples, "but I hope they call us up there soon, because I'm too full of pain." A friend anxiously asked if he could help her. She looked at him real funny. "No, honey, it's just the 'pagne," she said, pointing to the fluted glass of bubbly within arm's reach, adding "I'll take this kind of 'pain' anytime." "It's not easy being original in this world," warned Pop Staples, his family finally gathered around him on the podium. "They call us legends. Because we are."

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Torn Language/Dialogue of Doubt"—Jeff McMahon, Keith Antar Mason, and Elia Arce in a new performance work about homophobia, racism, and sexism. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. March 12-14 at 8 and March 15 at 3.)

Sekou Sundiata and Craig Harris—Performing "The Circle Unbroken Is a Hard Bop," an epic poem with music, with Douglas Booth and Stephanie Alston. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100. March 14 at 8 and March 15 at 3.)

Kyle de Camp and **Charles Dennis**—In two separate performances. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. March 16 at 8. For information about tickets, call 691-5788.)

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—March 13: Performances by Toni Dove and Helen Thorington. . . . ¶ March 18: Performances by Matt Heckert and Hans Moravec. (Park Ave. at 42nd St. Evenings at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

P.S. 122—March 12-15 at 8: Steve Gross in "Worthy." . . ¶ March 12-15 at 9: Nuria Olive-Belles. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

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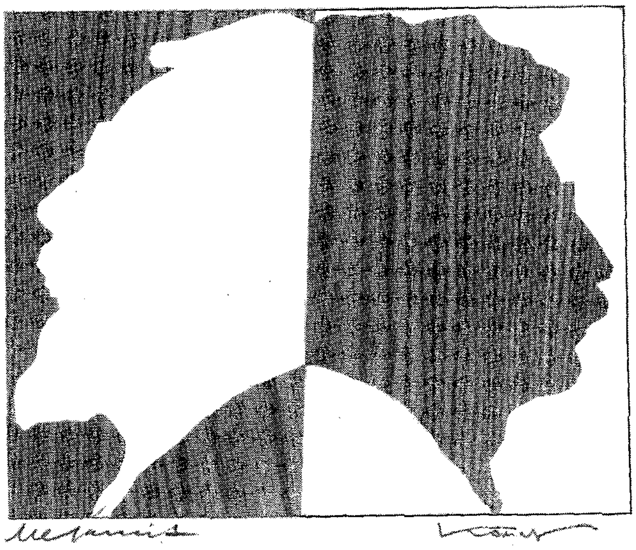
MOSCHINO

ART

IT is a shocking experience to walk past Richard Serra's "Afangar" group at MOMA—a hard-boiled series of remarkably dense black-and-white etchings, based on a sculpture project the artist recently installed on a desolate island near Reykjavík—and enter the cossetted and pastel-toned universe of the late William Paley. The current exhibition of the Paley collection suggests a triumph of sorts, though not a triumph of taste or connoisseurship. Rather, it suggests the ultimate victory of a former titan of the museum's board over the museum's great former director, the late Alfred H. Barr, Jr., whose aesthetic principles are palpable here only in fossil form. Displayed for the most part in the faux-eighteenth-century frames they came with, the works in MOMA's big new trove are generally inferior to the Annenberg collection bequeathed to the Met last year. While no museum in its right mind would turn down a bequest that included Picasso's "Boy Leading a Horse" (1905-06) or his "Nude with Joined Hands" (1906), or the handful of other Paley plums, the surprising over-all blandness of this group left us with little more than a vague, mildly contemptuous sense of familiarity.

The Picasso "Boy," as we well know by now, will soon rhyme beautifully with the Cézanne boy "Bather" upstairs, though only it and a few other paintings seemed to transcend the pasteurization of Paley's taste. And a group of small Maillol table bronzes, among the very few Paley sculptures, looked powerful. They stood out in this context because the figures are not thin. The ballyhooed Gauguin "The Seed of the Areoi" (1892), however, seemed muted.

The larger, Post-Impressionist part of the collection does include some charming lesser works. Derain's 1933 painting, "The Rehearsal," of two actors on a murky stage, is one such oddball in this almost unrelievedly pretty assortment. A small drawing by Rouault, of the floating head of the legendary dealer Ambroise Vollard, provides another dash of spice—and may have been regarded by Paley as an allegory of collecting itself. But the fatuous reception given the rest of this rather ordinary collection seems nothing but an endorsement of generic Fifth and Park Avenue taste.



Komar by Melamid, Melamid by Komar

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Barbizon, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, was a meeting place and inspiration for several French landscape painters in the eighteen-fifties and sixties. A large sampling of works by these artists—Théodore Rousseau, Jean-François Millet, Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot, and others—is on view. Through May 10. . . . ¶ Fifty works by William Harnett (1848-92), the Irish-American painter who was the father of the trompe-l'oeil school. Starts March 14. . . . ¶ The recent donation of the Perls collection—a hundred and sixty-three objects from the kingdom of Benin—has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. . . . ¶ "American Rococo, 1750-1775." Furniture, silver, paintings, engravings, ceramics, and glass made in pre-Revolutionary America. Through May 17. . . . ¶ A group of Alpine landscape sketches and local genre scenes by John Singer Sargent, made during a youthful jaunt through the Bernese Oberland, in 1870. Through March 22. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Seventy-one works—by Cézanne, Derain, Matisse, Picasso, and others—in an exhibition of the William S. Paley collection. Through April 7. . . . ¶ "Allegories of Modernism: Contemporary Drawing," two hundred works by forty American and European artists. Through May 5. . . . ¶ A small show of recent photographs by Gay Block, of people who risked their lives to save Jews during the Holocaust. Through April 7. . . . ¶ On display on the ground floor are "Cross Check," "Power Play," "High Sticking," and "Hat Trick," four new chairs by the hockey-loving Frank Gehry. Through March 23. . . . ¶ Nearly a dozen black-and-white etchings by Richard Serra. Through March 24. . . . ¶ Twenty-one lamps from the sixties and seventies, including a Noguchi "Akari" lamp and a Castiglioni "Taraxacum" lamp. Alas, no lava is in sight. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until late spring.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of photographs by Paul Strand. Starts March 13. . . . ¶ The William Wegman show includes nearly two hundred paintings, drawings, photographs, and videotapes. Through April 19. . . . ¶ A large exhibition of paintings, drawings, etchings, and woodcuts by Terry Winters. Through May 10. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy "Destructions," "Accumulations," and "Cachets" by the inimitable French Nouveau Réaliste Arman. Through April 26. . . . ¶ "The New Merengue," an installation in the Grand Lobby, by sculptor Houston Conwill, poet Estella Conwill Majozo, and architect Joseph De Pace. Through May 3. . . . ¶ "Contemporary Wood Sculpture" is a small show of works by Kenji Fujita, Jane Greengold, Louise Nevelson, and others. . . . ¶ "Biomorphicism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The Academy-Institute's annual painting-and-sculpture invitational. Artists on view include Sylvia Plimack Mangold, Jake Berthot, Tom Otterness, and Debra Birmingham. Through March *29.* (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"The Cosmic Dancer." The tenth-century Hindu bronze of Shiva Nataraja, Lord of the Dance, reigns as the centerpiece of this show of fifty sculptures from India and Southeast Asia. Starts March 11. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"Italian Art at the Close of the Quattrocento" is a show in two parts: the first is a group of eight works attributed to Antonio Pollaiuolo, including his small bronze "Hercules"; the second is a tour of paintings and sculptures in the collection, focussing on four panels by Piero della Francesca. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Seventeenth-century Dutch drawings—of the landscape, genre, and figure variety—by Rembrandt, Ruisdael, Goltzius, and many others. Through April 26. . . . ¶ A small show of printed books and bindings produced in seventeenth-century Flanders and Holland. Through April 26. . . . ¶ Selections on view from the library's permanent collection include one of its three Gutenberg Bibles, Stevenson's autograph manuscript of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the original scores of symphonies by Brahms and Mahler. Through April 26. (Open *Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5;* Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"1+1+1," a series of recent sculptural projects by Alfredo Jaar, primarily in the form of large-scale light-box installations. Through April 19. . . . ¶ "The Big Nothing or Le Presque Rien," a group exhibition in which each artist has been asked to contemplate the notions of emptiness and materiality. Through April 19. . . . ¶ Jeffry Mitchell's installation, titled "My Spirit," consists of rubber, plaster, and latex tableaux of cartoon figures, toy creatures, and other kitschy icons. Through April 19. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recently acquired photographs are on display, including Morris Engel's panoramic views of New York City and Desiré Charnay's eighteen-fifties albumen prints of Mexico City. Through May 2. (Third Floor Gallery.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 7:30; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

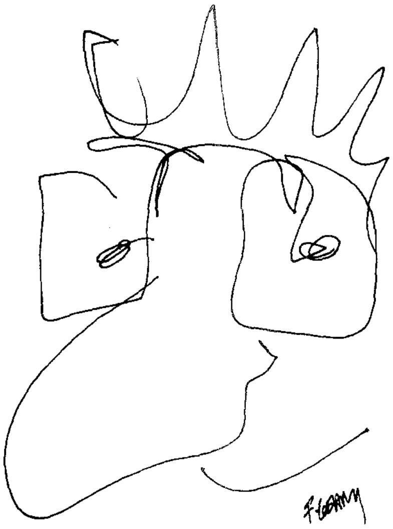
Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—Ik-Joong Kang's "3 x 3," an installation that consists of thousands of three-inch-square paintings and collages. Through April 12. . . . ¶ "Art Beyond Sight," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by visually impaired artists; museumgoers are permitted to touch the sculptures. Through March 29. . . . ¶ Cibachrome prints of rearranged newsprint, by Sarah Charlesworth. Through April 12. . . . ¶ A survey of forty paintings by figurative artists Henrietta Mantooth and Willy Lenski. Through April 12. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Africa and the Diaspora" features nearly a hundred works from the museum's collection, dating from the fifth century to the present. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Gary Hume—A remarkably buoyant first New York solo show of paintings. The style of Hume's work is abstract-geometric, but his subjects are always concrete. All of the works here depict doors, and they are full of wonderful tonal contrasts—fleshy peach with pinky pink, for instance, or a bracing array of grays and whites. Through March 14. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)



Self-portrait by Frank Gehry (Museum of Modern Art)

Short List—**George Grosz,** Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through April 30); **Grace Hartigan,** Anita Friedman, 980 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (through April 1); **Jörg Immendorff,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through April 18); **Jasper Johns,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through March 14); **Jules Olitski,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (through March 28); **Man Ray** and **Meret Oppenheim,** Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through March 27); **Theodore Roszak,** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (through April 11); **Esteban Vicente,** Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, through March 28); **Robert White,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through March 28); **Christopher Wilmarth,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through March 28).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

"Surrealism Embodied"—An amusing exhibition of American surrealist paintings and drawings, most of them by European-born artists. Some are Picassoesque, and some are Daliesque. There is the requisite Pavel Tchelitchew, a diffuse Dorothea Tanning, and a kitschy early Alfonso Ossorio. By and large, this is a show of well-selected curiosities. Through March 28. (Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**Nicholas Africano** and **Marianne Eigenheer,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 21); **Brooks Anderson,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 21); **Theophilus Brown,** Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 3); **Vija Celmins,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 4); **Saint Clair Cemin,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 4); **Arthur Dove** and **Walter Anderson,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 30); **Donald Lipski,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through April 11); **Andre Masson,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 11); **Robert Moskowitz,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 21); **Leigh Palmer,** French, 24 W. 57th St. (through March 28); **Anne Poor,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 4); **Bruce Porter,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through April 2); **Nina Posnansky,** Gallery 84, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 21); **Arnulf Rainer,** Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 28); **Dorothea Rockburne** (through March 21) and **Terence La Noue** (through March 28), Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; **Peter Saul,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 31).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Colette—This artist is a whiz at mixed-media works with surplus silk and something to wrap it around (especially herself). But when it comes to using a brush, or to employing forms of traditional object-making, both of which she has attempted here, she is pretty feeble. Through March 28. (Rempire, 121 Greene St.)

Dan Flavin—The three new fluorescent-light works included in this exhibition are extraordinary. Flavin has created exciting sculptures through a deceptively simple push-pull of colored light. The works are quite planar, but the light in front of them, behind them, and on their surfaces twists space three-dimensionally, in the manner of the great baroque sculptors. Through March 14. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Sylvie Fleury—One of this artist's hilariously hapless installations of shopping bags was first seen last fall in a group show curated by Catherine Liu and titled "Plastic Fantastic Lover (object a)." In this, the Swiss artist's first New York solo exhibition, she reprises her shopping scene in a big way. The shopping-bag groups are the last word in material-girl chic. They're organized into uptown and downtown sections and contain actual purchases—all in Fleury's size. Acquisition and denial are the subtext here. A shoe-shop installation and a rather Koonsian display of Christmas baskets containing cosmetics, Teddy bears (all bought as-is), and an Estée Lauder demonstration video help round out this spree. Fleury's work is terribly superficial and alarmingly profound, and, unchecked, it could feminize the world. Through March 21. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—A group of four works made in the mid-sixties in which two panels are joined at a right angle—one upright, like a painting, and the other horizontal, like a sculpture. One of the paintings consists of a red vertical panel with a blue stripe on one edge and a green stripe on the other edge, over a base panel of solid yellow—an extraordinary, electrifying work. Through March 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

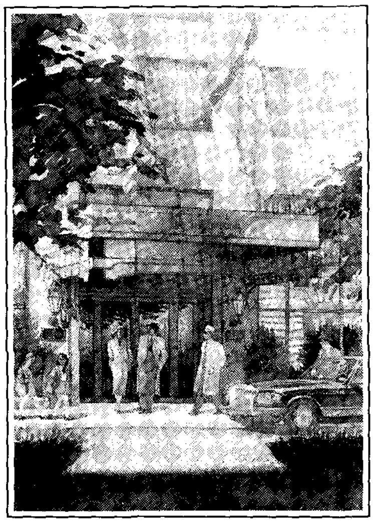
Carter Kustera—One piece in this show portrays the dysfunctional family meal in the form of a table for four, with each place set with its own mini television; Mom's is the monitor for a camera aimed at the table itself, as if she were the head of a high-tech-surveillance squad. The main gallery contains the sharpest work—a depressed life-size family of four made of wax, jammed onto a wax-covered couch. Four heat lamps will shine on the sculptures for the duration of the exhibition, gradually melting them. The artist intends to box the melted remains afterward and sell them as an edition. Through March 28. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)

Sean Landers—This artist's handwritten letters—to his loan officer, to a bad artist with a bad marketing concept, and to God—detail the emotions, neuroses, confessions, and scams of a struggling artist who is part con man and part poet. Landers is endearing for being utterly sincere about his insincerity. There are also cartoons, which are not as interesting; small, wet clay heads on poles of such personages as "The Unfortunate Son of an Irish Drunk" and "The Mick"; and an artist-in-his-studio videotape, for those who choose not to read. Through March 14. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Pieter Laurens Mol—A very strong second New York exhibition of precise, lyrical, and visually simple Conceptual photo works by a Dutch artist who sometimes appears in his pictures striking the intellectual posture of a comic mystic. He achieves something unusual and, one imagines, quite difficult—making landscape, and even nature itself, seem humorous. Marcel Broodthaers and William Wegman might both be considered kindred spirits. Through March 14. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Following his superb retrospective at P.S. 1, Oppenheim must be feeling his years. These most recent sculptures are obsessed with the body and its signs of age. The most gripping piece consists of a giant mouth with old-style art books for teeth; it seems to accept aging without apology and with only the slightest hint of remorse. Through March 14. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Erika Rothenberg—This political artist couldn't be more compassionate, yet these multimedia works, which owe a debt to Alexis Smith, never quite succeed in reflecting the strength of her convictions. The one possible exception is an engaging group of fake greeting cards for the abused and neglected. They are penetrating because they take an insipid medium and charge it with the brutally unexpected. The front of one card reads "Sorry about the abuse you suffered as a child. . . " over a depiction of a scarred doll; on the inside, above a drawing of a daisy, it chillingly continues "Hope you get over it soon!" Through March 14. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)



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Salvatore Scarpitta—Recent works (which, however, look as if they have been in use for a good fifty years) that have skis for bases, or are made of what look like contorted wooden shoe trees. Scarpitta is perhaps the only artist who can make such works without doing so in the shadow of Beuys' sleds. This may be because skis are a metaphor that is pure Scarpitta—a metaphor for transport, fantasy, and work. Through March 20. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Hunt Slonem—Recent paintings of birds behind bars, along with one wall installation of bright molted feathers. These works—all of which are gridded, most of them with latticed lines scored with a paintbrush handle—are specific, complex formal poems. Depending on the density of the grid, the number of birds depicted, the colors of the birds, and, not least, the time of day, the style of Slonem's works may range from a kind of lyric near-minimalism all the way to the baroque. Through March 21. (Helander, 415 West Broadway.)

"Allusion"—A lively show of works by ten painters and sculptors who all make use of an idiom in which figurative elements are orchestrated abstractly. Jedd Garet's painting, a subtle swirl of black and white, seems stringent and looks refreshingly simple here—perhaps this piece forecasts a comeback for this admittedly uneven but nevertheless underestimated painter. Laura Newman's painting is in the de Kooning tradition and, while essentially conservative, attests to the life still kicking within this style. Emily Cheng's hip little painting, with its patterned swags and moody colors, reveals considerable skill with the brush, and Daniel Wiener's strange, comically surreal table sculptures are perhaps the show's quirky find. Through March 14. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

"One Leading to Another"—This accumulative group show began with a work by Andrea Zittel, featuring Lulu, a black rosecomb bantam chicken, who, a sign proclaims, is capable of answering one's most troubling questions with a Ouijan "yes" or "no." Rikrit Tiravanija added two pots of boiling water and a pile of eggs—which viewers are invited to cook—and a separate audiotaped piece in which he attempts to coax Lulu into another pot of cooking water. ("Go ahead. Go ahead. Jump right in.") Next came Joyce Pensato's drawings (done over the remains of eggs that had been thrown at a wall); Allen Ruppersberg's small screenprints, in each of which something important is missing—the state of Florida, for example, from a U.S. map; and Erik Oppenhein (a.k.a. Erik Oppenheim, Dennis's son), who is at the front desk on certain days, masquerading as an art consultant. An unexpected entry and satirist's wellspring recently arrived in the form of a stuffed turkey with rabbit fur, clothed in vintage attire, by Meyer Vaisman; it is the first in a long-anticipated new series of works. On a different note, Kristin Oppenheim's effectively annoying sound piece, in which the invocation "shake me" is repeatedly sung as if it were a Hebraic chant, is in eerie dialogue with Robert Gober's two stacks of newspapers topped by *Post* headlines about battered Hedda Nussbaum and acquitted Willie Smith. A final note: when last spotted, Lulu was still clucking, and nowhere near the fatal pot. Through March 14. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

Short List—**BILL BARRETTE,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through March 14); **DALE CHIHULY,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through March 21); **JIŘÍ GEORG DOKOUPIL,** Shafrazi, 130 Prince St. (through April 11); **GIUSEPPE GALLO,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through March 28); **LAURA GRISI,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through March 28); **WILL INSLEY,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (through April 4); **RICHARD KALINA,** Brown, 23 Watts St. (through March 28); **KOMAR & MELAMID,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through March 28); **JOSEPH NECHVATAL,** Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through April 4); **BARNETT NEWMAN,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (through March 14); **SCOTT RICHTER,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through March 28); **PETER SCHUYFF,** Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through April 4); **JOEL SHAPIRO,** Cooper, 149 Wooster St. (through April 11); **JONATHAN TALBOT,** Gimpel-Weitzenhoffer, 415 West Broadway (through March 28); **JOHN WILCOX,** Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (through April 2).

PHOTOGRAPHY

NOT only did the opening of the exhibit of the New York Public Library's recent photographic acquisitions get no fanfare; the exhibit itself is located in a long hallway on the third floor. When we were there, a woman who was clearly using the library as shelter was shouting "Ever hear of 'excuse me' where you come from?" at Richard Avedon's 1975 portrait of Robert Frank. To say the least, this is not a pampered viewing experience, but it is a pleasurable one. The show is an eclectic collection of images from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. Some of the works are by famous photographers, some are by unknowns; some are generic, some are gems; some have been transferred to the picture collection from other departments within the library, some are donations, and some have been purchased.

A photograph by Walker Evans, from the nineteen-forties, sums up the importance of this collection. It's a shot of people reading in this same library, in a room that's now known as the Celeste Bartos Forum. In the picture, you see individuals sitting jammed together on benches, each of them lost in a book. Evans' photograph is a kind of homage to the idea of the library, and given the recent spate of programs addressing literacy, this picture is the perfect image to express the love of books. It's just one of many pictures recently added to a collection that makes the New York Public Library an invaluable civic asset, one which clearly understands the importance of visual literacy.

William Wegman—A retrospective—of drawings, paintings, videos, and photographs—that gives one the chance to get a comprehensive view of Wegman's skills and of his perceptions of art and the world. Through April 19. (Whitney Museum of American Art.)

"Souvenirs from Japan"—A display of late-nineteenth-century Japanese photographs, many of them exquisitely hand-colored, from the collection of one R. Schilling, a German forest engineer who worked in Japan at the beginning of the century. The works are so aesthetically pleasing that they could distract us from what they actually depict—be it Shinto shrines, women in Meiji-era Japan, or landscapes. Through March 22. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Short List—**ARMAND AGRESTI,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through March 14); **ÉDOUARD-DENIS BALDUS** and **SUZANNE OPTON,** Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (through March 28); **MANUEL ALVAREZ BRAVO,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through April 11); **FREDERIC BRENNER,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through April 19); **SARAH CHARLESWORTH,** Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park (open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5; through April 12); **WILLIAM CHRISTENBERRY** and **VICTOR SCHRAGER,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through March 28); **DAVID DORAN** and **JANET KERR,** Camera Club, 853 Broadway, at 14th St. (open Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; through March 27); **RAY METZKER** and **WILLIAM EGGLESTON,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through April 4); **EADWEARD MUYBRIDGE,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through April 26); **HANS NAMUTH,** Castelli, 578 Broadway (through March 28); **BRIAN WOOD,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (through March 14).

MUSIC

PIANISTS are as interested as ever in the nineteenth century's vast production of literature for their instrument, but precious few of them are interesting to hear playing it. No news; Harold C. Schonberg must have said it two hundred and fifty times in the pages of the *Times*. But it bears repetition, being true; whether anything can be done about it, or whether it would be good for the life of art if anything were, we don't know. We do observe that most of the precious few tend to come from somewhere outside the mainstream of training, recruitment, and promotion, and to think for themselves. Two of the few are to play in New York this week. We know Russell Sherman best in Beethoven, second best in Liszt. Liszt is on his March 10 program at Columbia University's Miller Theatre; the rest of the bill is Mozart, Debussy, and Sessions. This serene, thoughtful, technically sovereign pianist has always, in our experience of him, got across just what it is about each piece he plays which made him care to play it. Like most concertgoers, we knew Mitsuko Uchida first in Mozart: she made her name, in middle age, championing his long undervalued and now perhaps overvalued solo sonatas. But we have been more excited in concert by her Chopin, and the prospect of hearing her perform Schumann's rich, soaring, dramatic concerto (with the New York Philharmonic, beginning March 12) is uncommonly inviting.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., 854-7799; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**RIGOLETTO,** with Marilyn Mims, Taro Ichihara, and Giorgio Lormi; conducted by Nello Santi. (March 9 at 8.). . . With Marilyn Mims, Richard Leech, and Giorgio Lormi; Nello Santi. (March 14 at 8:30 and March 17 at 8.). . . **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,** with Kiri Te Kanawa, Dawn Upshaw, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; James Levine. (March 10 at 8.). . . With Patricia Shuman, Dawn Upshaw, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; James Levine. (March 13 and March 18 at 8.). . . **DON CARLO,** with Aprile Millo, Dolora Zajick, Michael Sylvester, Vladimir Chernov, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. (March 11 at 7 and March 14 at 1.). . . **PARSIFAL,** with Waltraud Meier, Siegfried Jerusalem, Bernd Weikl, Franz Masura, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. (March 12 and March 16 at 6:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

"Zaide"—A fully staged production of Mozart's singspiel, in an English adaptation by John Mortimer. Malcolm Fraser conducts the soloists and the Philharmonia Chamber Orchestra from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. March 12 at 8.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "La Forza del Destino." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. March 14 at 8 and March 15 at 2:30.)

Mannes Opera Ensemble—Amy Kaiser conducts a fully staged production of Donizetti's one-act, farcical opera "I Pazzi per Progetto" or, as she puts it in her English version, "The Methods of Madness." (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. March 14 and March

16 at 8. For information about free tickets, call 496-8524.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Presenting a concert version of Wagner's "Rienzi," the composer's third opera, one so indebted to the model of French grand opera that wags have dubbed it "Meyerbeer's finest achievement." Eve Queler conducts a cast that includes tenor Reiner Goldberg in the effervescent title role (the opera's proper title being "Cola Rienzi, der letzte der Tribunen"). (Carnegie Hall. March 15 at 8.)

St. Petersburg National Opera—This Russian troupe was founded in 1918, on the heels of the Bolshevik revolution, as the Maly Opera and Ballet Theatre, and later became known as the Leningrad National Opera (a name that held until this January). In this three-week visit, they'll present three classic Russian operas (the third will be Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame"), all based on stories by Pushkin and all presented with English supertitles. March 17 at 7:30: Mussorgsky's BORIS GODUNOV. . . . ¶ March 18 at 8: Rimsky-Korsakov's LE COQ D'OR. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through April 5.)

"Atys"—The Paris Opéra-Comique production of Lully's tragic masterpiece from 1676, to a libretto by Philippe Quinault; with Les Arts Florissants, the Ris et Danceries dance ensemble, and a cast that includes soprano Monique Zanetti and tenor Howard Crook; conducted by William Christie. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. March 18 at 7. Through March 22, with varying casts.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. March 10 at 7:30: André Previn conducts Dvořák's Cello Concerto (featuring Heinrich Schiff) and Mahler's Symphony No. 4 (with soprano June Anderson). . . . ¶ March 12 and March 14 at 8 and March 13 at 11 A.M.: Leonard Slatkin conducts Shostakovich's Symphony No. 4 and Schumann's Piano Concerto (with Mitsuko Uchida).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Gerard Schwarz conducts Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" and George Perle's "Dance Fantasy"; pianist Evgeny Kissin is featured in concertos by Mozart (in B-Flat, K. 595) and Shostakovich (his First). (Carnegie Hall. March 10 at 8.)

Hunter Symphony—The orchestra is joined by pianist Vladimir Feltsman for Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, in a concert that also includes music by Berlioz and Strauss. Clayton Westermann conducts. (Hunter College Auditorium, 69th St. between Park and Lexington Aves. 772-4448. March 11 at 7.)

New York Concert Singers—Judith Clurman directs, among other works, Arvo Pärt's "Summa" and Magnificat, the première of a piece by Robert Convery, and music by Rossini, Brahms, and Peter Mennin. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 11 at 8.)

Waseda Symphony Orchestra Tokyo—Ken Takaseki conducts the university orchestra in works by Boris Blacher, Saint-Saëns (his "Organ" Symphony), and Beethoven (his "Emperor" Concerto, with Eugene Istomin), as well as the American première of a Mozart Sinfonia Concertante for Violin, Viola, Cello, and Orchestra (K. 320e), for which Shigeaki Saegusa has completed the fragment left by the composer. (Carnegie Hall. March 13 at 8.)

"Mozart Masses in Concert"—The Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music Philharmonia Chamber Orchestra and Choir perform the C-Minor Mass (K. 427) and the Missa Brevis in C (the "Sparrow," K. 220), among other works. (Alice Tully Hall. March 13 at 8.)

Orpheus—The conductorless chamber orchestra plays Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 2 (featuring flutist Susan Palma) and D-Major Concerto for Three Violins, orchestral excerpts from Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," and Haydn's Symphony No. 91. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. March 15 at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Vienna Symphony—Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducts Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Brahms' First Piano Concerto (featuring Rudolf Buchbinder). (Avery Fisher Hall. March 15 at 3.)

New York Youth Symphony—Samuel Wong conducts Bartók's "Concerto for Orchestra," Christopher Keyes' "Shasta" (for piano and orchestra, with the composer at the keyboard), and Mahler's "Rückert Lieder" (with soprano Martina Arroyo). (Carnegie Hall. March 15 at 3. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 581-5933.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directs music by Tchaikovsky and by the sixteenth-century Czech composer Jacob Handl (also known as Jacobus Gallus—Handl and Gallus being the German and Latin equivalents of "Petelin," the Slovenian word for "rooster," which some think was his original name). (Merkin Concert Hall. March 15 at 3.)

Music Before 1800—Louise Basbas directs Alessandro Scarlatti's oratorio "Il David." (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. 666-0675. March 15 at 4.)

Musica Viva—Walter Klauss directs opulent works—some of them polychoral—from Baroque Venice, by Giovanni Gabrieli, Monteverdi, and Schütz. Also on the program is Schütz's powerfully searching motet "Fili Mi, Absalom," featuring four trombonists and bass Kurt O. Richards. (All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. 535-5530. March 15 at 7.)

Orchestra of the 18th Century—Frans Brueggen conducts the period-instrument ensemble in Schubert's Symphony No. 9 (the "Great") and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. (Avery Fisher Hall. March 15 at 7:30).

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directs the "Columbus Sequence," a contribution by Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin from the 1945 movie musical "Where Do We Go From Here?" (in which Fred MacMurray travelled through American history with the help of a genie). Also on the program are works by Copland, Virgil Thomson, Leroy Jenkins, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 15 at 8.)

Munich Chamber Orchestra—Hans Stadlmair conducts light works by Mozart, Schubert, and Roman Hoffstetter as well as two pieces featuring flutist Andrea Griminelli: Saverio Mercadante's E-Minor Concerto and Mr. Stadlmair's own Capriccio. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. March 15 at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Vladimir Ashkenazy conducts Shostakovich's Symphony No. 8 and Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 2 (with Joshua Bell). (Carnegie Hall. March 16 at 8.)

Ascension Music—Dennis Keene directs Bach's "St. John Passion." (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. 254-8553. March 18 at 8.)

RECITALS

Russell Sherman—The Boston-based pianist, who enjoys what approaches a cult following in his home city (a guru among Brahmins, one might say), performs Mozart's Fantasy (K. 396), Liszt's "Réminiscences de Don Juan," the second book of Debussy's Preludes, and the Sonata No. 1 of Roger Sessions. (Miller Theatre. March 10 at 8.)

Maurizio Pollini—The pianist performs Schubert's Sonata in B-Flat Major (D. 960) and Chopin's twelve Études (Op. 10). (Carnegie Hall. March 11 at 8.)

Alexander Shtarkman—The pianist (who by failing to win a medal at the most recent Van Cliburn piano competition qualified to be spotlighted in the Y's "Goldfingers" series) performs Schubert's C-Major Sonata (D. 840), Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," and both books of Brahms' "Paganini Variations." (92nd Street Y. March 11 at 8.)

Tallis Scholars—The vocal chamber ensemble, directed by Peter Phillips, presents Renaissance music from Iberia and the Hispanic Empire, including a complete performance of Victoria's Missa Gaudeamus. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. March 11 at 8.)

André Emelianoff—Cellist, performing works by Ginastera, George Perle, Ernst Toch, Alfred Schnittke, and Gerald Levinson. (Miller Theatre. March 11 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Presenting a concert that comprises Brahms' seven piano Fantasias (Op. 116) and Dvořák's F-Minor Piano Trio, as well as the "Devil's Trill" Sonata, the most celebrated work of Giuseppe Tartini, the tercentennial of whose birth is being largely overlooked. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. March 12 at 7:30, by candlelight; and March 15 at 4.)

Jan DeGaetani Tribute—Twenty-one musicians remember the late mezzo-soprano by performing music by Dowland, Barbara Strozzi, Schumann, Ravel, Richard Wernick, and Schoenberg (his "Pierrot Lunaire," featuring soprano Lucy Shelton). (Miller Theatre. March 12 at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—Presenting a string trio by Alexandre Pierre François Boëly, a wind quintet by John

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MUSIC–Cont'd

Harbison, and Dvořák's Piano Quintet (with pianist Robert Levin). (Merkin Concert Hall. March 12 at 8.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Pianist, performing works by Chopin, Ravel, and Rachmaninoff. (Avery Fisher Hall. March 13 at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The group plays trios by Haydn and Schubert; violist Samuel Rhodes joins them for Brahms' C-Minor Piano Quartet. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. March 13-14 at 8.). . . ¶ Performing three trios by Mozart. (Alice Tully Hall. March 18 at 8.)

"Wall-to-Wall Schumann"—Thirteen hours of performances, lectures, and readings will explore the works of Robert Schumann (with the obligatory nod to his wife, Clara). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. March 14, beginning at 10 A.M. No tickets necessary.)

Seth Carlin—Continuing his survey of Schubert's piano sonatas, Mr. Carlin performs the sonatas in A Minor (D. 845) and in D Major (D. 850) on a replica of a Schubert-era Viennese fortepiano built by Conrad Graf. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 14 at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—March 15 at 2:45: Four string players from the ensemble perform the Quartet No. 1 by Stanislaw Moniuszko and (with pianist Pawel Checinski) piano quintets by Dvořák and Grażyna Bacewicz. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130.). . . ¶ March 17 at 8: Three dancers join the chamber musicians in a performance of Bruce Adolphe's "Sharéhi," in a program that also includes works by Beethoven and Ibert. (Merkin Concert Hall.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Oliver Knussen conducts Stefan Wolpe's "Piece in Three Parts" for Piano and Sixteen Instruments (featuring pianist Peter Serkin), in a concert that also includes music by Mozart, Beethoven (his "Grosse Fuge"), Henri Lazarof, and Mr. Knussen. (Alice Tully Hall. March 15 at 5 and March 17 at 7:30.)

Stanford Olsen—Tenor, singing songs by Ives, Britten, Vaughan Williams, and Michael Tippett. (Alice Tully Hall. March 16 at 8.)

American Brass Quintet and New York Woodwind Quintet—The brass players present works by Mel Powell and David Sampson; the woodwind players perform music by John Harbison; and all join in for compositions by Ronald Roseman and Vincent Persichetti. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. March 16 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Sherry Sylar and Stephanie Jutt—The oboist plays a sonata by Jacques-Christian-Michel Widerkehr (a contemporary of Beethoven's); the flutist plays Romances by William Thomas McKinley; and both join their piano accompanist, Jonathan Feldman, in trios by Alec Templeton, Stephen Barber, and the nineteenth-century Dutch composer Jules Demersseman (his "William Tell Trio," which is an arrangement of Rossini's familiar overture). (Merkin Concert Hall. March 16 at 8.)

Emma Johnson—Clarinettist, performing works by Schumann, Brahms, Poulenc, Messiaen, and Gerald Finzi, as well as a suite written for her by John Dankworth; assisted by pianist Gordon Back. Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y. March 17 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Psychedelic Furs—The P-Furs have lost a little momentum in their race to the top of cutting-edge consciousness, but it's not from lack of trying. Richard Butler and his brood may be perceived as old-timers by the Nirvana children, but, the truth is, like U2, this is one of the founding groups of the alternative sound. On their first release, in 1980, these mopey-dopey pioneers, with their blurry guitars and downbeat lyrics, set the stage for a lot of great British rock in the eighties. Their latest record, "World Outside," is an overlooked gem; slower and less danceable than their last few albums, it captures some of the reflective mood of earlier Furs classics. And a Furs show, filled with driving dark energy, is always a psychedelic rave. (Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. March 14 at 8.)

U2—Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. March 9 at 8. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. March 18 at 7:30.

Allman Brothers Band—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. March 10-11, March 13-15, and March 17-18, all at 8. Through March 22.

Grateful Dead—Nassau Coliseum. March 11-13 at 7:30.

Julie Wilson—Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 11-12 at 8.

Johnny Mathis and Dionne Warwick—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. March 11-14 at 8.

Hildegarde—With Bill Wright and others. (Weill Recital Hall. March 13 at 8.)

Je Vous Aime Beaucoup

Hildegarde

Gods and Monsters—Featuring Gary Lucas and Jeff Buckley. (St. Ann's, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. March 13 at 8.)

Peter Blegvad—St. Ann's. March 14 at 8.

Freddie Hubbard–Joe Henderson Big Band—Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. March 14 at 8.

Phish—Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. March 14 at 9.

Pete Seeger—With a number of other groups in a sing-along concert. (Hunter College Auditorium, 69th St. between Park and Lexington Aves. March 15 at 5:30. For information about tickets, call 586-6553.)

Music of Ireland—Performed by Altan. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 15 at 7:30.)

Rush—Nassau Coliseum. March 15 at 8.

The Chieftains—Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. March 16 at 8.

"Cabariety"—March 10-15: Annie Hughes, Amy Ryder, Bill Wright, the Tonics, the Cassidys (March 10-12 only), and Jason Robert Brown. . . . ¶ March 17-22: Craig Carnelia, Sally Mayes, Nancy Timpanaro, Todd Stockman, Thos Shipley, and Bob Bendorff. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 688-7253. Shows Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 3 and 7. Through March 29.)

Johnny Mathis and Dionne Warwick

Benefit Concert—Sting, Elton John, Natalie Cole, Don Henley, and James Taylor. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 12 at 7.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Rangers—Vs. the Washington Capitals, March 9. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, March 11. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, March 16. . . . ¶ Vs. the Islanders, March 18.(Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, March 10 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, March 14 at 2:05.

Devils—Away until March 19, when they face the Edmonton Oilers.

Knicks—Vs. the Los Angeles Lakers, March 10 at 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Nets, March 14 at 8:30.

Nets—Vs. the Chicago Bulls, March 17 at 7:30.

(The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

CHAMPIONSHIP—BOXING

Golden Gloves Finals—The sixty-fifth installment of the amateur boxing tournament. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. March 12-13 at 7:30.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Blooming—The annual New York Flower Show at Pier 92 this year features an aquatic garden, a bonsai collection, and an orchid rain forest, as well as all the usual blossoms and greenery. (Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. March 14-22. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8, and Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Problem Solving—The Innovative Design Fund has encouraged members of various professions to devise solutions to the problem of homelessness. On March 11 at 7, in a panel discussion at Cooper Union's Great Hall, architects Sean Scully and Conrad Levenson, professor Marshall Berman, photographer Margaret Morton, and others will talk about what they came up with. (Third Ave. at 7th St. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—March 10 at 7: Christianne Balk, Nora Marks Dauenhauer, John Haines, John Morgan, and Tom Sexton read from their own poetry. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ March 12 at 7: Elinor Lipman reads from her new novel, "The Way Men Act." (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ March 15 at 6 and March 16 at 7:30: Richard Edelman directs a reading of John Gardner's play, "Helen at Home." (Cornelia Street Café, 29 Cornelia St. For reservations, call 989-9319.). . . ¶ March 16 at 7:30: Robert Stone reads from his new novel, "Outerbridge Reach." (Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. No tickets necessary.). . .¶ March 16 at 8: Ian Frazier and Jamaica Kincaid read from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

Talks—March 10 at 6:30: Eve Paul talks about reproductive rights. (Doral Tuscany Hotel, 120 E. 39th St. For information about tickets, call 757-6949.). . . ¶ March 12 at 7: Nora Marks Dauenhauer and Richard Dauenhauer read from Tlingit poetry and talk about Tlingit traditions. (Poets House, 72 Spring St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Walks—March 14 at 1: A "radical" (read left-minded) walking tour of Greenwich Village. Sites include Emma Goldman's house and the scene of the Stonewall riots of 1969. For more information, call 1-718 492-0069. . . . ¶ March 14 at 1: A stroll around historic Chelsea. For more information, call 989-2456. . . . ¶ March 14 at 2: A walk in Jersey City. For more information, call 265-2663.

Memorandum—St. Patrick's Day is March 17. The parade starts at 11 A.M., beginning at Fifth Ave. and 44th St., and continues up the Avenue to 86th. The grand marshal this year is Connie Doolan.

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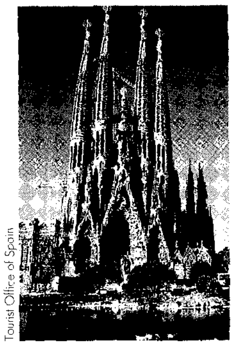

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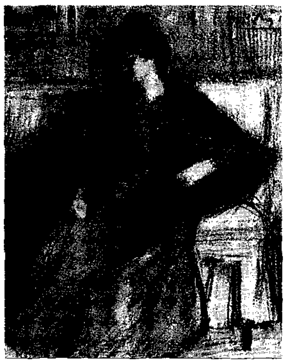

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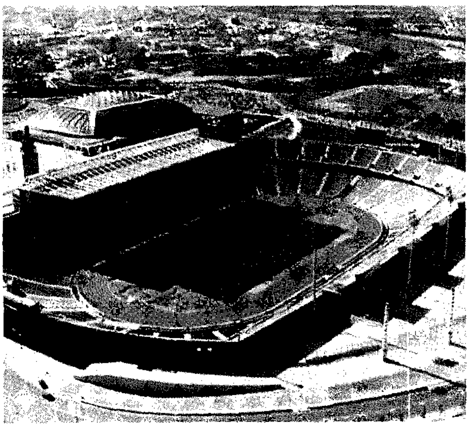

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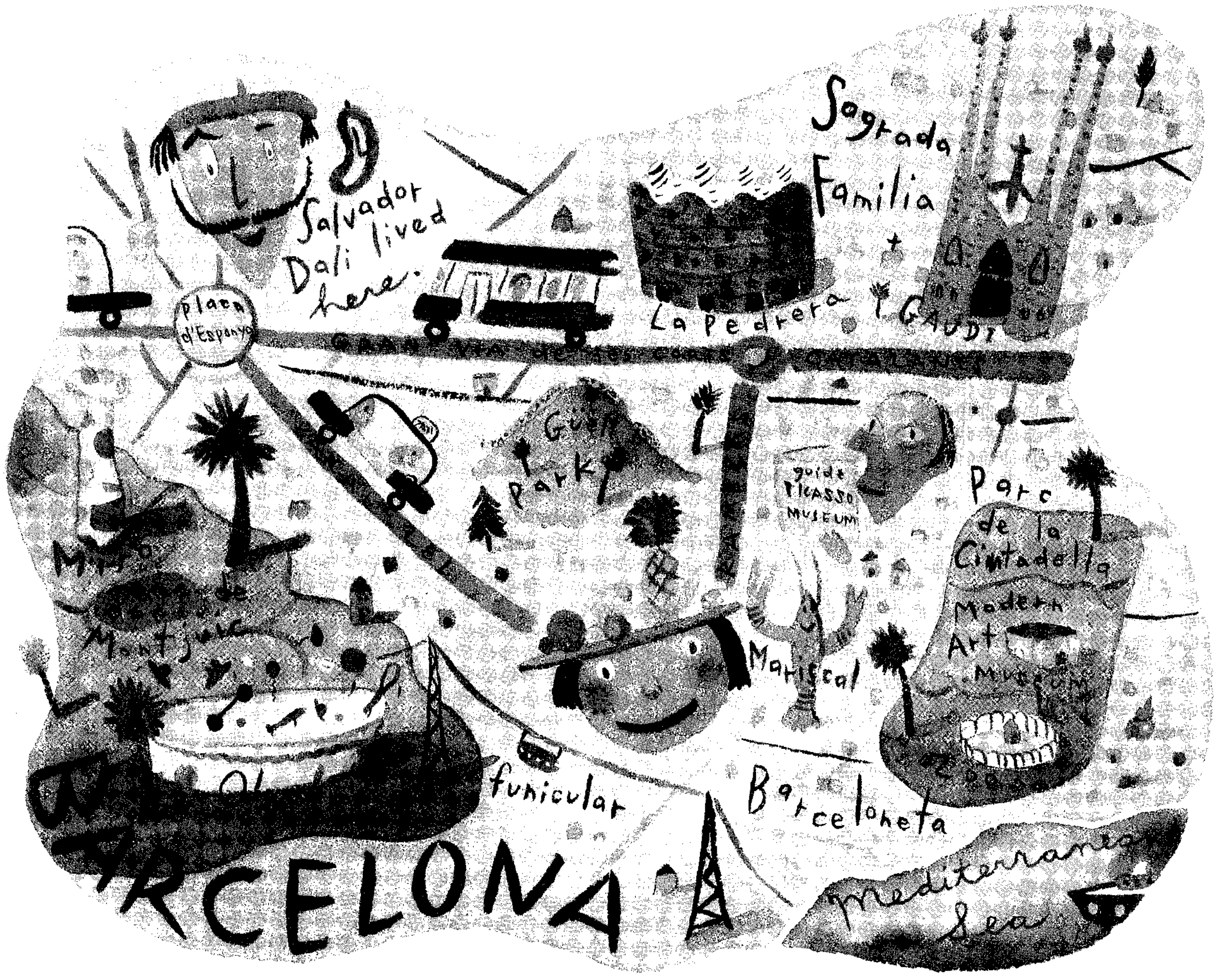

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Black Robe" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 17: "Amazon" (directed by Mika Kaurismaki), with Robert Davi, Rae Dawn Chong, and Kari Väänänen. From March 18: "American Dream" (Barbara Kopple), a documentary.
Theatre 3: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.
Theatre 4: "Where Angels Fear to Tread" (Charles Sturridge), with Helena Bonham Carter, Judy Davis, Rupert Graves, Giovanni Guidelli, Barbara Jefford, and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 5: "Until the End of the World" (Wim Wenders), with William Hurt.
Theatre 6: "My Own Private Idaho" (Gus Van Sant), with River Phoenix, Keanu Reeves, James Russo, and William Richert.

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
March 9: Theatre closed.
March 10-12: "Shadow of Angels" (1976, Daniel Schmid), with Ingrid Caven and Rainer Werner Fassbinder; and "Tonight or Never" (1972, Schmid).
March 13-15: "Jenatsch" (1987, Schmid), with Michel Voita; and "Shadow of Angels."
March 16: Theatre closed.
From March 17: "Hecate" (1982, Schmid), with Bernard Giraudeau and Lauren Hutton; and "Shadow of Angels."

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through March 12: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger. From March 13: "My Cousin Vinny" (Jonathan Lynn), with Joe Pesci, Ralph Macchio, Marisa Tomei, Mitchell Whitfield, and Fred Gwynne.
Theatre 2: "Gate II" (Michael Nankin).
Theatre 3: "This Is My Life" (†).

LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "JFK" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wayne's World" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mambo Kings" (Arne Glimcher), with Armand Assante, Antonio Banderas, and Cathy Moriarty.
Theatre 5: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 6: "Gladiator" (Rowdy Herrington), with James Marshall, Cuba Gooding, Jr., and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 7: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (†).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Paris Is Burning" (Jennie Livingston), a documentary; and "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron).
Theatre 3: "Medicine Man" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 4: "Blame It on the Bellboy" (Mark Herman), with Dudley Moore, Bryan Brown, Richard Griffiths, and Bronson Pinchot.
Theatre 5: "Hear My Song" (†).
Theatre 6: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 7: Through March 12: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash). From March 13: "Shakes the Clown" (Bobcat Goldthwait), with Goldthwait.

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Lawnmower Man" (Brett Leonard), with Jeff Fahey and Pierce Brosnan.
Theatre 3: "The Prince of Tides" (†).
Theatre 4: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.
Theatre 5: "Gate II" (Michael Nankin).
Theatre 6: Through March 12: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger. From March 13: "Article 99" (Howard Deutch), with Ray Liotta and Kiefer Sutherland.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Grand Canyon" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Gladiator" (Rowdy Herrington), with James Marshall, Cuba Gooding, Jr., Brian Dennehy, Robert Loggia, and Ossie Davis.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Once Upon a Crime" (Eugene Levy), with John Candy, James Belushi, Cybill Shepherd, Sean Young, Richard Lewis, Ornella Muti, Giancarlo Giannini, and George Hamilton.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and (evenings only) "Medicine Man" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 3: "Blame It on the Bellboy" (Mark Herman), with Dudley Moore, Bryan Brown, Richard Griffiths, and Bronson Pinchot.
Theatre 4: "Bugsy" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Wayne's World" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Prince of Tides" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 12: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger. From March 13: "Article 99" (Howard Deutch), with Ray Liotta and Kiefer Sutherland.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin.
Theatre 2: "Blame It on the Bellboy" (Mark Herman), with Dudley Moore, Bryan Brown, Richard Griffiths, and Bronson Pinchot.

CROWN GOTHAM, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through March 12: "Grand Canyon" (†).
From March 13: "My Cousin Vinny" (Jonathan Lynn), with Joe Pesci, Ralph Macchio, Marisa Tomei, Mitchell Whitfield, and Fred Gwynne.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Where Angels Fear to Tread" (Charles Sturridge), with Helena Bonham Carter, Judy Davis, Rupert Graves, Giovanni Guidelli, Barbara Jefford, and Helen Mirren.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Gladiator" (Rowdy Herrington), with James Marshall, Cuba Gooding, Jr., and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 2: Through March 12: "Gladiator." From March 13: "American Me" (Edward James Olmos).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 12: "Gate II" (Michael Nankin).
From March 13: "Shaking the Tree" (Duane Clark), with Arye Gross, Gale Hansen, and Doug Savant.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).
Theatre 2: "This Is My Life" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Othello" (1952, Orson Welles), with Welles.
Theatre 3: "Medicine Man" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Lorraine Bracco.

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 2: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 3: "The Lawnmower Man" (Brett Leonard), with Jeff Fahey and Pierce Brosnan.
Theatre 4: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (†).
Theatre 5: Through March 12: "The Lawnmower Man." From March 13: "Article 99" (Howard Deutch), with Ray Liotta and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 6: "Once Upon a Crime" (Eugene Levy), with John Candy, James Belushi, Cybill Shepherd, Sean Young, Richard Lewis, Ornella Muti, Giancarlo Giannini, and George Hamilton.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 12: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger. From March 13: "Final Approach" (Eric Steven Stahl), with James B. Sikking, Hector Elizondo, Madolyn Smith, and Kevin McCarthy.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Under Suspicion" (Simon Moore), with Liam Neeson and Laura San Giacomo.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Wayne's World" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mambo Kings" (Arne Glimcher), with Armand Assante, Antonio Banderas, and Cathy Moriarty.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Hear My Song" (†).

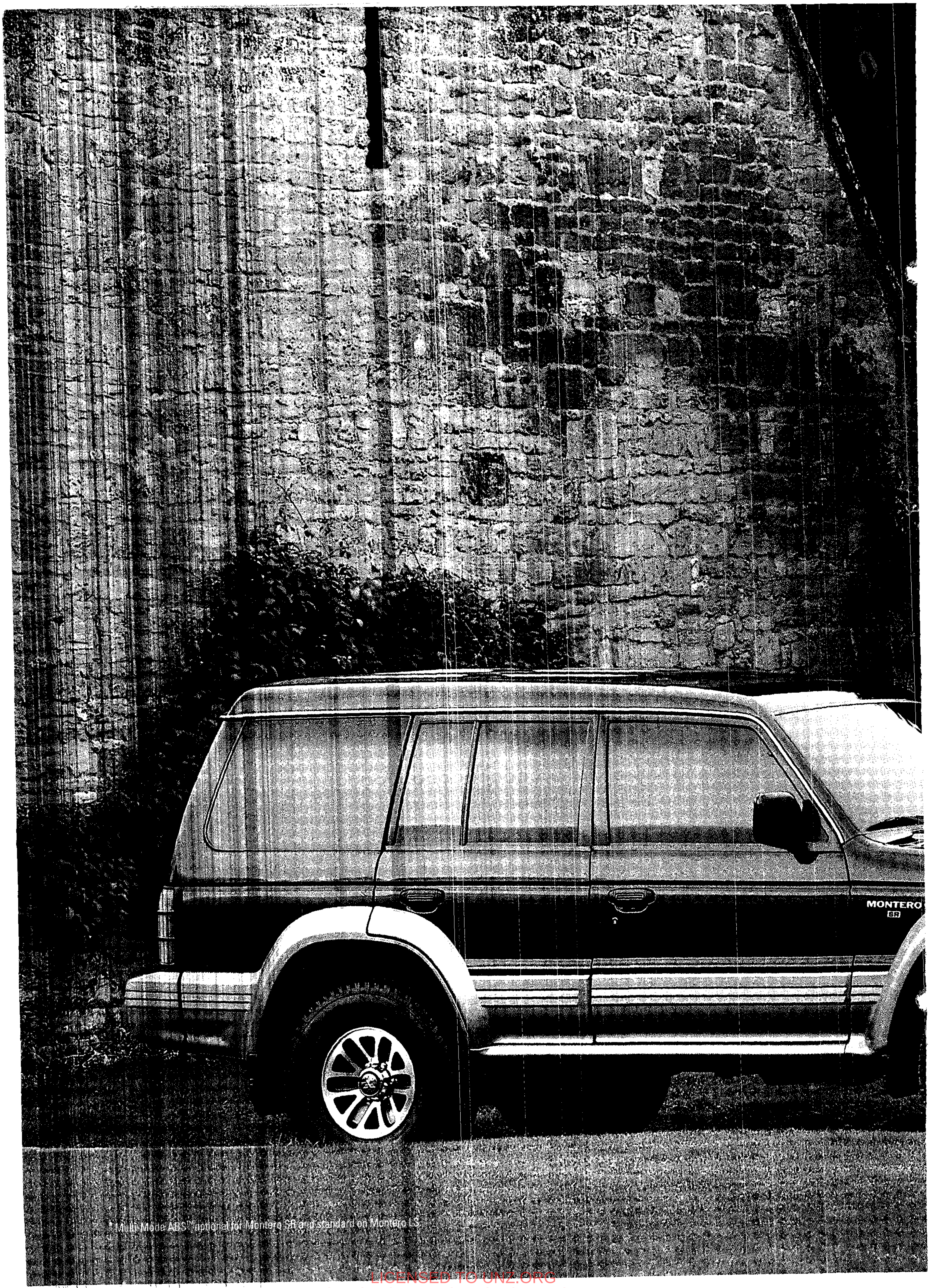
LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"JFK" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Once Upon a Crime" (Eugene Levy), with John Candy, James Belushi, Cybill Shepherd, Sean Young, Richard Lewis, Ornella Muti, Giancarlo Giannini, and George Hamilton.

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Lawnmower Man" (Brett Leonard), with Jeff Fahey and Pierce Brosnan.
Theatre 2: Through March 12: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith. From March 13: "American Me" (Edward James Olmos).

LOEWS ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "The Prince of Tides" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World" (†).
Theatre 3: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (†).
Theatre 4: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.
Theatre 5: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 6: Through March 12: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger. From March 13: "Article 99" (Howard Deutch), with Ray Liotta and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 7: "Gladiator" (Rowdy Herrington), with James Marshall, Cuba Gooding, Jr., Brian Dennehy, and Robert Loggia.

At Loews Fine Arts, Anthony Hopkins in "Howards End"



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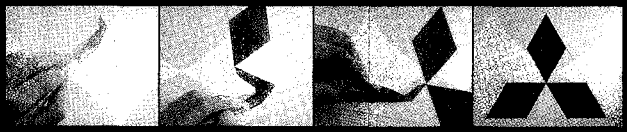

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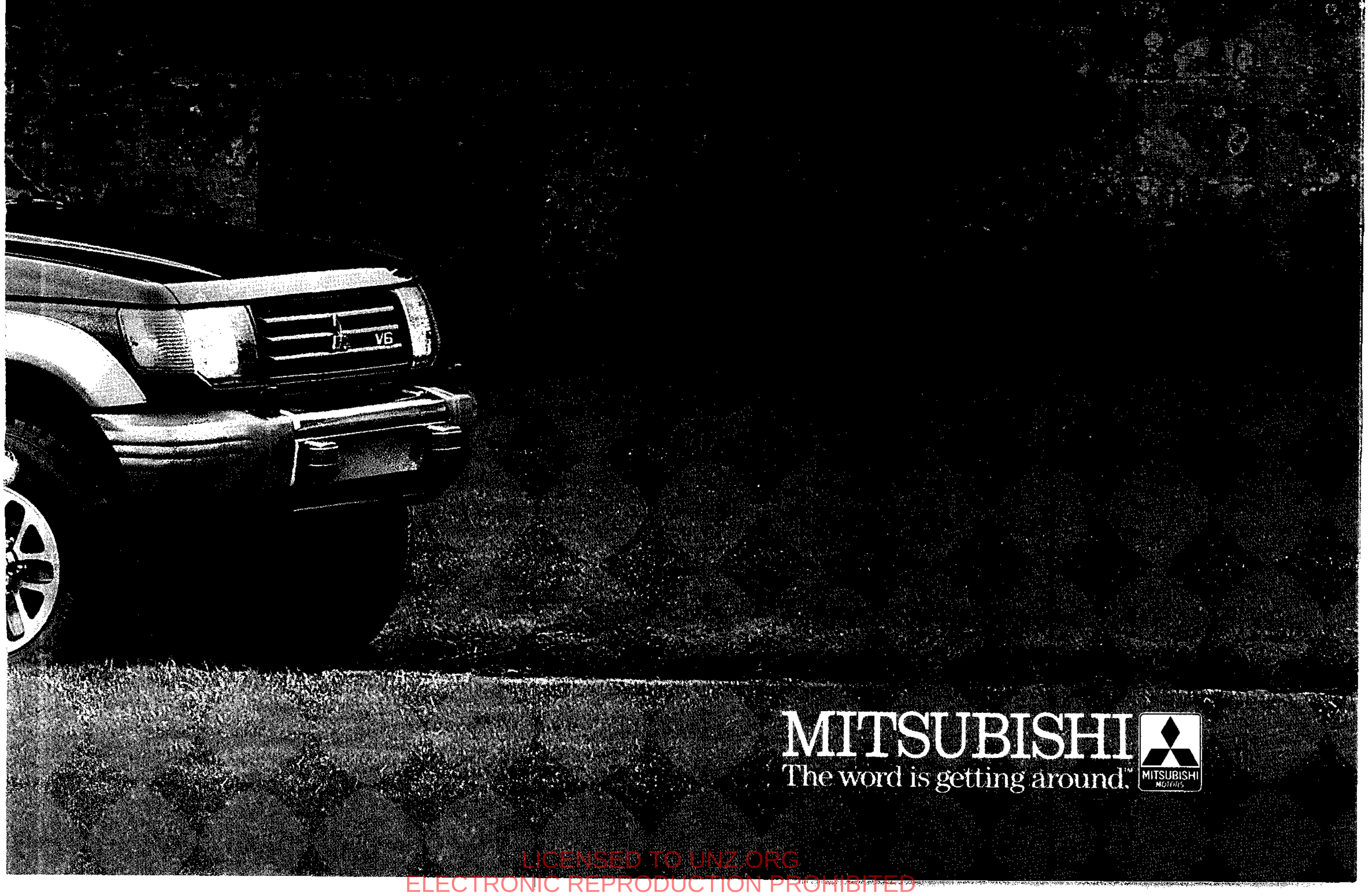

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86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Blame It on the Bellboy" (Mark Herman), with Dudley Moore, Bryan Brown, Richard Griffiths, and Bronson Pinchot.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and (evenings only) "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through March 17: "Titicut Follies" (†). From March 18: "Voice from the Front" (1991, directed by Robyn Hutt, Sandra Elgear, and David Neieran).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "35 Up" (Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Once Upon a Crime" (Eugene Levy), with John Candy, James Belushi, Cybill Shepherd, Sean Young, Richard Lewis, Ornella Muti, Giancarlo Giannini, and George Hamilton.
Theatre 2: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through March 12: "The Lawnmower Man" (Brett Leonard), with Jeff Fahey and Pierce Brosnan. From March 13: "American Me" (Edward James Olmos).
Theatre 2: "Grand Canyon" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 12: "Winter in Lisbon" (Angel Amigo, in French), with Dizzy Gillespie. From March 13: "Shaking the Tree" (Duane Clark), with Arye Gross.
Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (†).
Theatre 3: "Life Is Sweet"(†).
Theatre 4: "High Heels" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "This Is My Life" (†).
Theatre 2: "This Is My Life" (†).
Theatre 3: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 12: "Blame It on the Bellboy" (Mark Herman), with Dudley Moore, Bryan Brown, Richard Griffiths, and Bronson Pinchot. From March 13: "My Cousin Vinny" (Jonathan Lynn), with Joe Pesci, Ralph Macchio, Marisa Tomei, Mitchell Whitfield, and Fred Gwynne.
Theatre 5: "Wayne's World" (†).
Theatre 6: "Gladiator" (Rowdy Herrington), with James Marshall, Cuba Gooding, Jr., and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 7: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (†).
Theatre 8: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).
Theatre 9: Through March 12: "Once Upon a Crime" (Eugene Levy), with John Candy, James Belushi, Cybill Shepherd, Sean Young, Richard Lewis, Ornella Muti, Giancarlo Giannini, and George Hamilton. From March 13: "American Me" (Edward James Olmos).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 12: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith. From March 13: "Shaking the Tree" (Duane Clark), with Arye Gross, Gale Hansen, and Doug Savant.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: Through March 12: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith. From March 13: "Shaking the Tree" (Duane Clark), with Arye Gross, Gale Hansen, and Doug Savant.
Theatre 2: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 3: (Separate admissions) "Secret Friends" (Dennis Potter), with Alan Bates, Gina Bellman, and Frances Barber; and "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (Fax Bahr and George Hickenlooper), a documentary about the making of "Apocalypse Now."
Theatre 4: "The Prince of Tides" (†).
Theatre 5: "Grand Canyon" (†).
Theatre 6: "Gladiator" (Rowdy Herrington; in English, with Spanish subtitles), with James Marshall, Cuba Gooding, Jr., Brian Dennehy, Robert Loggia, and Ossie Davis.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lawnmower Man" (Brett Leonard), with Jeff Fahey and Pierce Brosnan.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Prince of Tides" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through March 12: "Naked Lunch" (David Cronenberg), with Peter Weller, Judy Davis, Ian Holm, and Julian Sands.
From March 13: "Shakes the Clown" (Bobcat Goldthwait), with Goldthwait.

The most famous Ernst Lubitsch farces of the early thirties, "Design for Living" (1933) and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), should be seen back to back, for comparison. (Both are playing March 15, at Theatre 80 St. Marks.) "Design for Living" is just a sporadically amusing trick film based on Noël Coward's play. Lubitsch and screenwriter Ben Hecht play comedic hopscotch with the members of a burgeoning ménage à trois: painter Gary Cooper, playwright Fredric March, and a self-described "mother of the arts," Miriam Hopkins. The script plumps for Hopkins' right to love both men. But the moviemakers express more delight in their own cunning game of innuendo than in the erotic curiosity of the characters.

"Design for Living" nearly sinks under the weight of its proud naughtiness; only the sporting spirit of the actors keeps it bobbing along. "Trouble in Paradise" floats on gossamer water wings. In Samson Raphaelson's screenplay, the most fleeting suggestions contain giddy amorous emotions. At one point, beautiful perfume heiress Kay Francis asks dashing gentleman thief Herbert Marshall (who's posing as her secretary), "When a lady takes her jewels off in a gentleman's room, where does she put them?" The sentence is charged with a combination of sexual expectancy (the couple flirt madly yet never make love) and suspicion (she's been tipped off that he's a con artist). Marshall has already fallen for an impudent fellow-bandit played by Hopkins (here, she's a joy). Their affair is a non-stop improvisation; they keep stoking it with new schemes and blandishments. Francis and Marshall share a romantic fantasy that comes to a peak of longing, slowly and grandly. But it's impossible to consummate. Lubitsch and Raphaelson contrast instant gratification and gallantry without demeaning either. They see any form of love as a funny sort of miracle.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.
Theatre 2: "Madame Bovary" (†).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
Through March 11: "Kafka" (Steven Soderbergh), with Jeremy Irons.
March 12: Theatre closed.
From March 13: "Howards End" (James Ivory), with Anthony Hopkins, Vanessa Redgrave, Helena Bonham Carter, Emma Thompson, and James Wilby

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

Loews Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"JFK" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"This Is My Life" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Voyager" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Sam Shepard and Julie Delpy.
Theatre 2: "Toto le Heros" (Jaco Van Dormael; in French), with Michel Bouquet.
Theatre 3: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowski, in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Wayne's World" (†).
Theatre 2: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Mambo Kings" (Arne Glimcher), with Armand Assante, Antonio Banderas, and Cathy Moriarty.
Theatre 4: "Gladiator" (Rowdy Herrington), with James Marshall, Cuba Gooding, Jr., and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 5: Through March 12: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere, Kim Basinger, Uma Thurman, and Eric Roberts. From March 13: "Article 99" (Howard Deutch), with Ray Liotta and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 6: "Blame It on the Bellboy" (Mark Herman), with Dudley Moore, Bryan Brown, Richard Griffiths, and Bronson Pinchot.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through March 12: "The Lawnmower Man" (Brett Leonard), with Jeff Fahey and Pierce Brosnan. From March 13: "My Cousin Vinny" (Jonathan Lynn), with Joe Pesci, Ralph Macchio, Marisa Tomei, Mitchell Whitfield, and Fred Gwynne.
Theatre 2: "Grand Canyon" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Gate II" (Michael Nankin).
Theatre 2: Through March 12: "Once Upon a Crime" (Eugene Levy), with John Candy, James Belushi, Cybill Shepherd, Sean Young, Richard Lewis, Ornella Muti, Giancarlo Giannini, and George Hamilton. From March 13: "American Me" (Edward James Olmos).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gate II" (directed by Michael Nankin).
Theatre 3: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 12: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere, Kim Basinger, Uma Thurman, and Eric Roberts. From March 13: "My Cousin Vinny" (Jonathan Lynn), with Joe Pesci, Ralph Macchio, Marisa Tomei, Mitchell Whitfield, and Fred Gwynne.
Theatre 5: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
Theatre 7: "Gate II."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: Through March 12: "Once Upon a Crime" (Eugene Levy), with John Candy, James Belushi, Cybill Shepherd, Sean Young, Richard Lewis, Ornella Muti, Giancarlo Giannini, and George Hamilton. From March 13: "Article 99" (Howard Deutch), with Ray Liotta and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 2: "Medicine Man" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 3: "Blame It on the Bellboy" (Mark Herman), with Dudley Moore, Bryan Brown, Richard Griffiths, and Bronson Pinchot.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Wayne's World" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: Through March 12: "Gladiator" (Rowdy Herrington), with James Marshall, Cuba Gooding, Jr., Brian Dennehy, Robert Loggia, and Ossie Davis. From March 13: "American Me" (Edward James Olmos).

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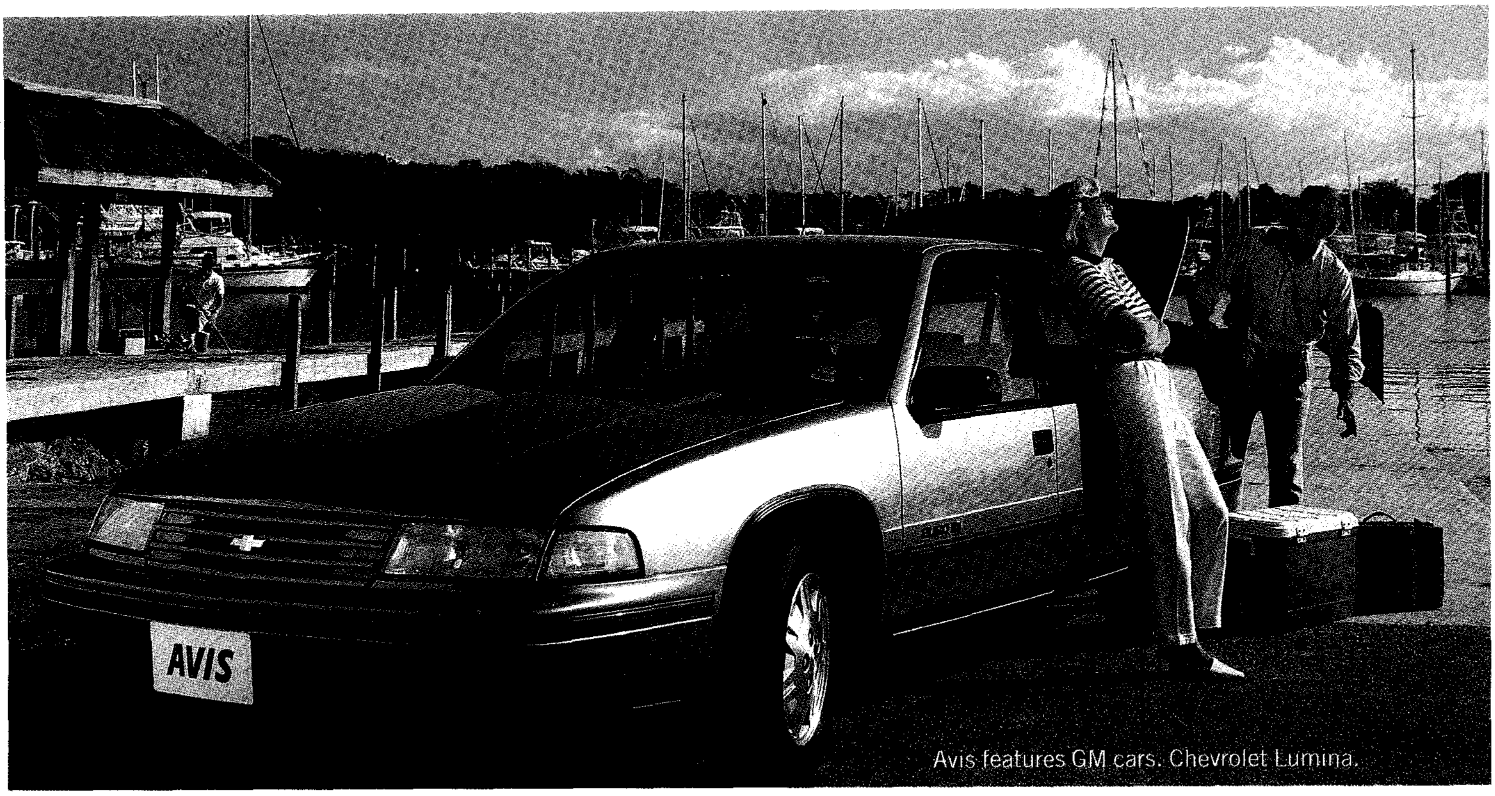

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REVIVAL HOUSES

Le Cinematographe, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680) “Madame Bovary” (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

March 9: “Au Revoir les Enfants” (1987, directed by Louis Malle; in French); and “Murmur of the Heart” (1971, Malle; in French), with Léa Massari, Benoit Ferreux, and Daniel Gélin.

March 10: “Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart” (1985, Wayne Wang); and “A Great Wall” (1986, Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang.

March 11: “Came a Hot Friday” (1985, Ian Mune); and “Where the Green Ants Dream” (1985, Werner Herzog), with Bruce Spence.

March 12: “Loose Connections” (1988, Richard Eyre); and “Restless Natives” (1988, Michael Hoffman).

March 13-14: “Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown” (†); and “The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe” (John Bailey), with Lily Tomlin.

March 15: “Cyrano de Bergerac” (1990, Jean-Paul Rappeneau; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

March 16-17: “Field of Honor” (1989, Jean-Pierre Denis; in French); and “Camille Claudel” (1989, Bruno Nuytten; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

From March 18: “Wait Until Spring, Bandini” (1990, Dominique Deruddere), with Joe Mantegna, Faye Dunaway, and Omella Muti.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

March 10: “Counsellor-at-Law” (1933, William Wyler), with John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels, and Melvyn Douglas; and “The Kibitzer” (1929, Edward Sloman).

March 11: “Symphony of Six Million” (1935, Gregory La Cava), with Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez; and “None Shall Escape” (1944, André de Toth), with Marsha Hunt and Alexander Knox.

March 12: “The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz” (†); and “Next Stop, Greenwich Village” (1976, Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

March 13-14: “The Plot Against Harry” (1969, Michael Roemer); and “Broadway Danny Rose” (†).

March 15-16: “Funny Girl” (†); and “Be Yourself” (1930, Thornton Freeland), with Fanny Brice and Robert Armstrong.

March 17: “His People” (1925, Edward Sloman; silent), with Rudolph Schildkraut; and films from 1903-14 on the theme of Jewish immigrants.

From March 18: “Goodbye, Columbus” (1969, Larry Peerce), with Richard Benjamin, Ali MacGraw, and Jack Klugman; and “Marjorie Morningstar” (1958, Irving Rapper), with Gene Kelly and Natalie Wood.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 9: “Band of Outsiders” (1964, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Charles Brasseur; and “Breathless” (1959, Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

March 10: “Kiss Me Deadly” (1955, Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker; and “The Big Knife” (1955, Aldrich), with Jack Palance and Ida Lupino.

March 11: “The Day of the Locust” (1975, John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland; and “The Last Tycoon” (1976, Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.

March 12: “Testament of Orpheus” (1959, Jean Cocteau; in French); “The Blood of a Poet” (1930, Cocteau; in French); and “Orpheus” (†).

March 13-14: “A Streetcar Named Desire” (1951, Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter; and “The Long, Hot Summer” (1958, Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, Orson Welles, Lee Remick, and Angela Lansbury.

March 15: “Trouble in Paradise” (see page 24) and “Design for Living” (see page 24).

March 16: “The Tenant” (1976, Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and “Knife in the Water” (1962, Polanski; in Polish).

March 17: “Dr. No” (1963, Terence Young), with Sean Connery, Ursula Andress, and Joseph Wiseman; and “Thunderball” (1965, Young), with Connery, Adolfo Celi, Claudine Auger, and Luciana Paluzzi.

March 18: “Luna” (1979, Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and “The Conformist” (1970, Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—March 9 at 2 and 6 and March 10 at 4: “Lola” (1961, directed by Jacques Demy; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel. . . . ¶ March 9 at 4 and March 10 at 2 and 6: “Numero Deux” (1975, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). . . . ¶ March 9-10 at 8: “The Mother and the Whore” (1973, Jean Eustache; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun. . . . ¶ March 11 at 2 and 6, March 12 at 4 and 8, and March 15 at 3:30: “India Song” (1975, Marguerite Duras; in French), with Delphine Seyrig and Michel Lonsdale. . . . ¶ March 11 at 4:15 and 8:15 and March 12 at 2 and 6:15: “The Crying Woman” (1979, Jacques Doillon; in French). . . . ¶ March 13 at 2 and 5:30 and March 14 at 6:15 and 10:15: “Double Messieurs” (1986, Jean-François Stevenin; in French). . . . ¶ March 13 at 4, March 15 at 2 and 9:45, and March 17 at 6:30: “La Désenchantée” (1990, Benôit Jacquot; in French). . . . ¶ March 13 at 7:15 and 9:45, March 14 at 4 and 8, March 15 at 7:30, March 16 at 4 and 8:15, and March 17 at 2 and 4:15: “The Killing Floor” (1983, Bill Duke). . . . ¶ March 15 at 5:45, March 16 at 2 and 6:15, and March 17 at 8 and 9:45: “Scene of the Crime” (1986, André Téchine; in French).

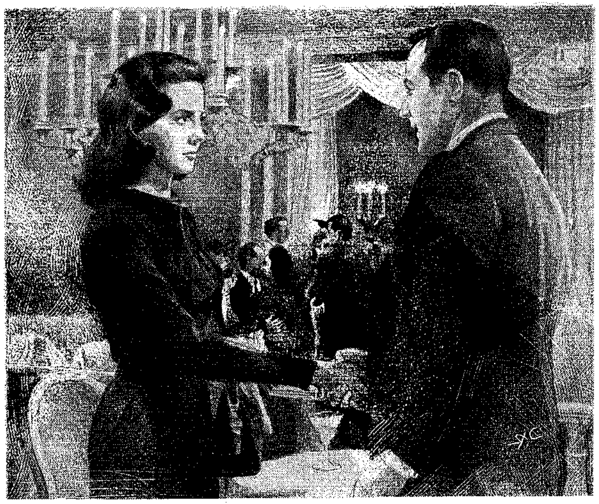
Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—March 13 at 6: “Los Olvidados” (“The Young and the Damned”; 1950, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ March 13-15 at 8: Three different programs of Super-8 short films. . . . ¶ March 13 at 10 and March 14 at 4: “Go, Johnny, Go!” (1958, Paul Landres). . . . ¶ March 14 at 2: “Le Sang d’un Poète” (1930, Jean Cocteau; in French). . . . ¶ March 14 at 6: A program of films by Peter Weiss. . . . ¶ March 14 at 10: “Ornette: Made in America” (1985, Shirley Clarke). . . . ¶ March 15 at 2 and 6: “Come Back to Zion” (1920, silent). . . . ¶ March 15 at 4: “Benedict Arnold” (1975, Walter Gutman).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz (1974)—No matter what Richard Dreyfuss does in other roles, it’s not likely that he’ll ever top his performance in this teeming, energetic Canadian film. His baby-faced Duddy is a force of nature, a pushy eighteen-year-old con artist on his way to becoming an entrepreneur. Mordecai Richler’s screenplay, based on his exultant, Dickensian 1959 novel, really enables us to understand “what makes Sammy run.” Duddy waits on tables, he drives a taxi, he deals in pinball machines, he sets up a company to film weddings and bar mitzvahs. He jiggles impatiently and sweats and scratches himself. His drive for success is a comic passion. We feel with him every step of the way; he’s a little monster, yet we share his devastation when his suave uncle (Joseph Wiseman) tells him, “You’re a pusherke, a little Jew-boy on the make. Guys like you make me sick and ashamed.” The work of the director, Ted Kotcheff, is often crude but it has electricity. And the film has real wit; it even has visual wit when we see a bar-mitzvah film made by a drunken, half-mad blacklistee (Denholm Elliott). With Randy Quaid, Jack Warden, Micheline Lanctôt, Joe Silver, Henry Ramer, and, as the grandfather, Zvee Scooler. (The adaptation is credited to Lionel Chetwynd.) Shot mostly in and around Montreal, on a budget of less than a million dollars.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; March 12.)



At Film Forum 2, Natalie Wood and Gene Kelly in “Marjorie Morningstar”

Beauty and the Beast—It’s got storytelling vigor and clarity, bright, eclectic animation, and a frisky musical wit. In this Disney version of the fairy tale, Belle (the voice of Paige O’Hara) is a book-reading French provincial girl—a virtuous sort of Mademoiselle Bovary. She dreams of a Prince Charming but gets more than she bargains for when she becomes hostage to the buffalolike Beast (the surprisingly orotund Robby Benson). Underneath his fang-gnashing glower, he’s a prisoner of adolescence—unlike Peter Pan, he wants to grow up. He’s the opposite of Belle’s lunkheaded village suitor, Gaston (Richard White), a narcissistic macho man. Throughout, the Howard Ashman–Alan Menken score is clever and fluid in the best Lerner and Loewe manner, with flashes of oddball humor that keep everything light and bouncy. (Gaston’s theme song trumps “C’est Moi,” from “Camelot.”) There’s a great cast of supporting utensils at the Beast’s enchanted castle, led by Jerry Orbach in an ebullient vocal turn as the Chevalier-like candleholder, Lumiere. David Ogden Stiers is Cogsworth, the mantel clock; Angela Lansbury is Mrs. Potts, the teapot; and Jo Anne Worley is the Wardrobe. There isn’t anything particularly haunting, and not all the script’s variations are fresh. But this is easily the zippiest Disney cartoon feature in the thirty years since “101 Dalmatians.” Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise directed the screenplay by Linda Woolverton.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Cinema I, and Guild. . . . ¶ Murray Hill Cinemas, and 86th Street East Twin. Matinées only.)

Black Robe—An unusual and absorbing new film about North American Indians and a French Jesuit missionary in the early seventeenth century. It’s a culture-clash drama in which the most important conflicts take place in the realm of the spirit. The main characters are an excruciatingly pious young priest called Father Laforgue (Lothaire Bluteau) and an Algonquian chief named Chomina (August Schellenberg). Their world views are so radically opposed that at times the two men seem unable to acknowledge each other as human. The screenwriter, Brian Moore, and the director, Bruce Beresford, show extraordinary respect for the stubborn, almost impenetrable otherness of their historical characters. The film is an adventure story in the truest sense: the filmmakers lead us into unknown territory, and keep pushing us farther and farther on, until, by the end, we find ourselves deep in the wilderness of the seventeenth-century consciousness. Bluteau's performance is enervated, but the script is superbly intelligent, the direction is confident, and Schellenberg's Chomina is magnificent. The picture moves on a steady, powerful flow of ideas and emotions, and it stirs in us a sense of discovery. Based on Moore's 1985 novel of the same name. Also with Aden Young, Sandrine Holt, and Tantoo Cardinal. Cinematography by Peter James.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/18/91.) (Angelika Film Center.)

Broadway Danny Rose (1984)—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent, a little schmo in loud plaids who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, isn't working with post-Freudian comedy here; he has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is Mr. Goodness-and-Poignancy; he's a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is rather unformed. It's dim and larval, like Danny. Allen leaves us in the uncomfortable position of waiting for laugh lines and character developments that aren't there. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. Allen plugs up the holes with gags that still get laughs; he remembers to pull the old Frank Capra, cut-rate Dickens strings, and he keeps things moving along.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; March 13-14.)

Bugsy—This opulent period gangster movie, written by James Toback and directed by Barry Levinson, is largely a showcase for the old-fashioned star magnetism of Warren Beatty, who plays the legendary Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel. The screenplay portrays Bugsy as a charming, mercurial psychopath with a rather touching taste for glamour; it concentrates on the last few years of the hero's life, when he became a Hollywood celebrity and built the first hotel-casino in Las Vegas. He's a vivid, unpredictable, one-of-a-kind guy, and the filmmakers seem to realize that they can't take their eyes off him for a second. Siegel is a fascinating monster; we don't want to take our eyes off him, either. This is a rich role for Beatty, and he tears into it hungrily. It's the best kind of star performance: Beatty seems entirely himself, but in a new way. He's ferociously, mesmerizingly funny. Annette Bening plays Bugsy's lover, the tough, wily, independent-minded mob courtesan Virginia Hill, and she more than holds her own in her scenes with the star. And the movie is filled with pungent, memorable supporting performances. Ben Kingsley brings a surprisingly dry, elegant sense of comic timing to his portrait of sober Meyer Lansky (one of the hero's partners in the New York mob). Harvey Keitel, as Mickey Cohen, Bugsy's right-hand man in Los Angeles, spits out his profane lines as if they were live firecrackers. Elliott Gould plays the tiny role of Harry Greenberg, an aging, flabby mob schlemiel, and he's absolutely inspired; he plays this dazed character as a Willy Loman who has wandered too far from the old territory. Despite its lavish surface, this is essentially a movie of small, lovingly crafted pleasures. It's smart, swanky fun.—T.R. (12/30/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, 23rd Street East Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

Cape Fear—Martin Scorsese's new film is a remake of a bluntly effective 1962 thriller about a middle-class family—husband, wife, teen-age daughter—who are terrorized by a devious, implacable psychopath. The original (which was based on a pulp novel by John D. MacDonald and directed by J. Lee Thompson) had the straight-ahead construction of a horror movie, and it never pretended that what it was doing was good for us. The remake muddies the waters with self-consciousness: Scorsese and the screenwriter, Wesley Strick, have loaded the movie with apparent moral ambiguities, facile ideas about guilt and redemption, and explicit attempts to portray the scuzzy villain as a mythic nemesis. This picture is much flashier and more assaultive than the original. But the Christian/mythological subtext that Scorsese dredges up and places in the foreground has the effect of increasing our emotional distance from the story. Besides, it isn't true subtext; it's stuff that has been imposed on, rather than discovered in, the material. This is still, at heart, a picture whose sole aim is to give its audience huge, bowel-loosening shocks. It's Scorsese's worst picture—an ugly, incoherent piece of work. With Robert De Niro (frenetic but thoroughly uninteresting as the villain), Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis, and Illeana Douglas. Joe Don Baker, playing the small part of a private detective, gives the liveliest performance. The stars of the 1962 version, Robert Mitchum and Gregory Peck, make brief appearances, and the score is a reorchestration of Bernard Herrmann's original music.—T.R. (12/2/91) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

Europa Europa—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an élite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Quad Cinema.)

Fried Green Tomatoes—Cancer, wife-beating, burning crosses, barbecue, fat-lady jokes at the expense of Kathy Bates, wisdom dispensed by Jessica Tandy, and female bonding that stops just shy of lesbianism. That's the recipe for this clunky, fraudulent, yet apparently crowd-pleasing laugh- and tear-jerker. In the framing story, Tandy befriends Bates and inspires her with the Depression-era tale of tomboy Idgie (Mary Stuart Masterson) and pretty, demure Ruth (Mary-Louise Parker), who discover happiness when they found the Whistle Stop Café in Idgie's small Alabama home town. The director, Jon Avnet, drenches the palate with sweet sauce, then goes for the throat. The only good white males are run over by a train; in this feminist wish fulfillment, it isn't only tomatoes that get sliced. Written by Fannie Flagg (who has a bit role), Carol Sobieski, and, uncredited, Avnet, from Flagg's novel "Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Café."—M.S. (Baronet, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

Funny Girl (1968)—A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comediennes of the thirties; she makes written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the film's weaknesses. William Wyler directed, with musical sequences staged by Herbert Ross. With Walter Pidgeon, Kay Medford, and Anne Francis. Screenplay by Isobel Lennart, from her play; songs by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill; production de-

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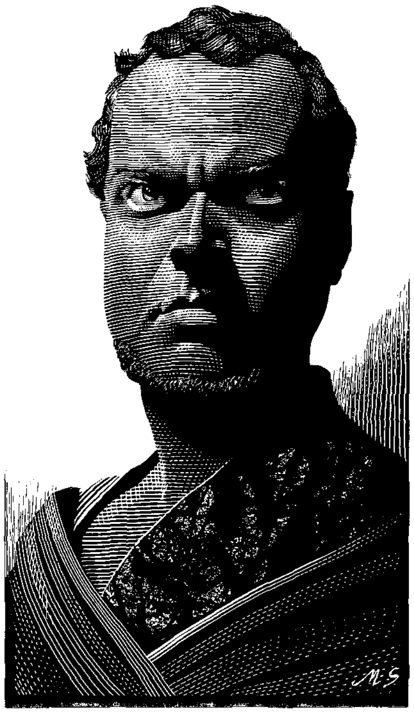
Grand Canyon—Or, the self-importance of being earnest. Kevin Kline plays an L.A. immigration lawyer who lives as comfortably as a hot entertainment lawyer; Danny Glover plays the tow-truck driver who rescues Kline when his car conks out in a rough black section of the city. Kline plots to repay his savior by moving Glover's sister to a better neighborhood and fixing Glover up with Alfre Woodard. Meanwhile, Kline's wife (Mary McDonnell) surges with maternal ardor when she finds a babe in the shrubbery. The director, Lawrence Kasdan, who co-wrote the script with his wife, Meg, pretends to confront the chaos of contemporary urban life: free-floating anger and violence, racial abrasions, the fragility of family bonds. But he keeps breaking the characters' falls with mystical whoopee cushions—a blend of enriched-white-bread comedy and New Age uplift. By the end of the movie, Kline can do no wrong; even the secretary he once slept with (Mary-Louise Parker) lands on her feet. "Grand Canyon" is a liberal soap opera: it manufactures biodegradable suds. Steve Martin provides a few tart moments as a producer of violent action films, but Kasdan punishes the character by shooting him in the thigh.—M.S. (Gramercy, Art Greenwich Twin, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Crown Gotham; through March 12.)

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle—This vengeful-nanny thriller has a catchy ad campaign: "Trust is her weapon. Innocence her opportunity. Revenge her only desire." The filmmakers, too, go after the trusting and innocent, but their desire is to make a killing at the box office. The twenty-eight-year-old screenwriter, Amanda Silver, spells out everything as if for the intelligence-impaired. Annabella Sciorra plays Claire, a devoted wife, mother, and, yes, botanist who blows the whistle on a lascivious gynecologist, catalyzing his suicide. Rebecca De Mornay is Peyton, the bad doctor's widow, who loses her own child and lies her way into Claire's nursery. And Ernie Hudson is the heroic, mentally challenged handyman who is wise with children: his name, of course, is Solomon. (Claire's husband, Michael, played by Matt McCoy, is a nonentity.) With its banal, docile household threatened by an enemy within, the film is like "The Stepfather" without wit or irony. De Mornay's Peyton gets off one campy verbal swipe at Solomon that's sure to be a favorite at high-school study halls, but Julianne Moore, as Michael's first love and Claire's friend, gives the performance of the movie. She's coiled and out there, like an exposed spring. She's also funny; she makes spikiness likable. Curtis Hanson directed, impersonally.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin. Evenings only.)

Hear My Song—In this small-scale comedy, Peter Chelsom, a first-time director, takes a whimsical conceit and sells it so hard that it loses most of its fragile charm. Micky O'Neill (played by Adrian Dunbar, who co-wrote the screenplay with Chelsom) manages a Liverpool music hall that caters to the local Irish community; the movie is about his attempt to find a legendary Irish tenor names Josef Locke, who hasn't been heard from in thirty years. Micky goes to Ireland to persuade Locke to return to England for a concert; on the home soil, the hero finds himself in a realm of ancient eccentricity and unearthly light, and the movie finds itself in Bill Forsyth territory. Chelsom tries, too strenuously, to evoke the enchanted comic tone of "Local Hero," and Dunbar seems to punctuate every gag with a roguish smile (ofter shooting one of these twinklers, unconscionably, over his shoulder). The relentless quirkiness is annoying, but the story is, on its own terms, well constructed, and the filmmakers take their fey, sentimental humor right to the limit: you can't say that they don't have the courage of their elfinness. And when Ned Beatty, who plays Locke, is on the screen the picture is nearly as transporting as it's intended to be. His performance is large-spirited comic acting: a pure specimen of Celtic soulfulness, the magical substance that everyone else in the movie has been trying to produce synthetically. Also with Shirley Anne Field.—T.R. (3/9/92) (Village East Cinemas, and 68th St. Playhouse.)



At Cinema II, Orson Welles in "Othello"

Hook—Steven Spielberg's film means to give a contemporary spin to J. M. Barrie's classic "Peter Pan." The movie is a failure in almost every way, but it's unmistakably of our time: its lack of conviction and its panicky eagerness to please are depressingly up-to-the-minute. The script, by Jim V. Hart and Malia Scotch Marmo, presents Peter Pan as a grown-up American family man named Peter Banning (Robin Williams). Banning, a yuppie corporate lawyer, has no idea that he was ever Peter Pan, and he's so wrapped up in making money that he neglects his wife and kids. The movie contrives to send him back to Neverland, where he rediscovers his former identity and does battle with his old nemesis, Captain Hook (Dustin Hoffman). The filmmakers use up their energy and our patience in scattershot attempts to appeal to every conceivable audience. The whole sorry spectacle turns out to be a kind of self-help fairy tale, an illustrated lecture on finding the inner child. The picture is full of special-effects "magic," but the tricks feel strained; we're constantly aware of the anxiety and the backbreaking effort it's taking to produce them, and that's no kind of magic at all. The movie seems drenched in flop sweat. In this version of "Peter Pan," the imagination feels like a burden—a terrible, crushing obligation. Also with Maggie Smith, Julia Roberts, Bob Hoskins, Dante Basco, Caroline Goodall, Charlie Korsmo, and Amber Scott. The running time is two hours and fifteen minutes.—T.R. (12/30/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Criterion Center.)

JFK—Oliver Stone's movie means to demonstrate that the assassination of John F. Kennedy was not the act of a disturbed Marxist loner named Lee Harvey Oswald but the result of a vast, complex right-wing conspiracy. The screenplay, by Stone and Zachary Sklar, packs an extraordinary amount of assassination lore into three hours and eight minutes; it also includes a ton of speculative material about governmental misconduct, and quite a few invented characters. The movie is a thick gumbo of truths, half-truths, unverifiable hypotheses, and pure rant, and Stone ladles it out indiscriminately. In essence, the conspiracy theory argued here amounts to a series of inferential leaps proceeding from a speculation (that J.F.K. was killed because he wanted to pull out of Vietnam and end the Cold War). It's all bombast and misdirection, like a courtroom summation by a lawyer who knows that he can't win on the evidence. Stone comes on like a fearless radical, but his attitude toward the audience is firmly in the Hollywood tradition: he tries to bypass the intellect and go straight for the gut. The picture plays like an endless episode of "America's Most Wanted." Its hysterical manner and its slipshod handling of the facts actually have the effect of diminishing the credibility of the case for conspiracy. The clearest sounds we hear in this movie are those of Oliver Stone shooting himself in the foot. With Kevin Costner as New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, Sissy Spacek as his wife, Gary Oldman as Oswald, and an all-star cast of witnesses and conspirators: Tommy Lee Jones, Joe Pesci (an abominable performance), Donald Sutherland, Kevin Bacon, Jack Lemmon, Ed Asner, John Candy, Walter Matthau. Garrison himself does a brief turn as Chief Justice Warren.—T.R. (1/13/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews Tower East, and Loews Columbus Circle.)

Life Is Sweet—In this wonderful new comedy, the English writer and director Mike Leigh ("High Hopes") takes us into the domestic life of a lower-middle-class family in Middlesex. The characters are, by conventional standards, ordinary, but they aren't dreary, and their actions aren't predictable; the movie doesn't treat anyone as a type. Wendy (Alison Steadman) is an attractive, ebullient middle-aged woman who's always on the move, always doing something. Her husband, Andy (Jim Broadbent), is an amiable dawdler, a guy who starts ambitious home-improvement projects and never quite gets around to finishing them. They're the parents of a ludicrously mismatched set of twins: Natalie (Claire Skinner), a quiet, serious, dignified girl; and Nicola (Jane Horrocks), who hates her life and responds with snarls and contemptuous epithets to even the most innocuous attempts at conversation. Leigh doesn't give us an obvious narrative hook—a clear sense of what the story is going to be about or what sort of dramatic revelations he might have in store for us. And, despite Nicola's bratty outbursts, the tone is light and casual. Leigh doesn't manipulate our responses; he roughs them up a little, though. By means of a dense texture of tiny behavioral details and disconcerting shifts of style, he attempts to reshuffle our emotions. He prepares us to accept the moments of piercing, almost miraculous clarity that arise, as if by accident, at the end of his best films. In this picture, he builds up to a conversation between Wendy and Nicola that is perhaps the most extraordinary scene in recent movies. Also with Stephen Rea and Timothy Spall.—T.R. (11/4/91) (Quad Cinema.)

Madame Bovary—Calling writer-director Claude Chabrol's adaptation of the Flaubert classic Masterpiece Theatre-style moviemaking is unfair to Masterpiece Theatre: the BBC mini-series starring Francesca Annis and Tom Conti had more humor, grit, and oomph. This is the Classics Illustrated comic-book version. In two hours and eight minutes, it trots through the central plot, conveying key dialogue, descriptions, and contrasts in linked vignettes and verbal bits that would fit into thought balloons. A narrator captions what the adapter fails to picture or dramatize. Isabelle Huppert is disastrous casting in the title role. Flaubert divulged Emma Bovary's oscillations via her eyes, but Huppert's less-than-divine orbs remain impassive even when she's supposed to be galvanizing. At one point, the narrator emphasizes the "hellish recklessness" and sensuality in Emma's gaze as she tries to compel her lover Leon (Lucas Belvaux) into committing embezzlement. Yet all we see is Huppert glaring at him with mercenary intent. It's as if Chabrol were banking that viewers will disregard the evidence of their own eyes. With Jean-François Balmer as Charles Bovary, Christophe Malavoy as Rodolphe Boulanger, and Jean Yanne as Monsieur Homais. In French.—M.S. (Carnegie Hall Cinemas, and Le Cinematographe.)

Memoirs of an Invisible Man—A new Invisible Man film rigged with up-to-date special effects from Industrial Light & Magic should be bright, transparent fun. And whenever Chevy Chase, as the faded hero, pulls off a nonchalant gag—such as offhandedly re-dressing a purse-snatching—the movie has a sly, casual appeal. But the director, John Carpenter, allows the usual bilge of espionage and chase movies to swamp any humorous, inventive moments. The Invisible Man for the nineties is no longer a mad scientist but a self-centered stock analyst who gets caught in a cyclotron accident; he bonds with an idealistic documentary filmmaker (Daryl Hannah) while eluding the clutches of an obsessed spy (Sam Neill). Chase is thin even when he's invisible. And guess what? Being invisible makes the yuppie a better person. Robert Collector, Dana Olsen, and William Goldman adapted H. F. Saint's novel.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, First & 62nd Cinemas, Loews Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Orpheus (1949)—A masterpiece of magical film-making. Though it is a narrative treatment of the legend of Orpheus in a modern Parisian setting, this film, written and directed by Jean Cocteau, is as inventive and as enigmatic as a dream. Orpheus (Jean Marais), the successful poet who is envied and despised by younger poets, needs to renew himself; he tries to push beyond the limits of human experience, to reach the unknowable—the mystery beyond mortality. Dark, troubled, passionate Maria Casarès is his Death: attended by her roaring motorcyclists, the hooded messengers of death, she is mystery incarnate. The jazzy modern milieu has urgency, and Cocteau uses emblems and images of the then recent Nazi period and merges them with more primitive images of fear—as, in fact, they are merged in the modern consciousness. This gives the violence and mystery of the Orpheus story a contemporaneity that, in other hands, might seem merely chic, Cocteau's special gift was to raise chic to art. The death figure and much of the film's imagery derive from the American movie "Death Takes a Holiday" (1934), starring Fredric March; the only modern film image of death that, visually and psychologically, stands comparison with Maria Casarès is in Ingmar Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" (1956). The glazier in the "zone" (a variant of the angel in Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet") must be a tribute to (or a memory of?) Chaplin as the angelic glazier of "The Kid." With Marie Déa as a sickly-sweet Eurydice, François Périer as Hurtebise (part chauffeur, part guardian angel, he suggests the ferryman Charon), and Edouard Dermithe and Juliette Greco. Music by Georges Auric; the sumptuous cinematography with its velvety dark and light contrasts is by Nicolas Hayer. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 12.)

The Prince of Tides—Barbra Streisand's film, adapted from Pat Conroy's 1986 novel, is a big, earnest psychoanalytic soap opera. It's a story in which people come to terms with their past, make peace with the demons that have haunted them since childhood, learn how to let go of the "dysfunctional" emotional patterns inflicted on them by their parents, and become sensitive, caring human beings. Streisand treats this banal material affectionately, even reverently, but it plays better on the screen than it does on the page. Her direction is smooth and canny, and she has distilled the novel to its corn-based essence. But the fumes of the book's terrible ideas linger in the air. After a while, everything begins to feel predictable. Conroy's narrative method (he co-wrote the screenplay, with Becky Johnston) consists of establishing characters who embody common stereotypes, setting them in motion around each other, and then watching them follow the courses that he's mapped for them: his message is one of change and liberation, but his characters' orbits are fixed. As the soul-searching hero, Tom Wingo, Nick Nolte bears the weight of all the movie's ambitions, and, for the most part, he carries his burden with miraculous grace. Streisand plays a sympathetic New York psychiatrist and never seems to get the hang of the role, but most of the cast performs heroically: Blythe Danner, as Tom's wife, and Kate Nelligan, as his mother, are wonderful. This is an admirably scrupulous job of literary adaptation; it's the material that's dysfunctional.—T.R. (1/27/92) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum VII, Worldwide Cinemas, and Loews Festival.)

This Is My Life—The first film directed by the novelist and screenwriter Nora Ephron is a modest, uninsistent family comedy about a single mom from Queens who becomes a famous standup comic and, in the process, strains her relationship with her two young daughters. The movie is consistently good-humored without ever being really funny; the scenes float by on a lulling current of amiability and mild perkiness, and nothing surprising or incongruous bobs up. The picture's wispy, genial not-badness is a little puzzling, because both the material and the cast are strong enough to support a much sturdier and more satisfying piece of entertainment. The script, by the director and her sister Delia, drastically compresses a good 1988 novel (called "This Is Your Life") by Meg Wolitzer; the story emerges from the screenwriters' rapid-weight-loss clinic dazed, unused to its new lightness. The heroine is played by the wonderful, raspy-voiced Julie Kavner, and Samantha Mathis and Gaby Hoffmann, the young actresses who play her daughters, are lively and skillful; none of the performers leave a memorable impression, though. Ephron doesn't go for big vulgar laughs or big vulgar emotions. Most of the time, it's hard to tell exactly what she is going for: the discreet, temperate tone doesn't betray any sense of urgency or purpose. The movie's lack of drive is frustrating, and its well-manneredness is oddly out of keeping with the subject matter. The picture doesn't have the steel or the shamelessness that good comedians need. It's all buildup and no payoff—a shaggy-dog story, not a killer routine. Also with Dan Aykroyd and Carrie Fisher. The hideous score is by Carly Simon.—T.R. (3/9/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Coronet, Chelsea Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway.)

Titicut Follies (1967)—Fred Wiseman's first documentary, photographed in the state hospital for the criminally insane at Bridgewater, Massachusetts. Crude in technique, but a revealing (and shocking) piece of visual muckraking. It has some unforgettable scenes.—P.K. (Film Forum; through March 17.)

Wayne's World—"Saturday Night Live" has become a repackaging industry. The extended antics of vidiot savants Wayne Campbell (Mike Myers) and Garth Algar (Dana Carvey) betray the same slapped-together quality as the TV specials "Toonces, the Cat Who Could Drive a Car" and "Saturday Night Live Goes Commercial," though the film is not as entertaining. Seen in five-minute spurts on "S.N.L.," beaming out their cable-access program from Wayne's basement, these two come off as cracked bellwethers of the Next Big Things of suburban youth culture, Hard Rock Division. (Their pre-"Truth or Dare" show with Madonna was a classic.) In the movie, Myers still boasts his inexplicably confident and cheery expressions—he's a mischievous smile button. But Carvey overworks his twisted mouth. Wayne and Garth weren't meant to be frozen on celluloid the way they are in this parody of coöptation, which casts them as victims of a manipulative commercial-TV promoter (Rob Lowe). Here they function as leaders of a nostalgia-fest for audiences with short attention spans, paying homage to, yes, "Terminator 2" as well as syndicated TV favorites like "Laverne and Shirley" and "Mission: Impossible." (Sadly, the Tooncinator fails to make a guest appearance.) Carvey has one good bit, playing out a murder with some frosted crullers, and the ever-game Lowe musters up a funny walk after a cop gives him a heavy frisk. Penelope Spheeris directed, from a script by Myers, Bonnie Turner, and Terry Turner.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown (1988)—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky-high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This comedy looks as if it had been made by a mad scientist playing with chemical rainbow colors—John Lithgow in his lab in "Buckaroo Banzai." It's all coincidences, and each new one adds to the crazy brio. What seem to be incidental jokes turn out to be essential parts of one big joke. This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short tight skirt, trying to confront her longtime live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and Maria Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (8th St. Playhouse; March 13-14.)

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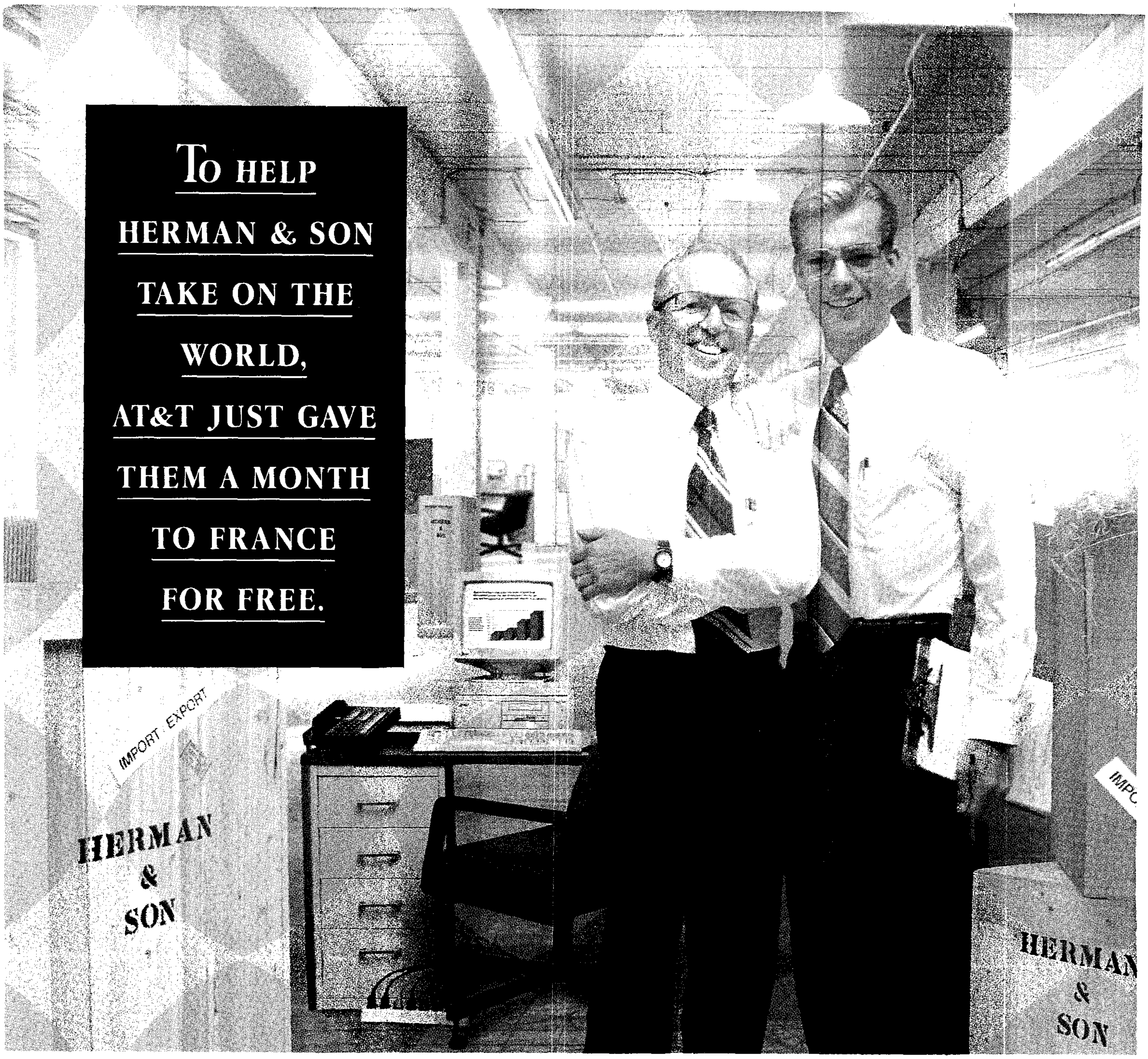

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A LETTER from a space-minded friend:

Most of the troubles at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in recent years have been caused by accidents. Some of those accidents were due to carelessness—either bureaucratic, as in the Challenger tragedy, which was the result of NASA managers' neglecting to follow their own safety procedures, or technological, as in the malfunction of the Hubble Space Telescope, which was the result of a faulty measuring gauge. And some were just bad luck, like the failure of the antenna on the Galileo spacecraft to open. None of NASA's troubles, however, were self-inflicted, until January, when the agency decided that next year it will shut down the Magellan spacecraft, which is currently mapping Venus, even though it will still be gathering essential information.

If a NASA planetary spacecraft reaches its destination in the first place, it normally lives to a productive old age and then dies of natural causes. Until now, NASA has felt, quite rightly, that a bird in orbit is worth several on the ground, and has never turned off a spacecraft that was collecting useful data. The decision to shut Magellan down was actually made not by NASA alone but in a bargaining session between NASA and the White House's Office of Management and Budget. The amount of money for planetary science in the Bush Administration's budget for fiscal 1993 is so small that the managers at NASA who allocate the funds have concluded that Magellan has to be sacrificed on behalf of other missions: Mars Observer, for example, which is to be launched next fall, and Cassini, bound for Saturn and currently in the development phase. Wes Huntress, who is the head of NASA's division of solar-system exploration, and one of the people who have to decide what to cut and what to keep, told me recently, "The problem is the tight budget at NASA. There's no place I can go to get money for Magellan. Killing Magellan does not make me happy."

NASA points out that Magellan has already achieved—indeed, exceeded—its primary mission, which was to use radar to map Venus a single time, covering about seventy per cent of the planet's surface. For a planetary spacecraft, however, "primary mission" is a bureaucratic or accounting term, virtually meaningless as far as science or exploration is concerned. Magellan, which was launched in 1989, has now mapped Venus twice; on the second cycle, it got a different view of the planet's mountains and craters, so that more than ninety-five per cent of the surface has been covered. Magellan has just begun its third mapping cycle, with the radar looking in the same direction as it did on the first cycle but from a slightly different angle; the images from these two cycles can be combined in stereolike pairs of such quality that they will enable scientists to measure accurately the height of almost any mountain or the depth of any crater. More significant, the *shapes* of things will be visible, as though the scientists were trudging through Venus's landscape.

Venus is Earth's nearest neighbor, and is virtually its twin—almost identical in size, and probably almost identical in chemical composition. Consequently, of all the planets it tells us the most about our own. The differences between the two planets are also full of meaning. Earth has active plate tectonics, for example, so that the crust bearing our landscape is constantly being recycled. On Venus, apparently, the surface is not recycled but permanent and relatively unmoving, and so it reflects in its observable features the planet's interior processes in a way that Earth, where these features are continually being erased, does not.

Many questions that geophysicists ask about Earth may be answered on Venus. What allows the plates composing the earth's surface to slide over the mantle? One theory is that water from the oceans gets drawn down to the top of the mantle, making a mushy layer called the asthenosphere, which lubricates the plates, allowing them to slide. Venus has no water, and this may be why it has no plate tectonics. It may also be that early in the earth's history, before there was water, its crust looked like Venus's. "We don't even know if water is essential to plate tectonics, although it certainly contributes to the process on Earth," Roger Phillips, a geophysicist on the Magellan science team, says. "You could argue that if there was no asthenosphere the convection going on inside the planet would be coupled directly to the crust, and that would allow the plates to keep on chugging—and there is some movement of the crust on Venus. But this theory is even less well worked out for the earth than plate tectonics is. And that's the beauty of the whole thing—we now have two planets to deal with, and that gives us a bigger observation span."

Or, rather, scientists would have had two planets to deal with if NASA and the Administration had not decided to turn off Magellan. In order to link the surface features of Venus to the planet's interior activity, and to get some idea of the forces pulling and pushing its rumpled-looking crust, scientists need information about the planet's gravity. This, in turn, will establish whether a given feature is caused by an upwelling or by a downwelling in the mantle—and will ultimately provide a map of the interior of Venus, which might be extrapolated to the earth, shedding light on its interior activity. Magellan is scheduled to have a fourth and final cycle—to pay for which a large portion of the stereo images from the third cycle may have to go unmonitored—and some gravity data will be obtained, but the spacecraft is in a highly elliptical orbit, which prevents it from getting good gravity data except when it's near the planet's equator.

"What we really need in order to get at these questions is a complete global-data set," Mr. Phillips explained. The only way to do that would be to put the spacecraft into a circular orbit during a fifth cycle, and then to continue the mission for at least one more cycle. The total operational costs of the radar-mapping mission were nearly forty-six million dollars this fiscal year. By contrast, it has been estimated that the gravity data could be acquired for about ten million dollars a year. Given the cost of building Magellan and getting it to Venus—about half a billion dollars—most of the NASA scientists think that to turn it off prematurely is penny-wise and pound-foolish. It is the loss of a kingdom—more than that, of a planet—for want of a nail.

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Obedience

THE other day, we accompanied our favorite dog, Louis, to his class at the Port Chester Obedience Training Club. Louis is a two-year-old German shepherd, and he is not what you would call a natural student. At the end of his first semester in obedience training, he got left back. But all that is forgotten now. He has passed Basic I and Basic II and is currently in Novice. In the car on the way to the class, Louis's owner, Diane, told us she hopes that he will eventually get his C.D. (Companion Dog) title, or even a C.D.X. (Companion Dog Excellent). Louis looked skeptical.

We get to school early. Basic I, the occasion of Louis's early humiliation, is going through its paces. There is a Siberian husky, a German shepherd, a huge, hairy brown poodle named Saki (after the writer), and a tiny, refined cocker spaniel named Zach. Presiding over the dogs is their teacher, Mary Ann O'Grady, who is wearing bluejeans and a shirt with a ceramic dog pin on the collar. Under Mary Ann's direction, the owners are putting the dogs through their sits, stands, heels, pivots, and stops, for which they are rewarded with dog cookies. "Remember to randomize your treats!" Mary Ann urges the owners. If a dog gets a treat for every deed well done, he or she will soon get full or complacent, with predictable consequences for obedience motivation. The dogs do not get the point of this rule, and neither do some of the owners. We observe several treats being quietly distributed on an unrandomized basis.

Now Mary Ann is explaining to the owners another principle: they must start giving their dogs hand signals at the same time that they issue vocal commands. "Dogs get deaf as they get older," she says. "If they only know vocal commands, they'll stop obeying."

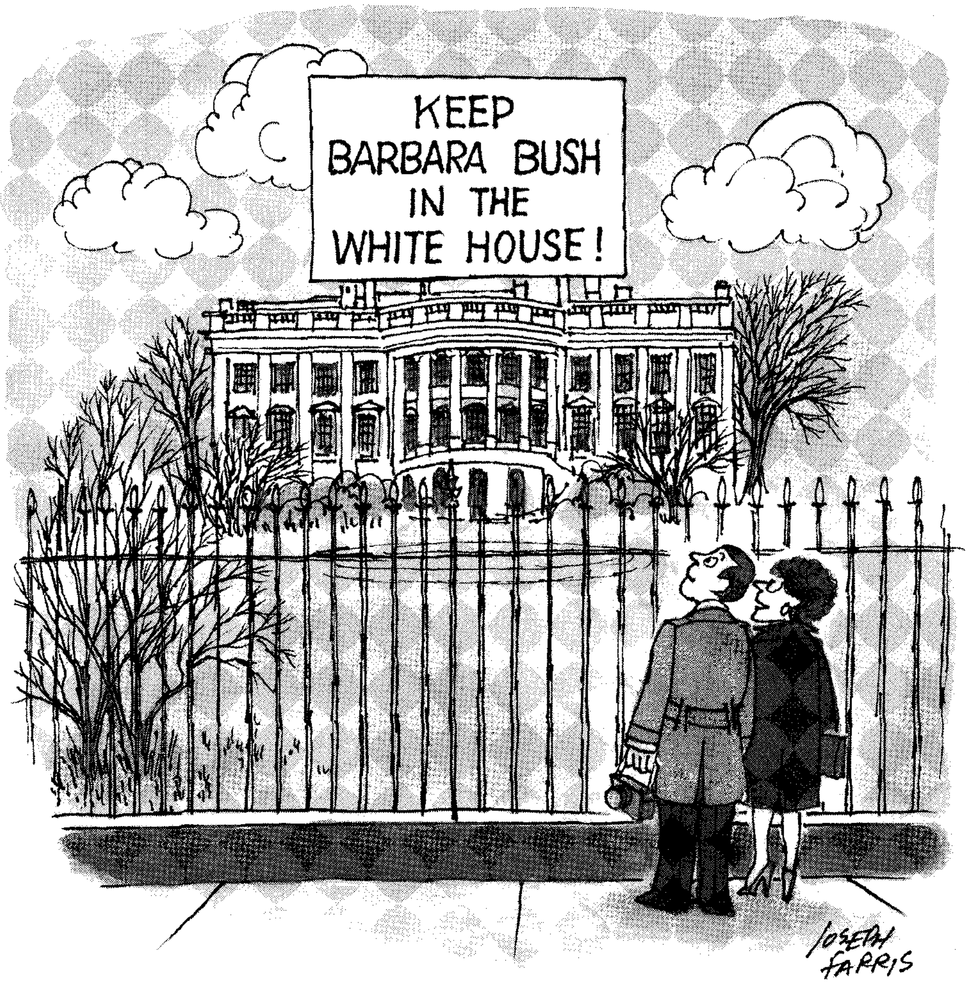
To show what she wants, she brings out her own dog, Cora, a Border collie. Cora is so obedient that she gets to do television commercials. "Here, Cora," Mary Ann says, and that is the last thing she says to Cora. From then on, Mary Ann performs a mime routine worthy of a Japanese temple dancer—hand up, hand down, hand scooping the air, hand sweeping the air, hand with fingers open, hand with fingers closed—all of which clearly means something, for Cora, in response, walks, heels, turns, jumps, stays, sits, puts up her paw, and, as her finale, lies down on the floor like an odalisque. The other dogs finish their lesson while Cora, still reclining, looks on, impassive.

Mary Ann dismisses Basic I. "Next week, we talk about grooming," she says.

"Good. We could use it," says the owner of Saki. If Tiny Tim were a dog, he would look like Saki.

Once Basic I has cleared out, the Novice class moves into the teaching area. There are two Welsh corgis, a Great Dane, a boxer, a golden retriever, a Portuguese water dog named Clyde, and two German shepherds, Lucas and Louis. Diane and the other owners have given us the lowdown on each of them. Lucas is being trained by one of the school's senior instructors, Margie English. He is as large as she is, and when she pats him on the chest it makes a big, hollow *thwonk*, as if it were a wine barrel. Katie, the Great Dane, is going to be a show dog. Hope, the golden retriever, has a sort of saintly status in the class. She has been chosen to be a brood bitch for Guiding Eyes for the Blind, an organization that breeds and trains guide dogs. Her puppies will lead the blind. As for Louis, Diane confesses, he has a tendency to walk out of the class when he gets tired of it.

The Novice dogs are way beyond the simple sits and stops of Basic I. They don't just do steps; they do combinations. They also undergo psychological trials, which test whether they can go on sitting and staying while faced with dire temptations to do otherwise. They all sit down in a row on one side of the room, their owners next to them, and Mary Ann, now wearing a Mephistophelian expression, weaves in and out among them, squeaking a squeak toy and bouncing a tennis ball. Necks become rigid, breathing becomes short, eyes gaze upon owners in an agony of indecision, but all the dogs stay put. Then Mary Ann *throws* the ball. This is too much for Ivory, the boxer. She races after the ball and has to be brought back into line. "We didn't see that," Mary Ann says. Then she ups the ante further, bringing out Cora and playing fetch with her. All the dogs hold their places. They saw what happened to Ivory. Now Mary Ann asks the owners to go to the other side of the room, so that the dogs can try the exercise without them. Diane is not even halfway across when Louis walks out of the class. Diane goes to retrieve him. "He did it perfectly on the first day," she says. "I don't know what's the matter."



"He did say he'd do anything to win."

Now the dogs get to do their jumps. Mary Ann erects an eight-inch hurdle in the middle of the room, and the dogs take turns charging over it. For the small dogs, this is an inspiriting challenge, and they go at it like Olympians. To observe Marvin the corgi, his stubby legs drawn up, his little tubelike frame quivering with joy as he sails through the air like a kielbasa shot from a bow, is to see a creature rising to what for him is one of life's great occasions. For the large dogs, however, an eight-inch hurdle is nothing to write home about. Katie and Lucas step over it nonchalantly. Louis leaves the class.

Finally, the session is over, and Louis leaves for good, with Diane in tow, while we stay to put some questions to Mary Ann. In addition to teaching obedience class, Mary Ann operates a private service, Cara Na Madra Dog Training, out of Greenwich, Connecticut. "*Cara na madra* means 'friend of the dog' in Irish—I'm Irish—and when I say 'friend of the dog' I mean it," she explains. "By the time I'm called in, it's almost always a matter of saving the dog from euthanasia or from getting dumped in the pound. When people dispose of dogs, it's usually for one of two reasons—barking or no housebreaking. Housebreaking isn't really a problem. Mostly, you have to train the people, not the dog. They have to take the dog out more often.

"With barking, too, you have to train the owners. They stick the dog out in the yard for four hours, and he gets bored. Or he gets anxious. 'Hey, I'm out here. I don't know what to do. I'm scared.' So he barks. And they won't let him inside because he barks. You have to get the owners to praise the dog when he's quiet, not just scold him when he barks. That's why I say, 'Accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative.' I have that on my business card."

"Do dogs have humanlike feelings?" we ask. "Do they feel proud? Do they feel guilty?"

"They certainly feel proud," Mary Ann says. "You can see it when they know they've done something good. They stick up their ears. Their whole body says 'Look at me!' As for guilty, I don't know. If they do, it's not for long."

We go out to the parking lot to rejoin Louis and Diane. Louis is now happy as a clam. He scratches himself, he chews on his leash, he smells the grass tufts sticking through the sidewalk. Life stretches before him. Obedience class is behind him, at least for this week.

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Elvis Hell

LIKE many other people who are either still in search of Elvis or, at least, fascinated by his never-ending popularity, we went one night to the Elvis Hell's Kitchen Tour, at Trixies, a fifties-and-sixties-style diner on West Forty-seventh Street. Our invitation promised Elvis food, Elvis fun, Elvis impersonators, Elvis psychics, and more. Elvis, Elvis, Elvis.

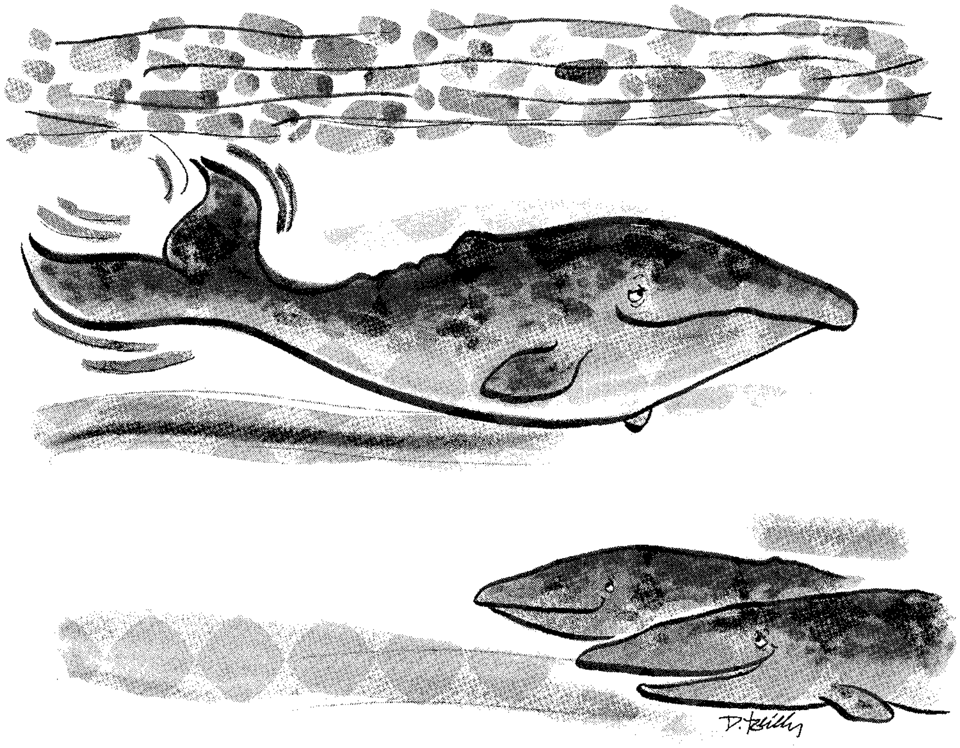
Along with two friends, we arrived at eight, as the invitation advised, and were greeted by an Elvis doorman—the first of many Elvises we would see. Actually, this Elvis looked more like the late Roy Orbison than like the King. We checked our coats with a suspiciously masculine-seeming Barbara Eden look-alike, attired in an "I Dream of Jeannie" costume. We didn't get the Elvis connection right off, but maybe he was a big fan, holing up inside Graceland each week for a half hour of "Jeannie" heaven. We sat down at a table next to a large group of Budweiser devotees guzzling thirty-two-ounce brewskies. (Later in the evening, we saw them rushing to line up to have Elvis sideburns pencilled on their jowls.)

While we were waiting for our Elvis dinner, we noticed Xeroxed flyers taped to the wall announcing an Elvis look-alike contest. The flyers promised cash prizes for the winners, but one of our companions, who had taken a trip to the men's room and found it full of middle-aged Elvis wannabes torturously stuffing themselves into Spandex jumpsuits, reported that, strictly speaking, there *were* no look-alikes. Perhaps, we thought, the prize money could be used for plastic surgery.

Dinner, as it turned out, was not the Elvis-inspired meal of fried peanut-butter-and-banana sandwiches and diet-pill pudding we had been expecting. It was turkey burgers and sweet-potato fries, but Elvis might have liked that, too. As we picked up our burger, there was a slight flickering of the lights. Was this a message from the King? No, it was the signal for the Elvis impersonators. What followed resembled an anthropological study of Elvis evolution. We were sure that Elvis was spinning in his grave—assuming, of course, that he is dead. There was a self-proclaimed John Gotti Elvis, with a Brooklyn accent heavy enough to require an interpreter. Appropriately, this dapper Elvis sang the haunting love song "Wear My Ring Around Your Neck." A Las Vegas Elvis came complete with a soiled white jumpsuit unzipped to the navel, revealing press-on chest hair, and a black pompadour toupée, with gray hair and sideburns peeping through.

Unorganized and unconvincing, the Elvis clones stood near the stage—the piano top, that is—jockeying for position and arguing over who would perform next. We wondered how Elvis himself would have handled the situation, and decided that he would have grabbed the microphone, struck up the band, and led a conga line around the diner, chasing all our troubles away.

After what seemed an eternity of Elvis delirium, we were approached by an employee of the diner (or was it Betty Crocker?), who was wearing a sixties-style red polyester suit. Again, we weren't sure what the Elvis connection was, but perhaps Priscilla used to dress up like the cookbook icon and bake fudge cookies for the King. *Lots* of fudge cookies. The employee had come over to tell us that our two-hour seating limit had expired and we had to vacate the premises. One of our companions, usually a quiet, calm, and uncomplaining sort, had a temper tantrum—one that Elvis would have been proud of—yelling that the entire evening had been a fiasco. So we left, missing the final stages of the evolution of Elvis. We'll get over it.

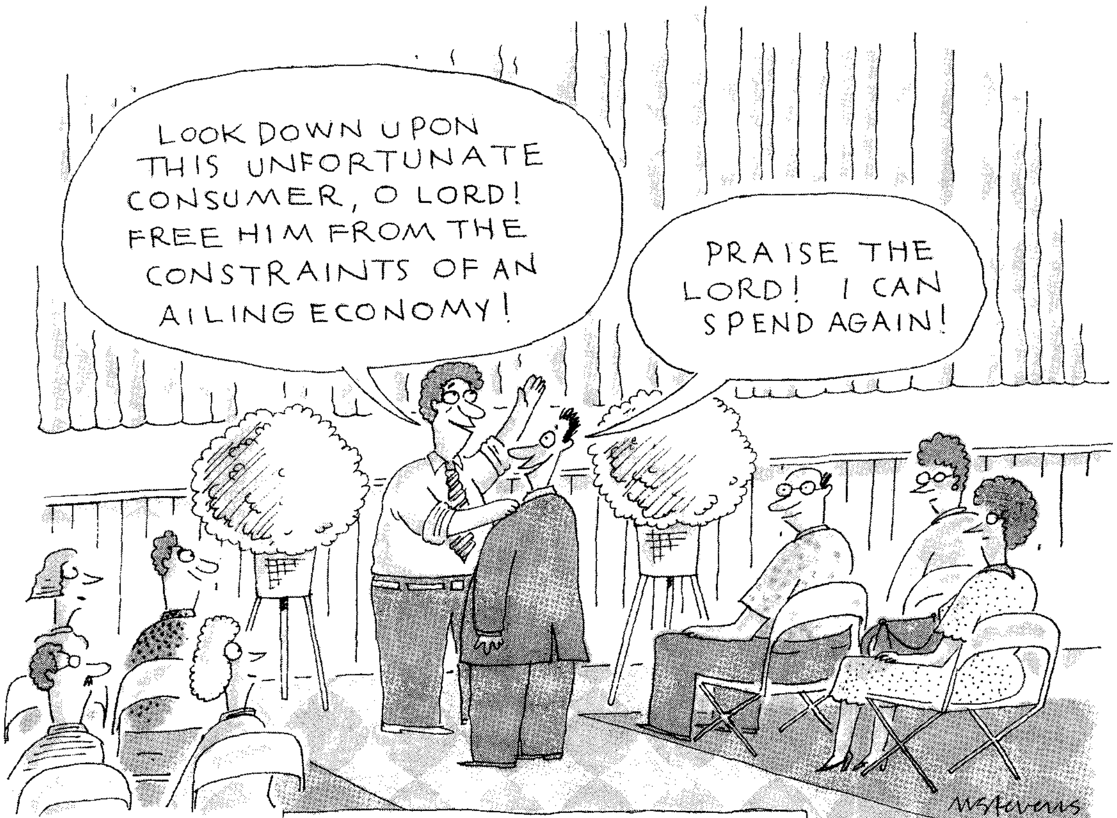

"*In my opinion, flukes make the whale.*"

I Like That

"I'M mildly depressed in an English landscape, ill at ease," Anthony Hopkins told us. Mr. Hopkins was in town for the première of "Howards End," a movie that has almost everything to do with English landscape, but, playing the role of Mr. Wilcox, he looks as if he liked it well enough. "What I like is Wyoming, the Montana flatlands," Mr. Hopkins said. "It swallows you up. In England, you can't get lost. I love to get lost and absorbed into the environment." He was in his hotel room, sitting on a small striped chair with no arms, low to the carpet, and he was wearing a dark-blue blazer, dark-gray trousers, and a shirt with three buttons open at the neck. He also said things like "I treat my own life like a game." And "I've never got my act together. There is no act to get together. My life is none of my business."

It occurred to us to ask Mr. Hopkins what it felt like to sit in a chair inside that cage in

"The Silence of the Lambs." "To be closed in like that is a nightmare, like being a spider in a bottle," he said quickly, as though he didn't want to talk about it. Then he changed the subject to other landscapes. "Once, I went to Iceland—a big pile of cinder, black rocks," he said. "I like that. In northern Italy, I didn't wear warm clothes. At night it got so dark there I couldn't see. I like that. I like cold people, because you know where you are. In America, there's brutishness. I like that. The first time I was here, I saw the steam belching out of the sidewalk, like a monster, a dragon. I had to be here. It's a big, moving, vibrant country. I'm what you'd call an Amerophile."


LOOK DOWN UPON THIS UNFORTUNATE CONSUMER, O LORD! FREE HIM FROM THE CONSTRAINTS OF AN AILING ECONOMY!
PRAISE THE LORD! I CAN SPEND AGAIN!
MStevens

THAT NEW-TIME RELIGION

"What else do you like about America?"

"Coffee shops."

"Why do you like them?"

"Because that's old America—what's left of it."

"What do you eat in coffee shops?"

"Sometimes I crash out. Bacon and eggs and toast. I was in a coffee shop near Las Vegas last year—sixty miles southwest of Vegas. I parked the car. The heat was so oppressive. There were cowboy hats, Stetson hats, polyester suits, hair styles going back to the fifties, bran muffins, pecan pie."

"Do you think waitresses and waiters are comforting?"

"No. They're like Barbie dolls. 'My name is Bruce.' 'My name is Julie.' The British used to have that reputation for being polite. Now they say, 'Hi-want-a-cup-of-tea.' That's it."

"Did you have any thoughts about America when you were growing up?" Mr. Hopkins was born in Port Talbot, Wales.

Mr. Hopkins got sort of excited. His hair, which is mostly white, moved slightly. But his posture remained formal, almost military, even in his small chair with no arms. "Southern Wales is very closed, parochial, rainy, depressing, impersonal," he said. "When I was a kid, I was indoctrinated by America. I dreamed of coming to America before D Day. I was six, in the hot summer. My mother and father invited two soldiers over to the house for tea. They brought beautiful-colored marbles, cherry gum, cigars. Their names were Captain Durr and Lieutenant Cooney. They were friends, I guess. They were being trained for the D Day landing. They talked about being scared. Both were scared. Then they were in a jeep waving goodbye—it was the last I saw of them. They died at Ardennes. My parents had a friend named Sam Arrat. He came to the house and told us. He brought American food, parcels. I loved *Look* magazine and *Life* magazine. My dream was to come to America."

"Do you like Los Angeles?"

"Easy. It's like living on the moon. It's so big you can get lost. I used to sit in a rowboat for hours and hours near Santa Barbara. Lake Casitas."

We asked Mr. Hopkins what beyond all this he liked about America. We were willing to hear anything he might have to say.

"I love hotels and motels. I check in and walk around the streets casing the joints, finding the coffee shops, and watch the dumb TV shows. 'Honeymooners' and 'Lucy.' I like that. I like to drive around—vast tracts of lost desert, mountains. I drove through Wyoming in a day, crossed over the border into Bozeman, Montana. Did Texas in a day. It was like an acid trip or a dream. Took off from Oklahoma City one morning. I said, 'I'll try Dallas.' Thirteen hours I drove. I had the tape machine on, 'The Messiah.' There was smog and great buildings. I was nearly crushed between two trucks. Like an Ayn Rand world. I crossed over to Baton Rouge, stopped in a run-down motel, watched 'Lucy.' I drove through the Appalachians to Pittsburgh. It was eight at night, I was playing Beethoven's Ninth, going through tunnels. It was like 'Close Encounters.' "

"Were you by yourself?"

"Yeah. Had a great time."

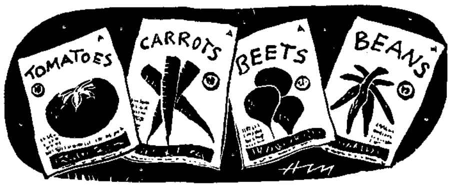
WILDERNESS

YES, death stalked the city that night, stalked the city like a great water wolf. The river—sheer, ruffled, gray, brown, black, and khaki—took them into her inhospitable bosom. Why? Why did the river want them, and for what?

All her life Nell had believed that she would have a presentiment if a mishap should befall either of her children. Her bones would tell it. Her bloodstream would tell it. Every hair would stand on end. Often she had half imagined such a thing—indeed, on occasion, went with the delirium of it upon hearing of an accident in this street or that, on a motorway or a leafy lane—and had waited, and the wait had seemed both necessary and ludicrous. She knew the ropes. A policeman, or rather two policemen, came and knocked on one's door. She had heard that somewhere. Yet, as the taxi-driver rattled on about an accident, young people, partying, she had no intimation of anything, just felt glad to be going home to sleep. It was a Saturday. Party night. A pleasure boat had collided with a barge on the Thames, and many were drowned or drowning. She felt a flash of dismay, a mockery of the sadness to come.

When a mother sees two policemen at her front door, she knows. She thought it was her younger son, Tristan, was certain that a truck had gone off the road in Turkey, where he and his friends were spending the summer doing relief work. It was Paddy. He was one of the crowd of young people on the pleasure boat and, as he was still missing, they had to inform her. Missing. Missing is not dead. When a mother knows, she does everything to unknow. She goes to her bedroom to dress. She discards the old stockings that she had been wearing in the daytime for a new pair. God knows why. She says that this is not true, this is a false alarm testing her last reservoir of strength. She puts on powder, hurriedly, then returns and, as on any normal occasion, offers brandy or tea. The policemen say it is better for them to get moving, to get back to the scene, since all the force is needed. She sits in a black van with them and slowly and solemnly recites, as her own chant, the words of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane: "O, Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me." Missing is not dead. She says that aloud to the policemen and adds how providential the night is, since it is so still, since there is scarcely a wind. They recognize that undertow of hope and look at each other with eyes in which she believes there are recesses of non-hope. She cannot see their eyes but she can see them fidget. They have already been there; they have already seen people crawling out of the water, senseless, unable to grasp their whereabouts, asking, "What's happened? . . . What's happened?" They have heard the screaming, the disbelief, the shouts of crazed, incensed people, and they are not in the business of doling out niceties. She has not seen these things yet. Now she does. Ambulances bursting from the hospital's steps, their lights whirling round and round, but no siren sounding. Ghost machines. Inside, commotion, delirium. People who had been inches from death asking, asking. Everyone asking; voices charging each other across the waiting room. Has Alex been found? "Found." The word both urgent and wan. A girlfriend has lost her boyfriend. She calls his name, shouts it. He does not materialize. She runs, the double glass doors almost swallowing her. A man has lost his wife. He stands, a sodden picture of despair, with a blanket slipping off, saying quietly, "My wife. . . . My beautiful wife." A younger man weeps for the woman he swam with. Where is she, where is she? He describes how they held hands—tight, tight—until in the end she slipped away from him, eluded his grasp. Was she dead? Was she still struggling?

Nell is sitting quietly, sitting by herself. She is afraid of these people. They pace, then are still, then give reign to some outburst. This night has dislodged their reserves of sanity. Nurses, who go about with forms and thermometers and blankets, are told to piss off. It has the insubstantiality of a dream but it is not a dream. It is a raw, raucous, unashamed confrontation with life or non-life. The names are shouted incessantly. Samantha and Sue and Paul and Jeff. No one says "Paddy," as if no one knew him but her. Outside, the sirens now screech with animal intonations. Inside, coffee, cups of coffee, a voice asking for someone to put another spoon of sugar in, sloshing. Paddy, where are you? She has been told to sit and wait. She will be informed the moment there is news. Rumors bob up the way she imagines, cannot stop herself from imagining, the faces appearing on the water. His face. His alone. A body has been found eight miles upriver at Hammersmith. A woman's. Not a man's. Not him. Should she go to Hammersmith? Did drowned bodies follow one another like shoals of fish? She must go somewhere. Paddy, where are you? She is told again to sit and wait. They know her name and her son's name. It is on a document. Many of the saved are at the hospital. They are weeping, claiming that they do not want to live if their comrades are dead. Their teeth are chattering, they shiver, their features slavered in black mud and ooze.



"Where's my mates? Where's my fucking mates?" a young man shouts as he enters the hospital. His head is gashed, and the blood streaming down his face has black rivulets in it. He is telling everyone how cold it is, how cold and how stupid. She runs from the building and down a narrow footpath to the riverbank, where people are milling and shouting around a posse of police. It is dark and deathlike, everything spectral. The police and the rescue workers are like shadows giving and taking orders, their voices terse. The river is calm but black, a black pit that everyone dreads. Calm, black swishings of water. Looking at it for the first time, looking at it steadily, she thinks it cannot be. He is not in there. He has swum ashore, he is somewhere, he is one of the dazed people in blankets, covered in mud. He is asking someone to telephone her. He is. He is. She hears the tide, its slip-slap against the lifeboats, and she thinks, you have not got him. The chains, however, which go clank-clank, tell a different story—a death knell. And the line comes, how could it not: "A current under sea picked his bones in whispers." A young policeman loses control, says how the hell does he know what one boat was doing crashing into another. Sirens fill the streets and she thinks that if Paddy is still in the water, which she now thinks he must be, those sirens will be a clarion to him, a reminder that everyone is on the alert, everything is being done.

"Oh, Paddy, we are coming to you, we are coming," she says, and, going over to an officer, she asks if there is any way they could light up the water more, give hope to those who were still struggling in it. For some reason he thinks she is a journalist and tells her to shut her trap. She screams back, screams that she is a mother.

"Why isn't the water lit, the way it's lit for a jubilee or a coronation?" she says, and he looks at her with a kind of murderousness and says that those who are still in there have had it by now. She lets out half a cry—a short, unearthly, broken cry. This shadow, this totem of authority, wishes them dead. A senior officer tries to calm her, says that they are doing everything they possibly can, that any bodies still in the water will be found. "Found." There is that word again. She asks him if by any chance she can go to the morgue at Southwark in the police van, since others are going. He looks at her with the candor of a man who has to refuse, and says no, that it would be better for her to go back into the hospital and stay put.

"I recognize the ethos you proclaim—Cherokee, right?"

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IN the hospital, a group of young people is silently weeping, holding one another and rocking back and forth in grief, like children in a playpen. A boy and two girls. They have lost their mate, their mate. The boy had jumped in the water to search and had to be hauled out. They rock back and forth, like women in labor, giving birth to their grief. Each time they smoke they give Nell a cigarette, too. Some time later one of them, a girl, looks up and screams. A man is coming toward them. She is afraid it is not true. It can't be true. She looks down, she covers her eyes and asks them, Jesus, to look up. It is him. It is Justin. He has been found. Or has he? Is he a spirit? He walks toward them, in his slather of wet clothes, with a strange dazedness. He is holding half a rubber life ring. They get up. They all embrace, four friends, lost for words, unable to speak. They don't believe it. A miracle. Then they do believe it. They cry. They kiss. He cannot speak. He cannot say how he swam ashore. He holds up the bit of black rubber, refuses to let it go. It saved him. It. Then one of them speaks, one of them says that they are going to get out of this hellhole and get in his little banger and drive somewhere and get booze and get fish and chips, and they are going to ring everyone they know and have ever known and give the party of their lives, a party that means welcome home, Justin, welcome home.

Nell shrinks away from them, and they know why. She is still one of the waiting ones. There is nothing to be said. They cannot swap with her. Were she the lucky one she would not swap, either. It is as primal as that.

What she must do is give Paddy strength, send messages to him, urge him, tell him to kick, to kick, not to give in. Her breathing quickens, and it is as if she, too, has dared the water. Then she pauses and says, "Turn over on your back, love, and float." She does this unendingly, because there is one thing that she cannot unknow: some are trapped in the sunken vessel, were caught in a downstairs suite—corpses side by side, or cleaving to furniture. The vessel cannot be brought up till daylight, when the toll will be taken. He is not among them. She is certain of that. He got out—crawled out and swam and is making his way, is holding on to a raft, is on a little bit of beach, waiting to be picked up. He is that seagull he loves to read about, who flew higher than all the other seagulls, up into the lonely altitudes; hearing herself say "seagull," she shrieks, glimpsing the maelstroms ahead.

WAITING. Another day. Parents. Relatives. Police. Waiting at the hospital for names to be called out, now for people to go into the morgue in back and identify their own. Bodies in glass cubicles under sheets—bloated, puffed, disfigured, all prey to the same lunatic fate.

The policeman lifts a sheet, and what she sees is not a face with features but something gray, prehistoric. A purple cowl hides the hair and the body. She does not know if it is a boy or a girl. The hairline is black and eerie, an eerie streak like a charcoal line. Although her name has not been called, she creeps into the morgue furtively, to mettle herself. But now she turns away. Paddy has not been found—he and six others. She goes back to the morgue's anteroom, the chapel of rest where mourners sit silently, too silent by far, praying to a bare altar, a bare God. A mother and a father sit fingering one black rosary. Not long after, a man comes and speaks in a whisper to them, saying yes, it is Jason, their Jason, he recognizes the two back fillings he had done the Easter before. In his hand an envelope with the X-ray of the teeth. They confer. The father goes in while the mother stays in the chapel, praying, a tower of strength. Suddenly the silence is shattered—a woman's cry. A different mother insists that the girl they have shown her is not her daughter, Fiona, is not the white maiden, *and that no one can tell her so.* Fiona is not that lump of disfigurement in there. The policeman tries to reason with the woman, says she had been warned, advised not to go in alone. "I got to, hadn't I?" the woman says, lashing out at all and sundry, saying it was clear that they were all drunk on the boat except for her Fiona, who had never touched a drop in her life, and was sacrificed, sacrificed for what—scoundrels, brigands, drunks. Looking across at Nell, who is looking at her aghast, she screams and says, "Who do you think you're looking at?" and Nell shrinks into the corner, hoping the whitewashed wall will absorb her. The woman, while discussing her Fiona, is holding her daughter's jewelry—bracelets, a jingle of them, bone and silver, bracelets and rings. How unfair that these could escape the ravages of the water.

He had no ornaments but an indigo tattoo, and she wonders if this would discolor. "Oh, please, God, let him be found," Nell keeps saying over and over again to herself, so she does not break down. Words replace the terror in her mouth and in her windpipe. For him to be found is now all that she asks. She is beginning to lose hope of his being alive.

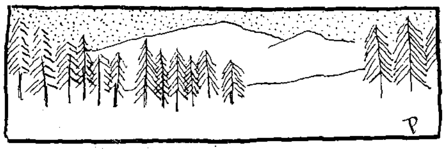
In the morgue's makeshift refreshment room things are heated, embattled. A small group have already started to rally, to press about fighting for their rights, for compensation, for lolly. She cannot join in. She cannot even be righteous. She says, "Who can tell what happened in the water in the dark?"

"Now you listen," a woman says to her, but cannot think what to say next. Rage and grief are battling in her, and her eyes are like wounds from crying. "I am listening," Nell says, and the woman throws back her head in a hateful grimace and says she knows exactly the lawyer she'll go to, exactly the shark who will fight her cause. A friend encourages her. Cites shipowners with untold wealth and villas in Spain. The talk seems odd, inappropriate, considering how close they are to the morgue, how the depths of their feelings are just waiting to be met, in there.

At midnight, a detective came to the morgue and asked her to go home and get some sleep. "I'd rather stay here," she said.

"It's orders, Ma'am," he said, and she knew that he hated saying it, because it meant that they had more or less given up. Paddy would not be found. The tears that had been lying in wait came then, unheralded, unannounced, in a burst. She was sobbing. A desecration. Before that she had merely cried like the others, into her sleeve or into her handkerchief, but this was torrents. The few mourners left were stunned into silence. She had allowed the truth to seep into her. The truth was that she would not see him again. That was worse than death. It seemed to be above and beyond death. A rigmarole then of how he would not walk through the door or ride his bicycle or run a comb through his hair again was more significant than death. She was telling them that.

"Squeeze my hand, just squeeze my hand," a detective kept saying, while the tears poured out of her—baths, basins, buckets, reservoirs of tears that seemed hot and life-giving as blood. Why her? Why her? Why him? Why them? The words flew out of her like bits of old food. Telling them how Paddy believed that seagulls on the river were the souls of dead lightermen. Seagulls. She thought she saw a little brace of them whizzing about, beating the air, then vanishing. She had gone that far.



AT THE ACME BAR & GRILL

In dim light Manhattanites sip Margaritas
and suck their fingertips. Who else is wondering
where Buffalo chicken wings come from?
I can't be alone in my memory of calico
bonnets to keep the gray air and stench
of chicken off your hair, or the heavy cart
pushed down dim aisles of hens
cramped into slots like tenements.
How they squawk and peck when you reach
for the eggs that drop without cracking
into wire troughs because of oyster shells
slipped in their feed. The eggs stack
on cardboard flats, a dozen square
and higher than your head. If one drops
you kick it in the gutter, where rats run
at night. Some eggs come smeared with shit
or blood, some huge with double yolks, and once
or twice a week you find one tiny as a robin's.
These I named lucky eggs—rare as luck,
small as luck—I sucked their insides
and saved shells. Who at the bar will admit
he knows how hot a henhouse becomes
under a corrugated tin roof like the restaurant's
ceiling? Or how you blink in the sunlight,
when you finally emerge, your shoes ancient
with dust, your clothes reeking, your ears
full of the dull din of thousands of chickens,
distant as the noise outside a night club.

—Julia Kasdorf

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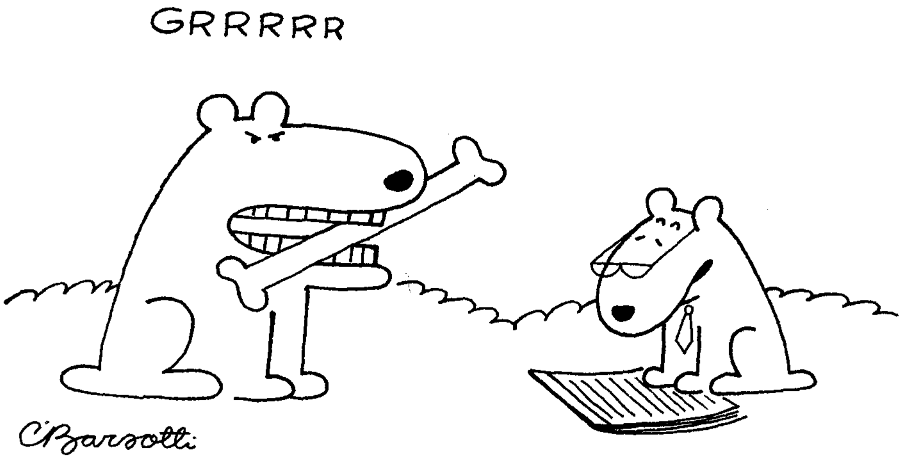


"Now, now, Ruffy, if you'll spare me the threats I'll spare you the legal jargon."

"You're all right now," the detective said.

"Yes, I'm all right now," she said, and remembered that during her outburst he had told her there was a pamphlet by a famous specialist which described death by drowning—how beautiful it was, not a painful death, happy, a kind of ecstasy once the body submitted and allowed the water in.

"Could you find it?" she said.

"I'll try," he said and helped her toward the swinging door.

OUTSIDE, everyone gone. Her banshee tears had sent them scarpering. Nothing but statues and the shadows they cast. Iron men. Iron women, iron horses, and an iron Boadicea. Fawn clock tower and fawn buildings insubstantial inside these selfsame cages.

"Where are my friends now? . . . Where are my friends?" she yelled, hand and arm going up wildly to hail a taxi, missing this one and that, crossing a road, recrossing, waving an overnight bag—Paddy's bag with a few of his childhood effects in it, to put beside him, to keep him company, a little tobacco tin and a fob watch which her father had given him, but which never worked.

"You look as if you want the airport," the driver said.

"No. I want home." She told him the address.

"So why did I think you wanted the airport?" he said grumpily.

"I want home," she said weakly.

Home. Once she was there, the doorbell or the phone would ring to say he had been found. He would be found, and the kiss or the clinch or whatever it was would be exchanged between them. She would not quake at the cruel metamorphosis of death, oh no—her son was her son, a little image locked inside her, inviolate, as when he had roamed and sallied inside her womb. And to keep that image company she gave him the voice and the recitation that he had had when he was four or five, his voice like a toy xylophone saying:

Pam pam pipe
Plum jam
Ten bob
Tip-tip, Peter all the way.

She would bury him. She would bury him as best she could. His friends would come and there would be flowers, lots of flowers—it was summer, after all, high summer, the time of the hollyhocks and the Canterbury bells—and she would have a little party, and then what? Then was a blank in her thoughts, a wall, so to speak, against which memories would be placed end to end, increasing and multiplying like stacks of books. But first he must be found and then he must be buried, because that was fundamental, because earth and not water was the kindest, meetest resting place. Why did she so fear water—water, water from whence he came, the waters of herself and of her own mother, womb of waters, known and unknown, nourishing and leeching, giving and taking back. She kept picturing earth, little slants of earth, little mounds, graveyards with things growing out of them, anything, daisies, moss, anything.

The driver was not going fast enough and not going the most direct route and was determined that she suffer the indignities inflicted by his previous fare. Foreigners. Zulus. Couldn't breathe with the four of them in the cab. Under her breath she kept upbraiding him, but she did not want a contretemps. Even one vexed exchange would break her down.

SHE believed that the moment they could not reach her would be the moment they rang to say he had been found, so she confined herself to her own house, to the pier at Westminster, to the morgue at Southwark—policemen turning away from her in embarrassment. She was understanding, overunderstanding, so as not to rattle them. They had to go on to other things, after all. She felt so alone. No husband, no Tristan. The husband, Walter, long gone, down in the West Country, and Tristan travelling in Turkey and as yet not reached. After five days, no word, so she ran to another venue, to her office, where everyone offered to do something for her that was of no use just then. Though she insisted to herself that he would be found, she had a scraping fear, all the time, that he wouldn't, and that this would be the deepest, the most unfinished hurt of all—a hurt incapable of death, of dying, a hole inside her that would grow bigger and sturdier and uglier each day—so that she cursed the God whom hitherto she had implored so passionately.

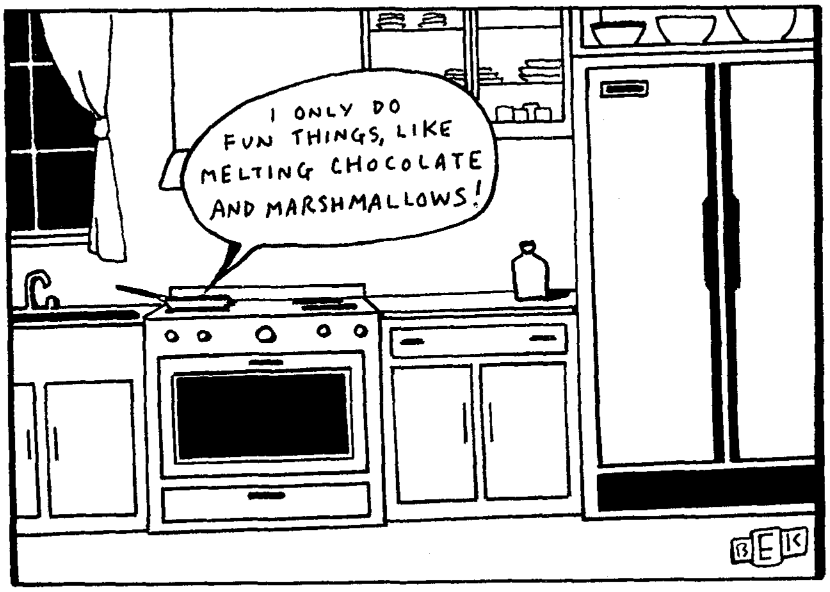
THAT night: that drive, that dawn, that mouthful of toast at the pier, the blond girl at the pier who screamed at her because of the way she described Paddy, every detail, his eyes so very mixed between blue and gray, like gravel, only softer, and his few freckles and his beautiful hands, like a pianist's, and the girl telling her for fuck's sake to belt up, because her boyfriend had had beautiful hands, too, and they were to have been married in September. That night or the next, and that dawn—raw, bleached, drained of light as dawns are—and her own house for an hour or two, then a dash to Paddy's flat, where she should have gone sooner but couldn't, going up the stairs, becoming petrified because Penny might be there. Penny, Paddy's girlfriend and, as she said, soul mate. Penny was not there. Penny was in Spain, working in a pottery. Paddy had moved to a flat to sort himself out, as he put it. Climbing the last bit of steep stairs, Nell remembers how he would have opened the door by then and found her puffing and admitted that he puffed, too, when he hadn't been to the gym and—oh, madness of madness—she thinks, He has not died; the policemen are mistaken, askew; he is here; he is here, either asleep or awake, and the door will open from the inside. Lucky that he has given her a key. They exchanged keys. A sure sign of their reconciliation. Paddy's dog, Charlie, comes toward her with an abject look, a frightened look, and all she can say as she pats him is "Charlie, you haven't done number two," and, saying it, she thinks of her children's youth and of Dixie the dog, years before, years that now seem blithe compared to this inferno. Charlie licks her a lick of thanks, relief, and imprecation. He is hungry. He is desperate to go out. In the front garden, she stands a few yards away from him, disowning him, in case a landlady or a caretaker taps a window and shakes a fist. He takes his time as he squats under a lilac tree. He is nervous, overnervous. His tail and his hind legs shake uncontrollably, but nothing comes; his eyes are fixed on her in case she stirs. Three whole days he has been abandoned. The lilac tree is withered. Dead blossoms like used lavatory brushes. Some rotting smell. What happens to a body in the river? She must look it up in a book. No, she mustn't. Charlie staggers from one spot to another for dribbles, then gives up.

Upstairs, she begins to go through Paddy's things. A diary with entries and little mottoes he copied to better himself. What would he have been? A teacher, she thinks. Yes, a teacher of man, his conscience always smiting him and his pity, pity for those who had not. A teacher of man. There are birthdays. Her birthday is among them. She is not left out. A motto written on a card: "The lapwing cries loudest when far from its nest." Why that? Beside the diary are his three pipes and a stack of pipe cleaners, then a photograph of Penny in a pair of shorts, looking so young, so vulnerable, not the needley Penny she knows. The pregnancy that had been mentioned was not. Was not. What happened? Nell would never know. The curtains she gave him are drawn. He drew them before he went out that night. Yes, they are there, and the wooden armchair that he got off a rubbish heap, and a beautiful lapis bowl, the one beautiful thing in the room. She must get some of his clothes, because he will be cold, shivering—madness was taking root, because clothes are for the living. A shroud is for the dead—brown, gray, or off-white. Going shyly to the bedroom she tiptoes, knocks as if he were there with Penny. Traces of them are there and, opening the wardrobe door, she cries at not having given him more money, because his clothes are so sparse and so pitiful. There are some secondhand suits, a stack of sweaters, and three gaudy ties, probably birthday presents from friends. His sanctum. She does not touch a thing, or rather touches all of them with a little glide of the fingers, and then she goes out.

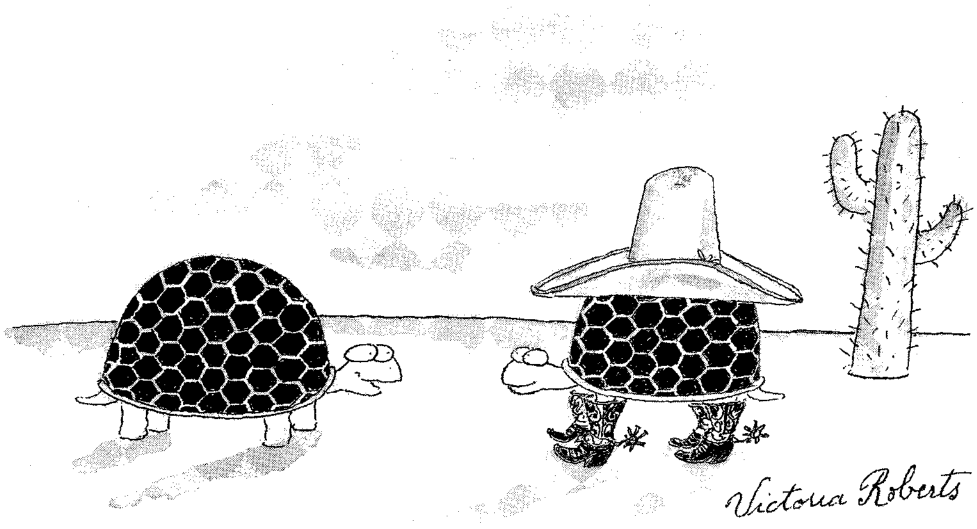
It is a mad dash to a shop to get Charlie some sliced ham, which he eats on the street, in a twinkling, and then he tries to eat the greaseproof paper that she is still holding.

DIFFERENT people at the morgue than the times before, and fewer—new recruits, hopeful, despairing. The others have all gone home, are in their houses now, facing it, resentments piling up in them. She tells a woman she has never seen before that yes, she has another son and that he is in Turkey, that he has gone there with his friends to do relief work but that she has not had him alerted, not yet, not until his brother is found. That will be the time to tell him and have him brought home. She does not mention her husband, the man to whom she has not spoken in over a decade.

YES, Charlie knew, because the next night he started up his own incantation, his own wake, his own subhuman howl. First it was from the kitchen. She was wakened from a clotted sleep. She took half a sleeping tablet, cut it carefully down the center, not wanting to be blurry on the morrow yet wanting sleep, even ten minutes of sleep, wanting her mind to be borne somewhere else, even to a different nightmare. The phone would ring, and she must not be so asleep that she could not hear it. The nice detective had promised her that the moment the body was found they would summon her, no matter what the hour. He was Welsh, friendlier than the others. He had not yet found the pamphlet, but he assured her that he remembered the line written by the neurosurgeon, the line that said the sensation was ecstatic once the water entered the lungs and the body gave up the fight. Nell was wakened instead by Charlie, with a howl that had a human plaint in it. Her own hysteria speaking back to her, but animalized. Charlie knew. He missed his master. He went around smelling shoes to find the smell of his master. He smelled shoes and Wel-


I ONLY DO FUN THINGS, LIKE MELTING CHOCOLATE AND MARSHMALLOWS!
BEK

PETER PAN, THE UTENSIL THAT NEVER GREW UP



“Travellin’ through?”

lingtons; he did not give up. Down to the kitchen to give Charlie a telling off, whereupon he skulked, becoming silent until she went back to her room and the howling started up again. This time she thumped the floor with a broom, the two ends of the broom—the worn, wiry twigs and then the handle as a parting shot. She put her winter coat under the door to shut out all sound. If she did not sleep she would be in danger of going mad. No use. He started again. She dragged him into the garden, thinking it was that, but it was not that, then in the kitchen coaxed him with a sodden ginger biscuit. He spat it out. He was not taking this. She left him again but the howl that started up bit into her brain, and, hurrying back and full of vengeance now, she simply said, as if he could comprehend, “Charlie, I’ve had it. I’ve had it.” His teeth marks on the rungs of the chair told her what she already knew: Charlie was wild, Charlie was unmanageable. The teeth marks on the chair, her bitten coat, the ravelled, gray-white threads, all too much.

She barely saw the streets she drove through with Charlie—the traffic lights, a slice of river as it sauntered upstream to disgorge its prey, or maybe downstream to do the identical thing. How can one plead with water? It is never still, always moving, scheming, eluding. How well she knew its colors. She had lived by it. She had loved it once, claimed to have been moved, oh, so moved by its sheers, its ruffles, its grays, its currents, its debris, and so on. Paddy had loved the water, too, had made a little logbook of the river. She didn’t look at Charlie once. Barely seeing the streets, skimming, the dainty lacelike girders of a bridge an affront.

The building was a smearish color, mud brown. A man going by with his dog on a leash shouted: no animal of his would set foot there. Inside, baying. A great swell of it that rose and dipped and rerose like the swell of a foaming sea. Multiple bayings. Then individual barks, individual cries saying, “Find me! Come along down to my little cubby and find me!” She shouldn’t be doing it to Charlie. It was to Paddy she was doing it. Passing the cages was the worst. Some of the animals yapped. Others stared in silence. Some dozed in aluminum basins, and everywhere there was fresh and not so fresh shit. Charlie’s temperament, Charlie’s teeth, and Charlie’s hair were all subjects for discussion. Then Nell was by herself, while Charlie was taken off to be examined and vaccinated. Did it hurt? Of course it hurt. Everything hurt. In a little room that adjoined an empty café, she struggled with a form. Where was her heart? It was gone. It was murdered. It was with her son on the bed of the river, trying to find him, two hearts missing each other the way people miss one another in dreams. It was in a sack, like a dead animal—bleeding, the blood oozing out of it. The questions were routine: her name, her occupation, how long she had known Charlie, and could he be trusted with children. Staring at her from the wall, a newsletter about a dog called Patch, who had been badly treated, abandoned twice, and twice brought here, where he made a miraculous recovery. In the end Patch had found a good home, and it was the owners of the good home who wrote this eulogy after his death. Why was she doing this? Only because Charlie howled, a raw howl that cut notches in her.

BACK to the chapel of rest that adjoined the hospital, glad to be with others for a moment, or a fraction of a moment, escaping her own stew. Lives that had thought they were booking a holiday, or going to learn to drive, or to plant sweet peas were heading for a voyage of permanent mourning. Everything slashed, every plan and half plan and every dream. The others gave her strength. While she was with them she did not think of how she would tell Tristan, how she would break it to him. She thought only, You do not know yet, sweetheart; you can laugh; you can joke that little bit longer. Had she her way, he would never know; he would live in ignorance of it.

“SHE was my morning’s light and my evening’s lamp.” A mother who stood in the pulpit of the Cathedral kept saying it, her voice dramatic, measured, calling her daughter in various intonations. Services and cremations, in the city, in the suburbs, all over the country. Young people having stabs at gaiety—short skirts, blouses and shirts like those worn in a bullring. The draped and decked coffins a far cry from the cold consignments of flesh in the morgue.

A vicar praised those who had come to mourn and those who had died. Talked of the necessity of fun and how no one must fault these young people, stressed the fact that they were not to blame and the skippers were not to blame, either—all were blameless. Then a psalm, then “Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds” and a short reading from “The Little Prince.” A man had given her that book once. A lover. Finnish. It came to her that if she were to make love the frostbite of death might be taken away, even momentarily. She had heard that somewhere.

The plots in the cremation grounds were so minuscule. Midget slab-stones as in a doggy's grave, and wan messages, a single yellow iris in a Lucozade bottle. Oh, the paucity of it all. They had to queue for the cremation ceremony. Mourners treated like cattle. A mother in jeans, grumbling because of this. The fact that she was in jeans seemed wrong, seemed inappropriate, worse when she tightened her belt to show how dishy she was. A young man, a thin, sepulchral-looking young man, stepped aside as if to pray. Had the look of Hamlet. Seemed stunned. Everywhere shock and those outbursts and now the woman taking the white belt of her jeans off and using it to hit, to hit out.

HATED going home. Into her dark house. Into sleep and into dreams: searchlights in her innards and men shouting—shouting what? Then a cold, white ship, a liner onto which guests were coming, la-di-da people, oodles of them, with parasols and handbags. Famishing. "Hold on till I plug in the *fire," she called, not wanting them to* shiver, not wanting to be inhospitable. The electric plug going soft in her hand, soft and warmish, turning into a wet tea bag.

Not long after, the people higher up at her office clubbed together to send her to a health farm. Thought it might help. As soon as she crossed the threshold she knew she must leave. It was all too bright and hygienic—that, and a smell of grapefruit. She fled. She went to Paddy's flat so she could not be traced. She slept in Paddy's bed and thought he might appear to her. In a way, he did. A dream, a salve. He came alive in it. It was a strange place, a square flooded in warm golden light, a southern town, yellowish walls, turreted, sun pouring down, white tables. A beautiful girl stood in waiting in leopardskin trousers and high leopardskin boots. Penny waved to the girl. Had an errand for her. The errand was to go to Paddy with a message, to search him out in the monk's room, where he burrowed and where he was praying for guidance. He was to come to the square, the golden square, where he would receive instruction. He agreed. In the dream he looked thin, emaciated, but he smiled at the news of his release. Then it was next day—morning, with the white chairs stacked on the round, white tables, their legs ungainly. He arrived clean-shaven, in praying robes and a white shirt that was threadbare at the cuffs. He looked around to meet his messenger, the woman in leopardskin. Instead, Penny appeared and moved toward him, radiant, then laughing because she had played a joke on him. They danced in the square. The pink stone of the cobbles was dark where it had just been splashed with water, and the music came not in a nighttime spasm but in a trickle, like a flute heard across distances of mountains. They danced between the tables and chairs, danced beautifully toward a sign that read "Tivoli Gardens." Nell wakened almost happy. She would write to Penny. Nell would write to *tell her this dream and, by telling it,* say, "It means we must be friends." She posted it to Penny's pottery in Spain. They could bury the hatchet. There was no child, the child was a blind, and there was no Paddy, Paddy was among the perch and the slippery eel, but, as Nell had to keep saying, free of them now, free of all predatoriness, adrift among the algae and the slapping vegetation.

ON her kitchen windowpane, a sign—galling, galling. Its appearance brought on by the steam. In a blur of gray, in a fog of steam came his initial, "P" for Paddy. Pasta boiling over in a saucepan. Long strips of it, a dyed green. A great splutter on the stove, spitting and hopping, beads of water jumping about like translucent insects, the kitchen all foggy, fogbound like a river late at night. In his handwriting, his particular little squiggle. Jesus Christ. She crossed over to it. It was a "P." He must have written it once with a crayon while she was cooking dinner, one of the evenings that was either amicable or testy, written it where it lay in hiding, needing only a bit of steam to show up again, apparitionlike. She ran her finger along it, tracing it slowly, not wanting to blot it out, and thought that if anything could invoke the dead, it must be this. *An afterbirth of hope. Then she rang* someone. The bereaved were told to ring each other at moments like this, for counselling, co-counselling. The woman she reached was livid, calling all journalists scum and newspaper proprietors worse scum, millionaires—making packets out of tragedy. There had been an article claiming that her son was gay, that he had lived with a young man, that they had had wedding vows, a wedding ceremony, that they were going to adopt a baby. Lies. Total lies. Garbage. She was going to the editor on the morrow. The next woman Nell rang told her to go to a spiritualist center. It was the only thing. It did wonders for people, it brought peace of mind. There was a place in Belgravia. This woman would find out the hours, and they would go together. The pasta Nell had made tasted like glue, or like porridge that she had had in Scotland. How long ago was that? Too long ago. "They're peeing on us from a great height," the first woman on the phone had said, and suddenly Nell laughed a mad laugh, remembering Paddy and Tris-

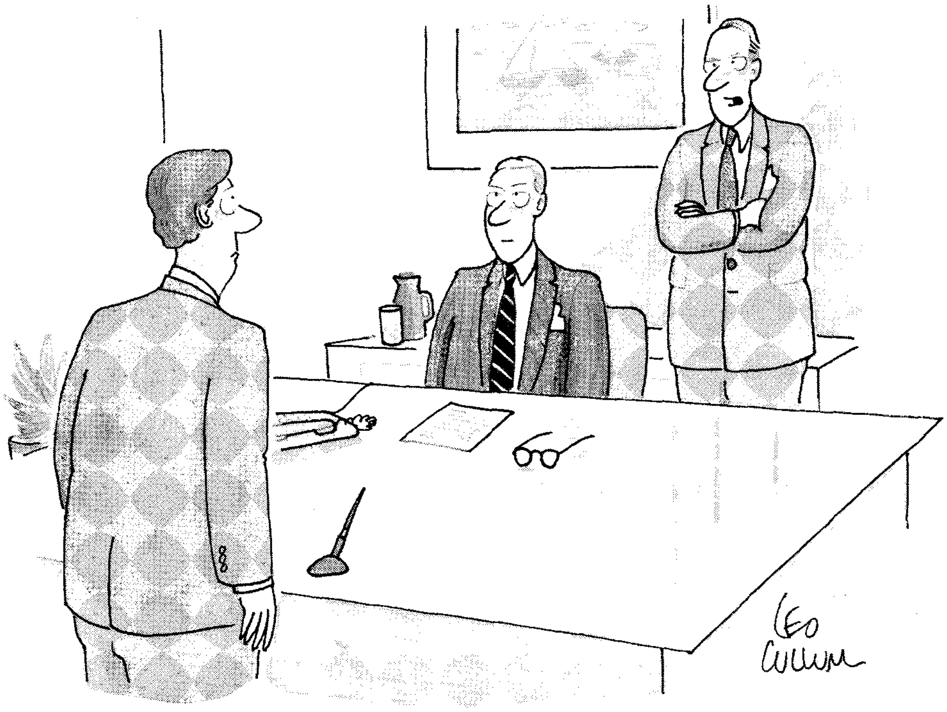
"Do you see us as a movie or a play?"

tan, two brothers peeing on each other from apple trees and shouting "Bang, bang, you're dead. I'm not dead," brothers vying with each other as to who could pee longest and say the most warring things.

SHE had found it easily in Paddy's address book, under "F" for "Father." Walter was in a home, but she hadn't known where. Lost his marbles, or some of them. She'd lost hers, too, but not the ones that enabled her to remember. Memory weevilling into her every minute, a fresh issue of pain, memory picking, like the hook of a crochet needle, drawing blood. Awful journey. Monotonous. Fields, more fields. Cows. Cattle. Lines of washing. Towns with their miserable little chimney pots. Signs for life insurance. Paddy had made a will and left her everything. Big houses with gates. More fields. Like going across the steppes of Russia. She had brought a book to read: "Light in August." Sad, stubborn book. The deep, kind of animal sad. Arriving at a neat little railway station, which had won a prize. Hanging baskets and things. Out in the street, affable, smiling faces. Away from the rat race. Recognized her as a stranger in the town. Tea shops. White scones and clotted cream, and barley sugar in twists. Big geranium in the conservatory of the nursing home. Gigantic, clawlike. Bright orange. Flaming orange. The color of life. Of fire. White is the color of death. Paddy's friend Baxter had said that. Had written her a beautiful letter. The names of all those missing had been in the paper. Baxter had tried to be manly. Said life had changed a bit since he last met Nell. Paddy and he had done so many things—gone down a pit in Yorkshire, went about half a mile underground and then into a coal tunnel forty-two inches high, just the two of them. In a P.S. he mentioned Aphrodite coming out of the sea, then apologized for being a bit stoned.

Nell would do anything not to go up those stairs and meet her husband, anything. Slight hitch. He was in the toilet. She must wait. She'd made a bolt for it. Ran down a passage, through a door, into another narrow passage, and found a white door that slid like a trapdoor. Near-naked woman by the lavatory bowl, looking in at it laughing, roaring with laughter. In her shift. Legs like candles, spent candles, white. Age and death. Youth and death. Nurse saying "You can come now. Your husband is ready." Worst would be over in an hour. Stand up to him, fight back if he should say, "You left me," or "You destroyed them," or "It's your fault that he went there." Needn't have worried. Man in pajamas, vacant, vacant, sitting upright on bed. Shadow of tyrant who had once been, who had exchanged a "love, honor, and obey" rigmarole. More metamorphoses. Breathing lightly and staring. Staring. She had to sit. A waiting white chair said to her to sit, and she said back to it, with the little gumption that remained in her, "I am not here. . . . I am not here. . . . I am not sitting down. . . . I was never married to this man. . . . And I do not intend to apologize." Geranium downstairs bursting with life and rage, brushing the old-fashioned glass of the skylight. A waiting taxi. Freedom only two staircases away. His mouth was moving to say something, the something not coming, the sympathy for his son—for surely he must have read the telegram that she had sent; he must know. Lips squashing, unsquashing, then stretching out like rubber bands, a sound of sorts, but no meaning to it. Lips pursing, nearly saying it, but not. Man in the bed across showing no such rectitude. Roaring like a jackass. A roar she well knew—fathers, husbands, mothers all mingling in. Better take the bull by the horns, but not yet. His lips like mauve, trodden-upon fruits. Eyes very sharp, angry eyes, like nails that dig in. His son dead and his not grasping it. She had said it clearly, very clearly. On the bed, beside him, a pen and pad. Maybe she should write it down. No, that was too drastic. His eyes looking daggers at her. He knew. He was about to pontificate. "Do you sleep?" she asked. "I slee . . . eee . . . eee . . . ppppppp," the words like mince. Getting out the gifts she'd brought. Shades of love, or would-be love. Flowers from the station. Red carnations sunk in a white haze of gypsophila. Red and white. She would give the things Paddy left her to Tristan. Tristan would save her, as he had before. His birth had saved her when she was in the dumps—his little kisses, the teeth he cut, the teeth he lost, and the sixpences she put in eggcups as rewards. She had brought flowers and a bottle of pink champagne.

Impossible to think she and Walter were once married. He was unrecognizable, and yet recognizable by that sneer, that disdain. Otherwise a



"Mr. Kendall would like to see one of those flashes of oddball humor."

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stranger, a stranger with parchment skin. No trace of his other self, his gallant self, his dash. They had stood together, proud to be married, a ceremony in the sacristy of a church where a priest grudgingly tied the knot. Workmen as witnesses. Paddy kicking away like blazes, saying, Let me out, let me out of here. Her firstborn. She was too afraid, afraid of his fragility, the little well in the crown of his bare head giving her the shivers. Two lines of bone, opening and closing like a mouth, saying something. Still, she tried. Got the pepper the day he put pebbles up his nose. He was crawling then. Thought the stones were boiled sweets. She ran and got pepper so that he sneezed like billy-o and then she hugged him and then delivered a bit of a scolding, which he was impervious to. Rascals. They were Walter's, too, his and hers. Sitting upright now, he was telling her slowly but determinedly that he refused hospital food because it was poison. She should have brought baby food. Each word, each bit of word, taking an eternity to get out. Had to be wrenched out.

"Paddy got drowned" is what she heard herself say, calmly but bluntly.

"You got drowned" was what she heard back. A smile. Vengeance even in dementia.

"You . . . got . . . drow . . . ned." A smile within a smile, in the recesses of blur. The eyes, both tortured and torturing, wished to nail her. Man opposite deciding to shout louder and louder for the nurse. The worst was uttered.

"No—Paddy, not me."

"You got drowned," he said, triumphant. The speech quite quick, quite clear, and the meaning. The hate he had for her was like a pilot light, waiting not for extinction but to be relit. She hated him, too, remembered a whole nest of wrongs, yet more than anything she wished that they could throw a crumb to each other, they who never had. Why did they mate? What stars had caused such a strange conjunction? What, now, was the fresh bafflement in his eyes? Hearing others go down to tea, she rose to fetch him some, but once outside she knew that she would not cross that threshold again.

AT first it seemed to her that Tristan was breaking, spilling in her arms, his sobs punctuating the little things he was saying so as not to seem so broken. He had gained some hours on the flight from Istanbul, he said. The difference in time between Turkey and home was a difference of hours. At moments she thought he was going to retch. She held him. He held on. It was a clumsy embrace. He would have come sooner, the very instant it happened. She should not have borne it alone. She should not have had to bear it alone. Did she know the people who had given the party? Of course not. Sorry. Sorry. He should not have asked that. He would not ask anything else. Questions were cruel. Everything was said to comfort, to show solidarity. He had gained three hours and that was something. He had brought gifts. He did not say for whom, apart from her. It was a goatskin, dappled, luxurious, a brown that had suffered the scorching heat of the animal's life, so it was almost black. She laid it on the stairs where she and Tristan sat making plans. Plans of a sort. He would go to Paddy's flat and move the things, give them for a jumble sale. Paddy had a little insurance policy, which she said Tristan could have. He didn't want it. He didn't want anything. "You could live there if you wanted, my pet."

"No. I'll stay with you, stay with my mother." In every syllable, in every thought, in every fresh bout of grief he grew closer to her, snatching with one hand at the fringing of the rug for comfort, his other arm shielding his eyes from the light. A window smothered in creeper looked in on them, each leaf of it smarting in the heat. He inquired about the summer. It had been warm, though not as warm as where he had been. He had eaten a lot of yogurt—grown fond of it, to his surprise. Been invited into houses that were out in the wilds, dogs following the truck, big dogs with muzzles, leaping up; the women in the houses were veiled, veiled and spinning. Got drunk with his friend Andy on his last night in Istanbul. Met many carpet merchants, in one tavern after another; got back to his lodgings somehow, his pockets full of business cards, replete with the names and addresses of numerous carpet dealers.

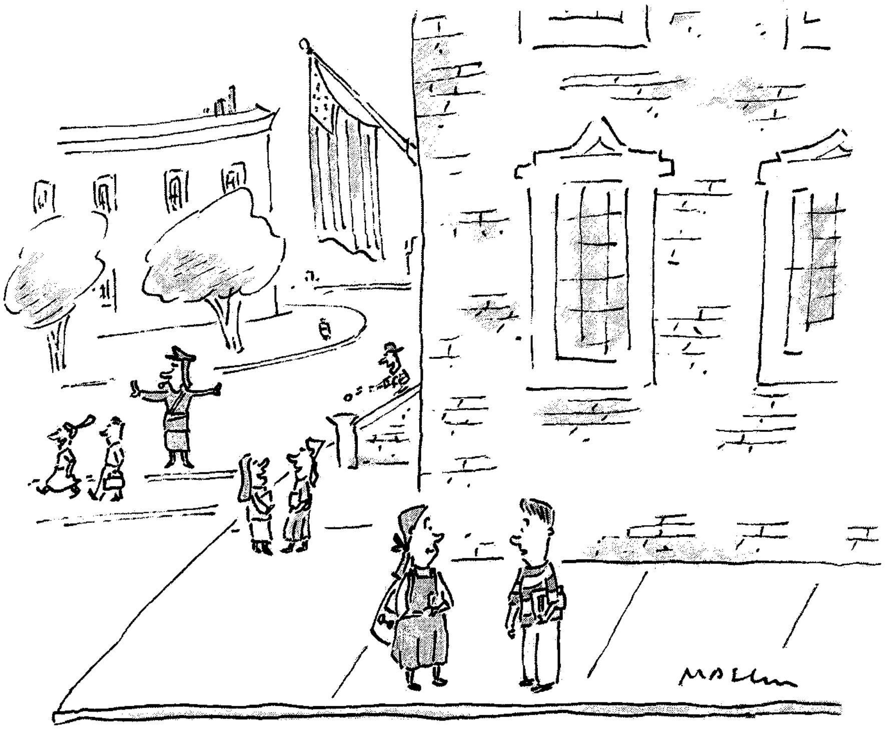
A "Good Girl"

"Where's Charlie?" he said, looking around, ready to whistle.

"Charlie . . ." she said, flustered, knowing that he had known before she even started to speak. Charlie's crying had got to her, "bitten into" her, as she said, using the word "banshee" more than once. He did not say "How could you?" but, as he suddenly stood, a brute determination seemed to rise in him, and he trembled with hate.

"I couldn't sleep, I was going mad," she said, and tried to make him imagine the house empty, the hoping, the ebbing of hope, and then Charlie, and then Charlie. It seemed a long pause, too long, as Tristan's tongue sought words to annul the spleen that had just entered him, but finally he said he would go straight to the Dogs' Home and find Charlie, no matter what.

Find him he did, so there was a truce of a kind as Charlie pattered around, much quieter now, much more subdued, almost speaking to them—so happy was he to be back, so abjectly happy, licking even her who had consigned him to exile. A tick under Charlie's ear had to be removed. She fetched her tweezers and watched Tristan filch it out, deftly and with love; he showed her the fat, squat belly of blood, Charlie's blood, which had supplied the tick's homestead for the week. Charlie mewled with excitement, relief; he showed not a trace of venom as she held him. Then he was ensconced in the bath, a thing she would normally have objected to. They took turns soaping him. She thought, Tristan doesn't hate me now—it was a passing thing. Later, he



"Pardon me, but I can't help noticing that we share similar tastes in tropical-fruit-flavored chewing gum."

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poured boiling water onto a soup plate, dunking the tweezers into it to sterilize them. Tristan and she were near now. They would hold each other up, be props for each other. She did not know then that he, too, would go. She did not know the change that would take place in him once the death had sunk in, how dark and troubled he would become. She did not know that he would not shave for weeks, or eat, and that he would not talk or be talked to.

Penny had still not appeared. After Nell had sent her the account of her dream about the Tivoli Gardens, and appropriate condolences, she got a letter back with somewhat similar sentiments except that it ended with "I knew him better than anyone in the world and yet I didn't know him." Ending with that. Others had written such beautiful things, heartfelt things. A girl who had done group therapy with him had written a poem for Nell, a poem that said, "It was only a dream that I had a son." A cleaner from Paddy's school, saying he had visited her after she had an operation. Tributes from his teachers. Getting to know him through his friends. Baxter asked if he could have his pipe as a keepsake—his awful, smelly old pipe.

In the two weeks that followed Tristan's arrival, the two of them tried to be buoyant, tried to make jokes, had suppers in front of the television. He made a point of talking about Paddy—of plays he had directed at school and leading ladies he had fallen in love with. He had been sent home once for drink, she said, he and a friend called Norrie, and she described the two boys going to a Turkish bath to sweat out their guilt. She kept urging Tristan to see friends, his own and Paddy's. Tristan left notes, such as "Gone to mow a meadow." Charlie followed him like his shadow, lay in wait behind the front door. Charlie knew his footstep two streets away. Charlie was bounced in his arms, flung up to the ceiling, caught on the way down, and then tossed up again like a pancake. Tristan had arranged with his university for permission to bring Charlie and put him in a kennel nearby. He had not discussed it with her. That was the first wedge in their nearness. She thought, To the outside world we seem near, but something has happened; he is disappointed in me, he thinks I am wallowing in my grief, but he doesn't know what it is to be older and to be a mother. She bought him gifts, bribes. She thought about a time long ago, in the country, when she had crossed a meadow to pick a few rhododendrons that took her fancy, the deep-red ones. From afar they looked massed, each flower brushing against its neighboring cluster of petals, but close up that was not the case at all; each flower was on its own little stalk—separate, surviving, the way it is with every living thing.

THE memorial service was to be a grand event, which many dignitaries were to attend. She had her ticket, a yellow ticket ornamented with the crest of the Cathedral. The mourners were invited to gather in the Glaziers' Hall afterward. She shrank from the pomp and stoicism of it: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Untruer words never spoken. Tristan decided at the last minute that he would not come up from university, though he did not say why. His grief had become darker, and he was having quarrels with people. He and another boy had had a fistfight in chambers. "Please do not write to me for the time being," Tristan had written. Her tribulations were getting to him. He didn't shave. He didn't eat. The proctor believed Tristan's grief would run its course. Tristan kept Charlie in his room—was allowed to, in clemency.

On the steps of the chapel she saw the relatives, whom she had last seen so squashed and numb, now loquacious, rallying. They wore hats or head scarves in bright colors. Few were in black. Why hadn't she come to the meetings? Why had she gone into the woodwork? Why? She must know that it was important that everyone fight the fight, that it was not the time for wallflowers.

"I wasn't able," she said, pleading ill health. Ill health! Men on drink, women on tranquillizers, families wrecked beyond redemption, and she couldn't give her support. As she turned to escape, a young man approached, touched her sleeve, and at that touch she felt a premonition. He was thin, wore a threadbare gabardine coat, and had the bluest eyes she had ever seen. They reminded her of school ink. His hair—soft brown and closely cropped—was like the bristles of a shaving brush upon his meek skull. Everything about him was crushed, shorn.

"I was the last person with your son. We met on that boat."

"Don't," she said. It pierced. A quite

different stab from when the news was first broken to her.

"I have wanted to talk to you. I have phoned but I didn't have the guts to speak."

"So it's you," she said, inflamed. At first she had thought the hangups were journalists; later she believed it was Tristan, wanting to give her a pasting, a piece of his mind.

"How could you?" she said.

"Nerves," he said, and laughed skittishly. How she disliked him. How she took that laugh for insolence and hated his little blackheads.

People were passing on either side, and she wanted to join them, to go inside, to suffer the sermons, the fugues, and the hymns, to get it over with because a rage engulfed her, a rage at this young man who had just told her he met her son on the boat, had hit it off with him because of their interest in the theatre. He was an actor—yes, an actor, he stressed. He was determined that she should listen. He had to tell her. Like it or lump it. For six weeks he had been preparing his confession, and here it was: he and Paddy had gone down to the loo together, both dying for a leak, so they decided to toss for it.

"A leak," she said, affronted.

"Yes, a leak, and we tossed for the loo, and he went in, and next thing I know it's happening. I see black, blackness. I am being sucked into it and all I hear is screaming—somebody saying, "Elsa can't swim! Elsa can't swim!" and I don't know if I'm swimming, but I must be, because I'm moving through this black hellhole. I bump into something; it thumps me and—would you believe? it's a barrel—so I cling to it, or it clings to me. . . . This barrel and myself in the wilderness, and "Elsa can't swim" in my bloody head. . . . Then a bridge, a fucking bridge, the stone base; I touch it, my tombstone, and I'm so fucking wet and winded that I am thankful to be about to die, thankful to give it all up."

"Except that you didn't," she said, her eyes now on the wobble of his Adam's apple, which looks like a goiter.

"No, I didn't," he said sadly, and withdrew for a second into some corner of his thinking before describing the mercy ship that was lit up like a bus, the arms—several arms—hauling him through, though he didn't want to go, he wanted to be dead. Once on board, a bloody sight, shivering and shaking. He needed a brandy, but the barman said, "If he needs a brandy, someone's got to pay for it," and at first no one did. Then a girl called them all shits, throwing her biker's jacket on the counter, saying she'll pay for the drink. He can still see the studs on her jacket, blinking at him.

"Why in Christ's name did you tell me all this?" Nell said and ran, ran past the people, down the steps, and into a taxi that has just disgorged some smartly dressed mourners. She asked to be taken to the river.

NOVEMBER again, the holy souls, the rain. She would pray that she might pray in earnest. The rain beat slantwise down the long office window and soaked into the woodwork. Soaked into the bricks of the houses, too, altering the shades of color, so they were like abortive frescoes. She had promised herself that she would go back to Italy, she hoped with Tristan. Something about seeing frescoes. She dreamed one night that Tristan had written her a letter of forgiveness, on parchment, and that it was headed by a Leonardo da Vinci painting. She dreaded Christmas, breaking-down time. There were invitations, oodles of invitations, including one from a family in Guildford, one from an author whose book she had worked on, and one from her boss and his mistress, Miss Flite. Yes, he had made the break—rather, had made it three times, and each time before had gone back to his wife, each time taking a holiday with her—a "second honeymoon," as it was called—and the last time, in the Lake District, they had almost frozen to death and had not had the heart left to warm each other. Miss Flite had won. A bitter divorce and smears in the newspapers and his getting suddenly older, much older-looking—the shame of it all being too much, too wounding. They were welcome, she and her son, to stay overnight. The one thing that could not

---

THE WATCHES

1

Before they became mysterious and quartz, we longed to learn
the workings of watches: *eternal spring!* We knew
to rush to make time for things. Any delay
would make it too late. We knew
what the hands could say.

There was the timeless sculptor who took his time
with his block of stone, and made it smooth
as a stone. All the strange things we do
in actual fact adore
have become hard.

2

As on a gray-blue screen a stranger patiently sees
a soundless movie of her murmuring heart,
its valves too open or too shut, so
did a patron of his time's artisan
watch

the surface of a leaf-shaped dish—new, impatiently preened—
letting the loosened light through its gray-green jade
from the other side, and marvel at the useless care
of makers, but try to be careful: now the least
slippage meant downfall.

3

The minutes displayed and squared on a gray ground
slip from a *3* to an *8*, a *9*, without clicking.
They trip the alarm, however. It goes off
trilling its odd hour, telling its time
in church, or during a play.

• •

The quiet halls of the city are famously full
of staggered peeping: half-hours, minutes—
seconds—from Standard Time. The place
sings with the fallibility in it.
That hasn't changed.

4
In the watches of the current night, some sickened
body steps up to look from a window, to see
an angle of river—a straight wet line
if whole. Anyone might get lost in
such a place, at such a time.

Now the city whistles to the worsened water, and attracts it.
The rivery haze in the air is so still a body can hear—
sharp-eared for ticking—every other person.
Each a confined or becalmed boat. No
one's loss makes another "free."

5
Of course the works have become complex. Still, time
works with its oldest tools, a lighted watchman
behind plate glass, heir to the laid-off soul
who lived in the watch-repair shop on
Spring Street.

What *is* it the quartz is doing in there? Responding
in seconds to the current of precise science,
just to enlighten us. We try to be glad
of knowing the truth, precise license,
so as not to please our misfortune.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

• •

happen was for them to be alone. When you are empty and depleted, being alone with someone you love is quite the worst, most ghastly thing. When she asked Tristan on the phone, he said, "We'll see, we'll see." He seemed not to want to go. Probably a girl. Normally, he talked about the girls—their beauty or their prettiness, their little ways, such as who was shy, or who loved horseback riding—but this girl, whoever she was, was an enigma.

IT was a manor house, with open fires and plenty to drink. Neighbors called throughout the day. A big tin of caviar was opened after Mass. People were so nice to her; even Miss Flite had taken special trouble with her gifts. Miss Flite had given her a woolly, but a very special woolly, a gray shawl that was half cashmere. Tristan was a success with them all. He carried in logs, he mended the record-player, he put on the records that Miss Flite loved—the jazz records she danced to so beautifully that people looked and thought, What carriage, what carriage! Nell kept having to disappear in order to cry. Secret crying, like secret drinking. Someone or other called her, called her name, because they knew. Christmas was not a time to brood. At midnight Mass she had prayed both for Paddy and to him, but went awry. Luckily, Nell and Tristan had got there late and had to squash in anywhere they could, so that she was with strangers; it was strangers' hands that she shook and wished peace upon, though she was in torment. The turkey was delicious, the stuffing a triumph. Stuffing from a recipe in a French magazine, with unusual things in it—smoked oysters and angelica. She drank champagne, glugged it. Tristan watched her drinking and gave a little cautionary wag of a finger. Upstairs she cornered him to give him his present—a mistake; it meant that she was recalling to him her asylum of woe. What she gave him was a leather briefcase with his initials and, inside, a little photo album of Paddy and himself from infancy on. There were too many words on her card, endearments. He was edging from the room toward the door, down to the others, down to Charlie, and the pheasants for tomorrow that he was to help Miss Flite with, to pluck.

"Are you cold, love?"

"I think they want us downstairs." Dancing attendance on Miss Flite, helping with the fire, the Christmas crackers, carrying the box of truffles around. When he kissed her goodnight and she asked if there was anything wrong, he said, "Tush." "Tush" was his word now, both a propitiation and to ward her off. She heard him on the phone to the railway station, making an inquiry about trains to Exeter. In a way she was relieved. They must each grapple with it alone. Each in his dripping cell.

EASTER. Soon the Easter bells would be ringing out, masculine and feminine, pewter and lead, bongs of resurrection. Oh, to meet the risen! She and Tristan were going to a Russian Mass. She had asked him on the phone. He lost no time with her as he came in, with only a small bag. He was saying something as he came through the kitchen door, his jacket slung over his shoulder. It was warm as summer, with gnats in little swarms outside.

"I think you had better know—" he began, his eyes fixed firmly on her, saying, by their expression, "Don't interrupt and don't try to make it easy." She was thinking that he had come home to say that, in fact, he would rather spend Easter with friends, and that she would retaliate by saying what a good thing that would be, and how it was not healthy to be hatching indoors with her, and how she understood, understood.

"Penny and I are going to live together."

"Penny," she said, and although she had not shrieked, it seemed as if she had. "Have you been seeing Penny?" she asked, with as much composure as she could muster. Her heart was beating against her blouse, beating wildly.

"Yes," he said quietly.

"How did you run into her?" she asked, trying to hide the scalding curiosity that gripped her. Why hadn't she known? Why hadn't she been told? In deference or distractedness, she was also offering a plate of hot cross buns.

"She wrote to me after Paddy died," he said, and then blurted out that Penny was having a baby, his voice a little shy and a little solicitous and, above all, concerned.

"His," Nell said, unable to say Paddy's name, unable to join them together.

"Maybe his," he said, and looked away.

"Maybe his, but maybe not his—what does that mean?"

"She's not sure," he said, his face still turned away, obviously wishing that she would not make it as brutal as this.

"She's a slut," she said. The word had tumbled out of her.

"She's not a slut," he said, with a cold look.

She gripped his arm, deciding that somehow she must reach him, she must reason with him, point out that he was young, at university, and that he did not have to take on this legacy, this lie. Then, in a terrible instant, she saw his resemblance to Paddy, the transmitted resemblance of his face when he hated her.

"We can always have the bloods tested," she said, raspishly, her voice octaves high.

"What would be the point?" he said, gall in his voice.

"So you're going to live with her?" Nell said—her turn now to walk away, to swallow the curd of banishment. He said yes, that for now Penny could not be alone—she had nightmares, she was racked with guilt, she was frightened and going to have a child.

"Do you love her?" she asked, each word cutting him like a hacksaw. He didn't answer. He had taken on his brother's mantle and, possibly, his brother's love. Or was it sacrifice, needless sacrifice?

"Is it pity you feel?" she asked, unable to hold her tongue.

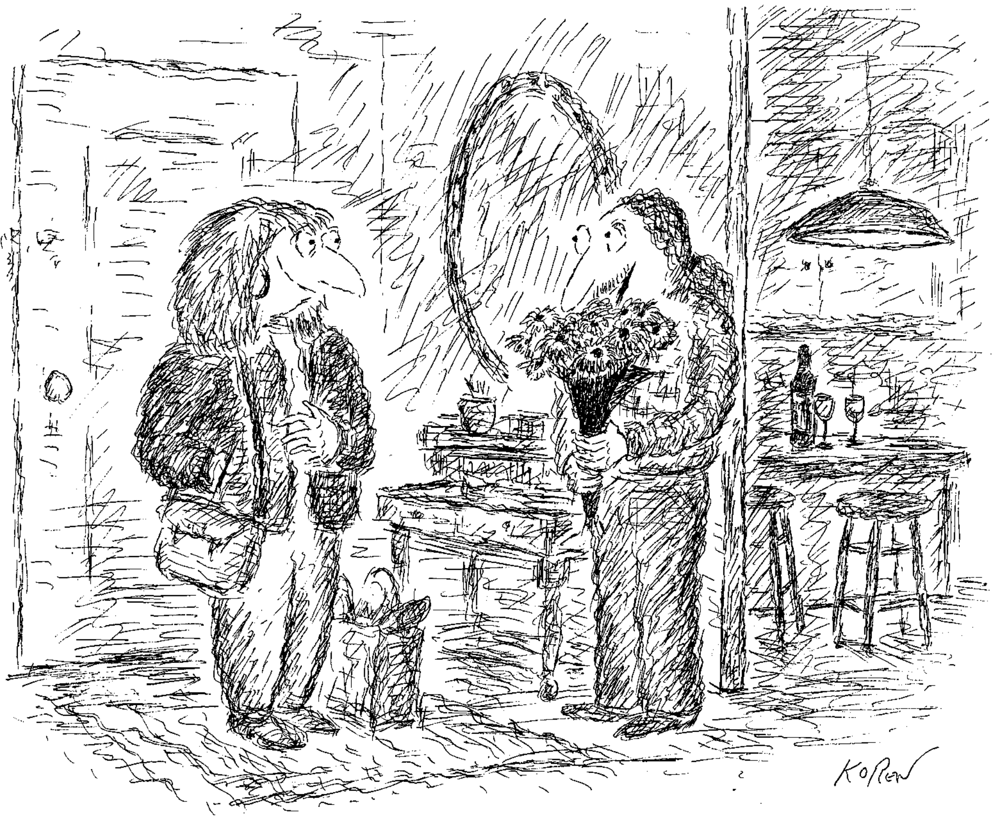
"It's not pity, Nell," he said, and the tart way he pronounced her name made her feel that he was finished with her. In desperation, she heard herself reverting to Penny's previous pregnancy—the "high on poetry, short on prams" scenario, as Nell put it. Would that she had not voiced it. Would that she had not.

"If you saw her you'd believe her," he said, then shouted, in case she needed to know, the lyrical name of the maternity ward where Penny was to be admitted, and the name of her obstetrician, who was a woman. Nothing more. When he left the kitchen, it was obvious that he was going to his room, to pack some of the things he had left at home, and obvious, too, that this was the final breach.

SHE walks now with a vengeance, with the malice of the destinationless and the pounding of someone who will not concede that she has nowhere to go. She believes it to be her last walk. She cannot go on. She might as well never have had children or a husband or parents—phantoms all. She thinks that no one will ever know or should know the spleen within her. This walk is her last. In the shop-windows she knows so well are the things she knows too well. A necklace from Africa, each pendant a golden acorn, the gold dun-colored like that of icons. Then the wedding dresses in the dry cleaner's, the same batch or an identical batch, dispatched by the newly wed. Successions of them each week. Lifelike, ghostlike. Hanging from the ceiling—cream and ivory and white, creations stuffed with tissue, ready to float. The tissue gives the arms and the chest a sturdiness, so they seem to breathe. The little white arms are asking to be picked up.

Walking, racing, her glance on the ground mostly, seeing cigarette butts, swirls of dust, and, here and there, carbuncles in the pavement where the cement had bulged up. In a restaurant window little meringue cases, not quite sallow and not quite white. A tiny dish of raspberries catches her eye, each one like a rosebud, moist. Only nature can touch her now, a fleeting touch at that. Was he going to Penny for the sake of his brother, or was he going for the sake of himself? Passing a half-finished block of buildings, she reads a sign chalked on hardboard: "Lads, no work today, go to yard." Cruelty. Lashings of it. A sudden brain wave, a ruse. She will buy a bottle of champagne and bring it to Tristan and Penny's flat, a bribe to patch things up.

"You see," she says to herself, "you are even prepared to lie, simply to cling to him, to cling;



"It's very sensitive of you to realize that men like to get flowers!"

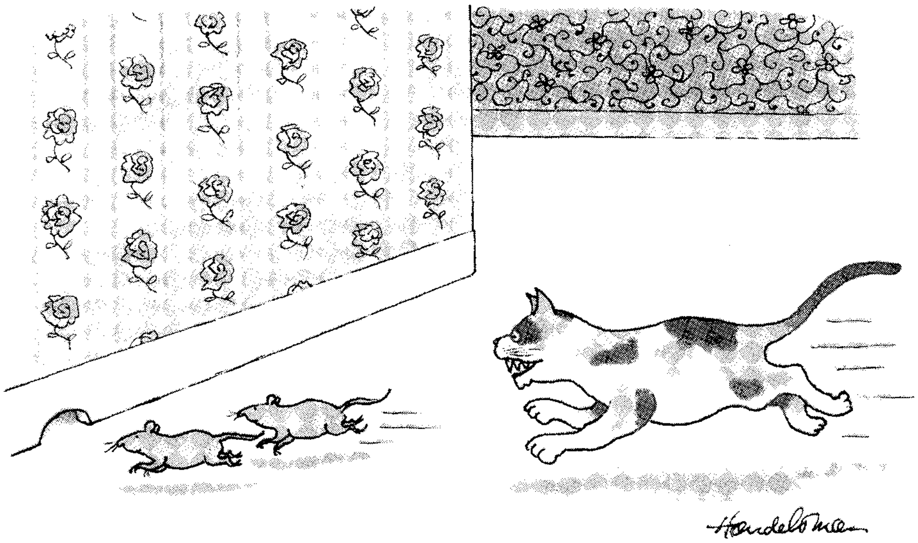
you have become as craven as that."

"But I am doing my best," she answers, and in an oblong of mirror at the side of a shut shoe shop, she sees a face that bears no resemblance to the face of even half a year ago. A wounded face, eyes stark, upbraiding, all traces of beauty gone. The shoe shop has closed for good, but there are shoes left in the window. They stand, like solitary props, on glass plinths, with a little tag in front of each one of them. Circulars and letters cram the passage inside.

"YOU don't remember me," a voice says. She is in the wine shop now, having decided to go the whole hog of hypocrisy. She does not recognize the face or the very blue eyes or the short, brown, upthrust hair, like the hairs of a shaving brush. She should. The man repeats himself and gives his little laugh, his laugh of insolence. Suddenly she does remember and gasps at the sheer galling coincidence of it. He is working here. The actor Paddy met on the fatal night. Why is she here? Why did she cross the road at that point? Only because the other light was green, and she wanted to walk as fast as she could, and she saw a glut of bottles crammed into wooden barrels, plus, as she sees now, lore about wine and wine tasting, which gives her the pip.

"I thought you were an actor," she says, tartly.

"Not at the moment," he says, and she detects the same little mendacious sneer from which she retreated on the oratory steps. She inquires about wine. He is fluent with description—adjectives rolling off his tongue, false confidence in his narrow, hurt eyes as he says, in a blasé voice, "South African, Bulgarian, Italian, Californian, Lebanese." As if she didn't know. As if she couldn't read. He points to the barrels, and she knows why. A barrel saved him. She remembers that. The iron hoop of the barrel cutting his neck. Part of her—indeed, an almost vanished part of her—wishes to throw the gauntlet down and tell him her latest bombshell and weep. Ridiculous. Feelings have died. Not so—feelings are alive and bucking in her, vicious feelings, growing, like a child that swells but does not come out, an alien battering the walls of her mind.



Two Rodent-Americans Pursued by a Feline-American

• •

"I'll have the Mâcon," she says, to which he asks officiously if she wants the Villages or the Lugny. "Whichever is cheaper," she says, and detests the remark, as if she were asking him to take pity on her straits. He pounces on it. He has the advantage. He will give her the better one at the lesser price. She doesn't want that. She does not want charity, especially not his. When they tossed the coin, did he choose heads or tails? His eyes are more cavernous than when they last met. The blue is all fear, droplets of fear. She feels that if she and he were opened up liquid would spill out, gurglings of it; his would be this vitiated blue and hers a viscous blackred. She vows to smash the bottle on the way home and carry the jagged neck like a weapon, a weapon she is no longer afraid to brandish. He wraps it and hands her warm coins, coins so warm that they are perspiring. They disgust her.

"So you don't act anymore?" is her parting shot.

"No. I don't act anymore. The thing is, I just don't sleep," he says, and he says it softly, and if there were a moment in this world for a person to forgive another or to initiate a gesture of reconciliation it is this moment, except that she can't—she is all balk, blunder, stammer, umbrage, woundedness, and hate—so she flees.

IN the luxury and hush of a chapel, she moves among blues and golds, among pews and escutcheons, around the myriad altars, holding the bottle, skulking. She sees the guttering candle flame heaving this way and that, teetering, recovering, swelling, like air being pumped into a bellows; sees the brown oak of the confessionals, the dropsical expressions of martyrs overlooked by sages with sage hands and sage, punitive eyes; she sees virgins like queens, like whores, and in recesses angels, naked, determined to frisk. In the blue dome of the rotunda a vaporish light, the smell and smokiness of the quenched altar candles still linger. A barricade of flowers to one side on an iron rest. Mass has finished. The smell of incense a floating presence. Oddments have been forgotten—gloves, rosary beads, a baby's knitted boot. Candles have been lit, to beam and intercede for those who have fled to their lunches or their copulations or their tennis courts or their gymnasiums.

Plumes of light, spiring, aspiring as in a theatre. She kneels by St. Anthony, he who once brought gleanings of hope. The bottom of the infant Jesus fits snugly, fleshily into the hollow of St. Anthony's outstretched palm. Comical. Both man and child are smiling, as if they shared a joke. She cannot pray and yet she waits, the way someone waiting to be sick waits. There are two black boxes on metal stands. One for alms and one in His honor. She cannot give. That is the truth of it. That is her plight. Her sin. She cannot give. Too much has been taken away

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from her, everything, her sons, first one and now the other. Galling to see necklaces and lockets and trinkets in the oblong case next to St. Anthony, offerings from those who can give—mothers such as herself, wives such as herself, daughters such as herself. Hers not the only tragedy, except to her. She cannot give. She will not give. She would steal the barricade of flowers from the altar, but they seem so vulgar, so secular, so vast, so overblown. To think that she thought she might pray. What does one do with grief? What does one do with hate? She thinks of refuse dumps. They are everywhere, only a mile or two from your stately manor or your green-grow-the-rushes lake. A phantasmagoria of ashes, plastic, paper, food, condoms, flowers, mush—the afterbirth of all hope, toil, and aspiration merged into a grotesqueness that cannot be destroyed. She thinks that she is like that, and calls out to her dead mother—the pity, the raw pity that they had never known that milky oneness, each alone in her slough of dark.

HOW could the actor have known? At any rate, he is there, chaining his bicycle to the church's black railing. The blue of the chain transparent, the metal inside like a series of snakes, each coil snug in its socket.

"Mass is finished," she says, harshly, harshly.

"I've just come to say my little prayers."

"Oh, you're religious."

"Let me tell you," he says, and he moves toward her, his hackles out now, his moment for retribution. She may think he killed her son. She may think he cadged a ticket to life. She has another guess coming. He would gladly have died. Yes, lady, to relive the moment before the toss of the coin, the heave-ho, the black, watery hole that he squirmed in is worse. He has been there. Knowing that everyone else has forgotten it, the shemozzle has died down, and that you're alone and that you've lost your three lifelong friends isn't a picnic. He laughs, a strange, metallic laugh, and says evidently it was his fate, his karma. His outburst does not frighten her, merely makes her pause for a moment to think.

"Your three lifelong friends?"

He nods. He fears that he has said too much, babbled.

"Say anything, say anything," she whispers.

"Well, we have dinner sometimes," and he looks to see if this is too fantastic, but it isn't. "Jim loved soup, so I make soup, tomato or lentil. We have it in mugs, brown pottery mugs. Pasco and I go swimming—he was a great swimmer, the best swimmer of us all—he's teaching me to dive. Then Hugo, the ringleader, the king, wants diversion. He was going to be a rock star, he had all the makings. He left a song. Well, a bit of a song—'Love Is Gonna Cut You Down.' We put different lines to it, different beginnings, different ends. 'Love Is Gonna Cut You Down.' I make him an omelette, and he throws it back in my face, and he says 'Jeeves, it's runny—it's not the way I like it,' so I add this and that to it, a bit of grated cheese, herbs, then I whisk it, put it back in the pan, and I brown it and toss it and say, 'Is that the way you like it, Hugo?' He loves it. He tells me he loves it. I put a few flowers in a pot on the windowsill, and I say, 'They're for you, and they're for you, and they're for you.' "

Suddenly he stops, and she sees that he is about to cry and that he does not want her to see him. She shrinks from pity. She thinks, How childlike and how beautiful. So this is what he does with his pain. He regards the dead friends as living, or at least living in the spot inside him that matters. Most likely Hugo and he were lovers—yes, they were lovers, because he now singles him out and says that Hugo did not want to go to the party, that he woke up and said he'd had a dream in which his boots were too clumsy for swimming. They had gone to bed, they had made love, then Hugo's dream, then Hugo ignoring his dream, then down to the pier and meeting others, being introduced to Paddy.

"So that's how you manage," she says quietly.

"Sometimes. Some days are worse. I haven't been to the bottom yet, the very bottom," he says. But she already knows. Then she asks his name. He is called Mitch, short for Mitchell.

"Maybe you'll visit me sometime, Mitch," she says, and gives her address in a voice that falters.

"Or if I'm in a show you'll come and we'll have supper." Supper, symbol of another world, a world so far

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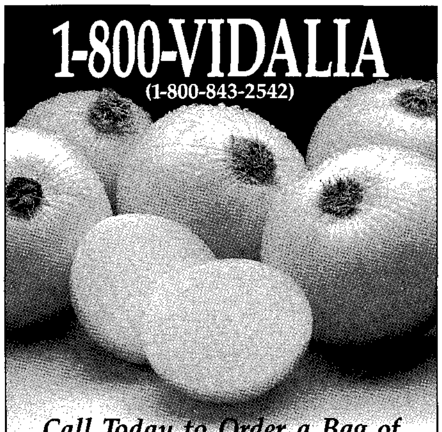
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behind both of them, suave and light-hearted.

"So you will be acting."

"I hope to. The thing is . . . at the moment, I just don't sleep."

Their bodies more or less collide into each other in a sudden embrace. He is all vertebrae, so it is like holding a musical instrument that is about to break yet won't. He will keep faith with something within—innocence, perhaps.

AT home there was no barking. Tristan and Charlie had both left. What met her on the hallway floor were the gifts that she had left for him—"necessities," as she called them. A radio, a blender, a coffeepot, and a packet of fresh coffee beans. Seeing them as he had put them, in a heap, she thought, He has not even acknowledged them; he has left them there to show his anger and confirm his separateness. The note had slipped down behind. She read it many times. She read, "Ta for these things but I don't need them yet. I am never far from you and always at the other end of the telephone. Thanks too for everything." He had signed it with love and a little flourish of hasty kisses. It was the P.S. that touched her most of all: "Do you remember one summer we all went to Arezzo?" A stab of memory. A wash of words, baptism. They were not like words at all, they were like something animate, touching her, a hand, a voice, a breath, a presence from long, long ago, a presence within absence and, yes, within pain, within death. Everything radiant for a moment, as if she reached or was reached beyond the boundaries of herself, as if she had known him, and he her, before—a friendship that transcended time and place and even those little ruses by which we lay claim on one another.

"I can bear it," she said, and looked around at the air, so harmless, so flaccid, and so still—a stillness such as she had not known since it had happened, or maybe ever. In the stillness there was a silence, but there was no word for that yet, because it was so new, a pale sanctuary devoid at last of all consolation.

"You can bear it," the silence said, because this is all there is—this now that then, this present that past, this life this death, and the involuntary shudder that keeps reminding us we are alive.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

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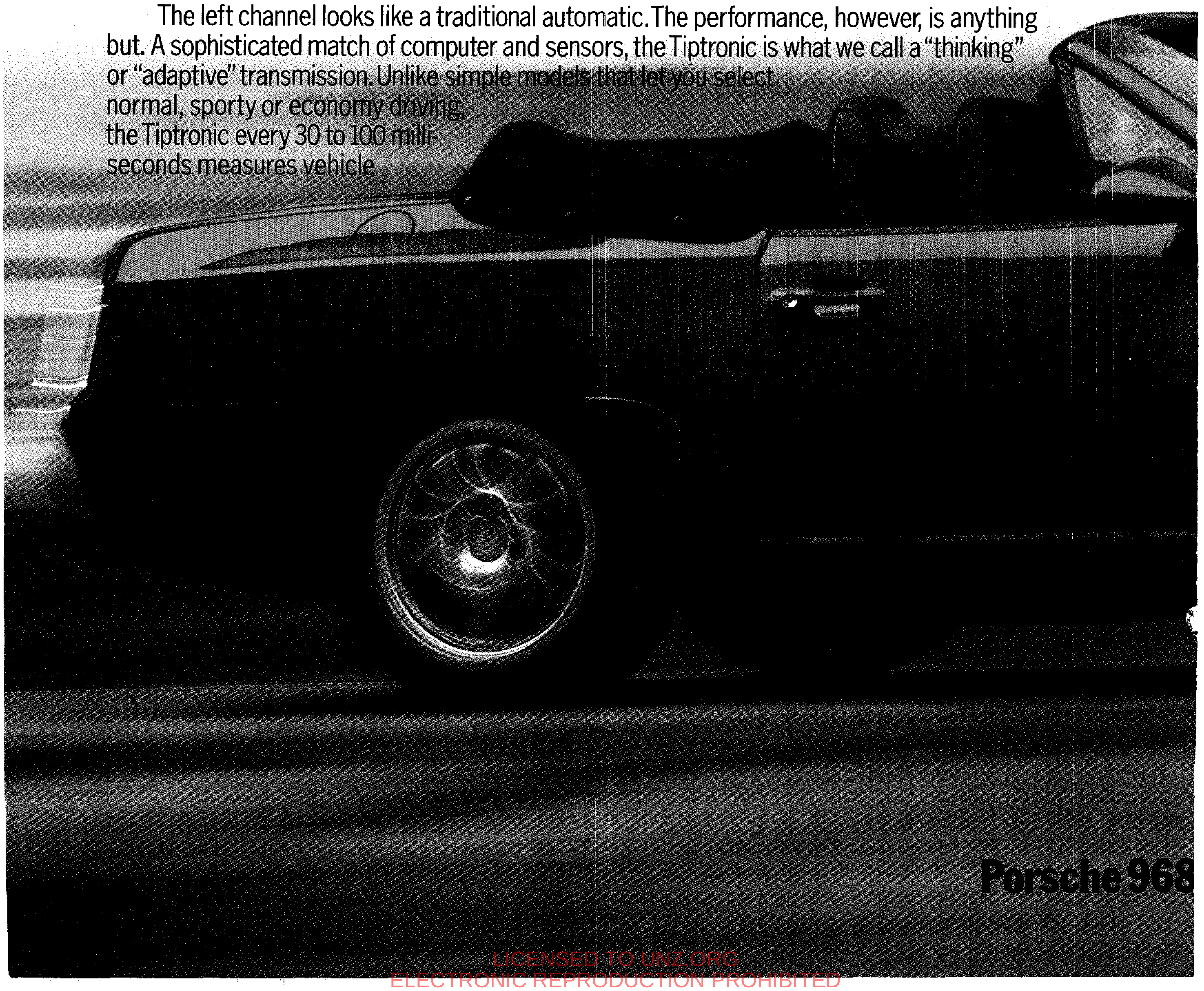

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an "automatic"
should call it a "car."

speed, engine speed, forward and lateral acceleration, even how aggressively you're working the throttle. Then the computer selects from five different shifting programs or "maps," constantly adapting to how you are telling it you want to drive.

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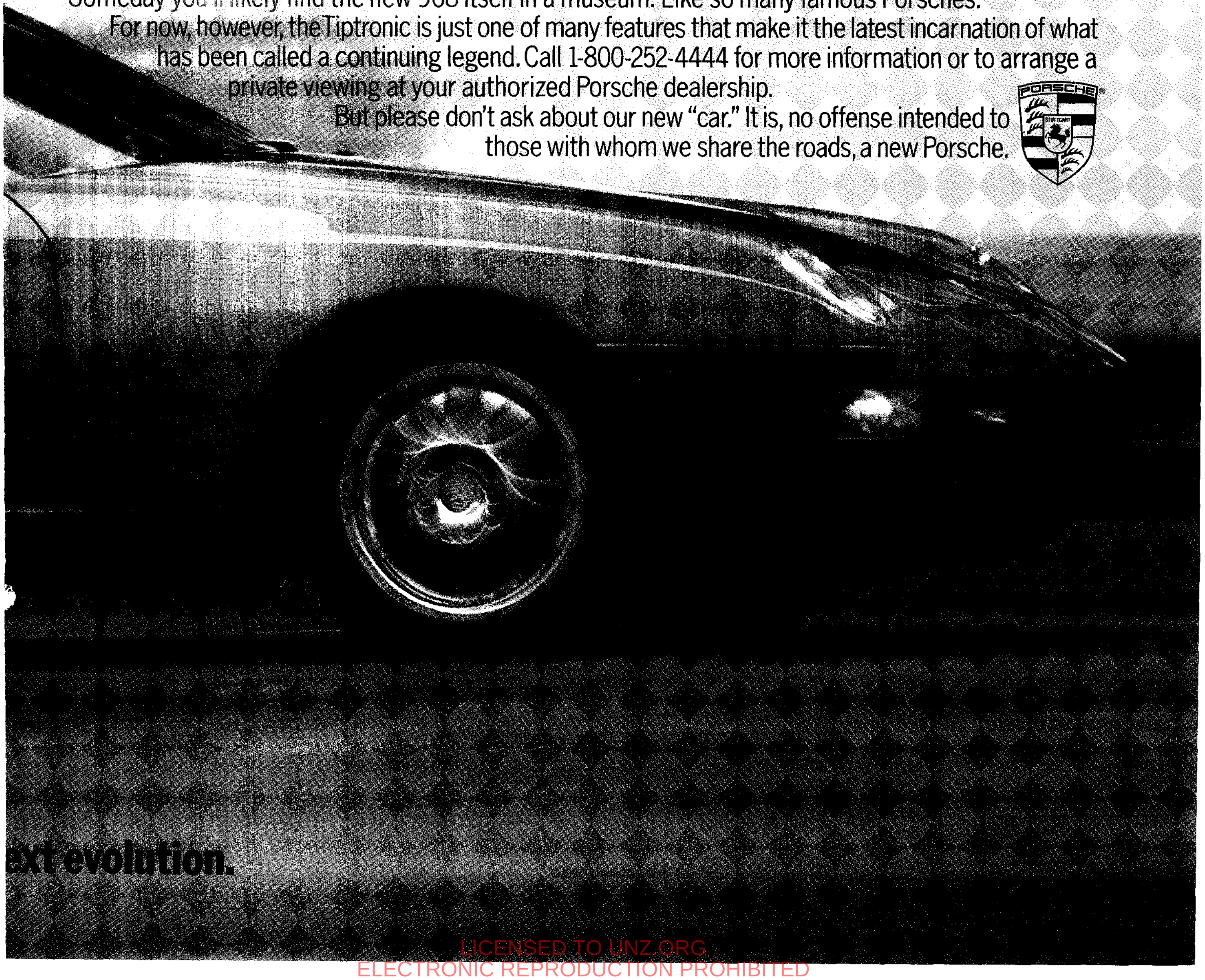
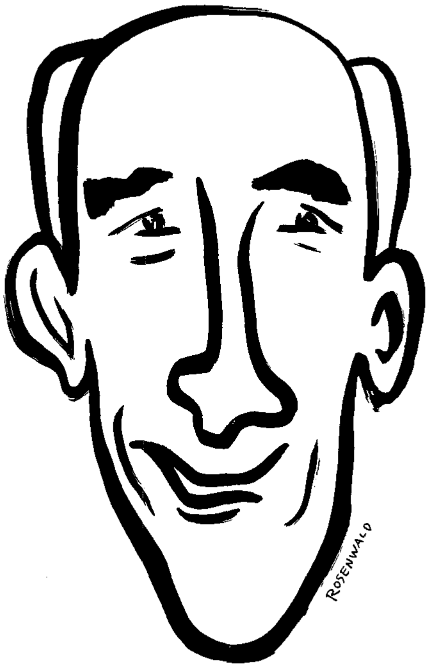


PROFILES

TAKING IT PERSONALLY

NOT long ago, Alan K. Simpson, the assistant Republican leader, or whip, and junior United States senator from Wyoming, was envied by colleagues for what he lacked: serious vulnerabilities and critics who mattered. Stylistically, Simpson is, or was, the Senate's most arresting and exceptional figure. Besides being its tallest member, at six feet seven inches, he was its funniest and earthiest—benignly mixing the profane with the scatological—and no one in the chamber had demonstrated more spontaneous charm. Simpson was also known as one of the Senate's most effective speakers, one of its hardest workers, and one of its most skillful legislators. Moreover, he was, and still is, President George Bush's closest friend in Congress—probably his closest in Washington after Secretary of State James Baker. Simpson and his wife, Ann, belonged to a social circle built largely around the town's movers and shakers. At home in Wyoming, Simpson was the state's most popular figure in modern memory—possibly ever—and many Democrats saw little reason to finance campaigns against him. In short, Simpson struck everyone as being unassailable politically. He isn't now, and the magic is gone.

A week, they say, is a long time in politics; just one ill-considered deed can abruptly reverse fortune's tide. It is tempting to conclude that Simpson invited the shadow that descended over him on February 7th of last year, when he gratuitously attacked Peter Arnett, who was then broadcasting from Baghdad for CNN. Simpson called Arnett an Iraqi "sympathizer" and, without any evidence, alleged that his brother-in-law, a Vietnamese, had been active in the Vietcong when Arnett was covering the war in Vietnam for the Associated Press. Even close Simpson-watchers were surprised, if not bewildered, by the incident. Other voices, mostly conservative, had been saying that Arnett and CNN were being used by Saddam Hussein, but only Simpson attacked Arnett personally.



"It was no slip of the tongue," Stan Cannon, Simpson's press secretary, said when I asked him about the Arnett affair. "It happened at a lunch of the Off the Record Club—a regular event at which everything is actually on the record. The Republican whip hosts it, and the invited guests are freshman Republican senators and reporters who cover Capitol Hill. Al had been warned about this so-called information that he had picked up in Wyoming—warned that it wouldn't stand up. He began by saying, 'I wear a size-fifteen shoe, and I'm about to put my foot in my mouth.' "

Among the casualties of the episode was the reliably good press that Simpson had had in Washington. An editorial in the Washington *Post* two days after his remarks about Arnett contained the words "sleaziest" and "slime," and the Style section of the paper carried a tough piece about Simpson a few weeks later. I spoke with him shortly afterward, and he seemed downcast—certainly for him—and somewhat reflective. But he said that he had received three supportive phone calls that day—from Bush, from Vice-President Dan Quayle, and from Barney Frank, a representative from Massachusetts, who not long before had got into trouble himself when he was revealed to have misused the authority of his office on behalf of a male prostitute with whom he was having an affair. The three calls seemed to have buoyed Simpson; Bush had invited him and Ann to Camp David for the weekend.

On March 20th, the *Times* ran a letter from Simpson that mixed a brief apology to Arnett with a discursive tilt at the press. "He was attacking while apologizing," an editor of the Casper *Star-Tribune*, Wyoming's biggest, and only, statewide newspaper, said.

Seven months later, in October, the long Columbus Day weekend was disfigured by the spectacle made of Professor Anita Hill's charges of sexual harassment against Judge Clarence Thomas, whose nomination to the Supreme Court lay in the balance. Among the ugly moments of this proceeding, none surpassed Simpson's burlesque of Joseph McCarthy, the Senate's shameless Red-baiter of the early nineteen-fifties. "I really am getting stuff over the transom about Professor Hill," he said. "I've got letters hanging out of my pocket. I've got faxes. I've got statements from her former law professors, statements from people that know her, statements from Tulsa, Oklahoma, saying, 'Watch out for this woman.' "

Within and beyond the press, Simpson was accused of McCarthyism; the inevitable comparison was drawn to McCarthy's opening salvo against phantom Communists in government—a speech delivered in Wheeling, West Virginia, on February 9, 1950, in which McCarthy claimed to have "here in my hand a list of 205 that were known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party who nevertheless are still" in the government. He also referred to Hill's alleged "proclivities," a term that was widely seen as code for homosexuality.

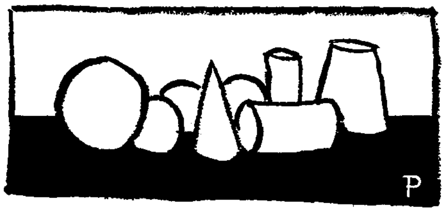
Like McCarthy, Simpson disclosed nothing that stood up factually. On October 16th, the Washington *Post* reported that he had "released a packet of letters sent to him" about Professor Hill. "The material included unflattering descriptions of her character similar to those made by witnesses supporting Clarence Thomas and by Republican senators in the hearings," the story continued. "But no statements of fact were included in the materials." Stan Cannon didn't dispute the accuracy of the *Post's* story when I asked him about it. "We got about a hundred and fifty faxes over that weekend," he said. "Most of what came in was unsubstantiated comments and opinion. Al put it in the *Congressional Record* on October 15th. It was the core material—twenty-five statements."

A great many people who had accepted Professor Hill's sworn testimony were repelled by Utah Senator Orrin Hatch's oleaginous approach to his chosen task of exculpating Judge Thomas. (Hatch and Arlen Specter, a Republican senator from Pennsylvania, had been chosen by the Judiciary Committee's ranking minority member, Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, to take on this role.) But on both sides of the argument a multitude recoiled from Simpson's assault on Hill. A foretaste of his performance at the high-intensity Hill-Thomas hearing had been provided by a shouting match that occurred a few nights earlier between Simpson and Nina Totenberg, a reporter for National Public Radio, who covers judicial affairs and had broken the story about Anita Hill's complaint against Thomas. During a broadcast of ABC's "Nightline" program, Simpson attacked Totenberg, a fellow-guest, saying, "Let's not pretend you're objective in here, that just would be absurd. Now, that's my view about your reporting of this issue." Simpson also made three references to anti-Hill affidavits that he had seen. Totenberg was controlled on the air. "I . . . don't want to be the messenger who's blamed," she said. "All I do is report. I don't know who's telling the truth here." Out in the street after the show, Simpson renewed the argument, and the ensuing shrill exchange drew national attention. (Simpson and Totenberg have since patched up the quarrel; he will be her guest at the Radio and Television Correspondents dinner this month.)

It was rumored that Ann Simpson had urged her husband to apologize for his behavior during the hearing. "Ann and the staff had put pressure on him to do something," Cannon said. The office switchboard, he added, is usually lighted up during a hearing on a nomination. But this time, he said, the switchboard remained lighted up. "There was one day that Al couldn't get through to his own office," Cannon added.

Simpson got the message. On Friday, October 25th, there was a protest against him in Laramie, the home of the University of Wyoming, which is Simpson's alma mater. Early the following evening, Simpson told me, "Ann said, 'Why not tell them you're thin-skinned? Just admit that.' " A Simpson "roast" was held in Cheyenne that night, and Simpson used the occasion to apologize. This time, he did it unambiguously. "I have been accused in my public life of being too thin-skinned," he said after a few reflections on politics and his past. "I believe that is so. That is true. I especially have found that in these latter days. I have seen some of my previous life's behavior held up to a prism that I had never noticed before through different eyes. For it has been personally uncomfortable to see your good name equated with McCarthy, sleaze, slime, smarmy . . . evil, ugly, mean-spirited, vindictive, the slasher, menacing, and much, much more. . . . Now, I got into this one all by myself. No one to blame, no one to scapegoat. All having its roots in memories of long-past days of my own past. 'How would I feel if this were happening to me?' That's the way I equate everything I do in life and in doing that you take it too personal, you take it too seriously. . . . And so I blame no one—I do not blame the media for anything. Nothing. I do not blame activist feminine groups for anything. Nothing. . . . The responsibility is mine."

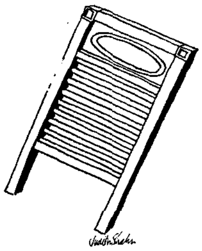
THE two episodes—Arnett and Hill—pointed, or at least seemed to point, toward a behavioral pattern that was characterized by Bruce McCormack, the editor and publisher of the Cody *Enterprise* and an old friend of Simpson's, as "public firestorms followed by contrition." (Cody is Simpson's home town.) Shortly after the Hill-Thomas drama, I saw Simpson and asked him about this inclination to strike out at someone and then apologize. He denied having apologized in Cheyenne. "I spent an hour and a half on those remarks," he said. "They contained nothing about apology or remorse. I didn't use the words 'apology' and 'remorse.' I didn't blame anyone else—not the press, not anyone. That was a real turning point for me. I was saying something—feeling something—that hadn't been there before. For the first time in my life, I wasn't apologizing and I wasn't blaming someone else. For me, that's a sea change."



Whatever the intention of Simpson's remarks that evening, they were seen in Wyoming, Washington, and probably elsewhere around the country as an apology—a revealing one for anyone who heard it or read the text. I asked Simpson about the relevance of being thin-skinned, adding that many, or even most, people are thin-skinned to some degree. "Yes, but I win the prize," he said. And the relevance to the Hill-Thomas episode? "Where the final trouble came was this strange adherence." (He may have meant to say "identification.") "How would I feel if this were happening to me? Clarence Thomas epitomized that. They had gone to the end of the earth" to discredit him.

He went on, "Four or five years ago, Annie said, 'Don't come and dump that stuff on me' "—that is, his grievances. " 'I'm not one of your staff.' " He then likened himself to an inner tube. "You patch and patch it," he said, "and there's a lot of martyrdom connected to it."

Simpson had been edging toward serious trouble well before the Arnett affair, and it was probably just a matter of time before his darker side—rough, unbuttoned, offensive—of which Washington had had just a few glimpses, emerged and, for a few moments, held center stage. Until then, Simpson's occasional outbursts against various people he disagreed with had been for the most part obscured by his amiable style. But another of this prodigal figure's notable qualities is a short fuse—the Senate's shortest—and a capacity for reacting to criticism which is second to none, as he himself now seemed to be saying. But in a city whose luminaries live in a fishbowl Al Simpson has had surprisingly little hard scrutiny during most of his time in the Senate. It was as if no one wanted to discover a downside to Simpson, because anyone that funny and down-to-earth and candid should be spared the flak and cavils that are the normal portion of the town's key players. Regret—in many cases tinged with sadness—describes the reaction of Simpson's array of friends and admirers to the recent turnabout in his fortunes. Norman Ornstein, who is a resident scholar in government studies at the American Enterprise Institute and a Simpson fan, says, "He became a hero of mine. If you were passing out medals of honor to legislators, he'd be toward the head of the list. But this is starting to hurt him. The Arnett business was seen on the Hill as a less benign excess, but forgivable. People winced and put it behind them. But the Anita Hill business, coming on the heels of the other, causes real damage. People are wondering whether there is maybe something there that is more than hip-shooting."



Inevitably, Washington's reaction to the Anita Hill business last October was heavily influenced by the special role he has occupied there. People in and out of politics, Republicans and Democrats, tend these days to see in Simpson a curious blend of strengths and weaknesses. Exceptional ability is seen as mixed with susceptibilities that undermine the whole; a very smart, quick, and versatile public figure is seen as impulsive and often unwise. Those who know him best say that Al Simpson wants most to be liked and admired. And there, of course, is the irony: having acquired the good opinion of all kinds of people—even of adversaries—Simpson, for no apparent reason, has proceeded to alienate a great many of them.

It is often pointed out that Simpson thinks on his feet better than most of his colleagues do. Now one is told nearly as often that he does most of his thinking while he is talking; that he sometimes "loses it"; that while he possesses strong leadership qualities, he also lacks the filter through which the thoughts of serious political figures must pass before they get uttered. Because Simpson is so well liked, his colleagues, especially Republicans, are reluctant to talk about him, at least frankly. But I did speak with three veteran Republican senators about the effects of the Arnett and Hill episodes on Simpson's position and, more specifically, on whether his role as whip would be undermined. Two of these senators expressed strong support for Simpson. Arlen Specter said, "Al maintains high marks as a leader. Yes, he does speak his mind, and that is very refreshing, especially in a calculating world." As for Simpson's whip job, Specter said, "I think he's alive and well, notwithstanding. I've heard no talk of anyone challenging him. And no one is maneuvering Al into that position."

The second Republican, Missouri's John Danforth, also rejected the idea of Simpson's having been damaged by his behavior, either in the Senate or in Wyoming. "He isn't the creation of some image-maker," Danforth said. "He is Al Simpson. That is why they love him. He is quintessentially one of us."

What about his role as leader?

"This will have no effect on his role as leader. All of us here have ups and downs, and we all know that about one another. We all have spats and temper tantrums and flareups."

I observed that Simpson now seemed to be lowering his profile. "I hope he won't be mincing around," Danforth said. "This is 'Let's attack Al Simpson' season."

The third Republican took a different view. "I don't know what's happened to him," this senator said. "He lashes out now, even at policy meetings. He gratuitously wanders into trouble. He wasn't a designated questioner of Anita Hill. Specter and Hatch had the job. People out there don't want partisan wrangling, although they don't mind press bashing. Everyone here still regards him with affection, but there is a point beyond which . . . He is limiting his own options. I don't think he'll ever be elected to another leadership position. This has hurt him that much, I think." Elections for the leadership jobs in the Senate are usually held right after the national election in November.

I also spoke with two prominent Republicans who are no longer involved in elective politics. "Simpson may have a problem," one of them said. "The Senate Republicans could end up in the high thirties after this election, and that would make it harder to keep the place safe for vetoes. They may not want a loose cannon in the leadership. They may think he is out of control, and therefore could make it more difficult to pull in the Democrats you need to sustain the vetoes. Even the White House might have second thoughts about him" as whip.

"His situation is not irredeemable, but he has damaged himself," the other Republican said. "In politics, apologies don't get you much. His reputation and his credibility as a politician have suffered."

I asked about the whip job.

"What would bother you voting for a leader is not knowing what he would do," this man said. "You have to stick with a leader even when he is wrong. You don't want to be responsible for what a leader says."

Democrats in Congress think, by and large, that the effects of Simpson's self-injury will be long-lasting. Paul Simon, a fellow-member of the Judiciary Committee, does not. Of the Anita Hill episode he says, "My instinct is that it won't hurt him with his side. If he were a Democrat and had made those comments, he'd have been badly damaged."

But another Democratic senator told me, "A couple of pretty conservative guys—Republicans—were unhappy with him before the Anita Hill business. They talked about the meanness. One of them used the word 'viciousness.' These guys are very conservative, and they volunteered this. I hadn't asked them about Simpson."

A senior figure in the Democratic leadership spoke at length about Simpson's troubles: "He has hurt himself over the past year. He has occasionally been very strident and has overreacted to criticism—slashing and cutting and taking everyone by surprise. He has violated the normal code of political debate. Even people on the other side were surprised—especially to have all this coming from someone who, as Dr. Johnson said, was an eminently clubbable man, and on everyone's guest list. Few people I've known have been clutched to the bosom of the city as he was. His style was extremely attractive—this mixture of Will Rogers and Gary Cooper. Now they see a mean side—vicious and harsh. Another surprise was this inexplicable battle with Nina Totenberg. It was like getting into a fistfight in a bar. Up here, that sort of thing is considered stupid. He is like the dinner guest who has drunk too much and falls down in the library. I hadn't thought about whether he'd have a problem with the whip job. But recent events raise a question about whether he will continue to behave in this way."

When I asked this Democrat whether

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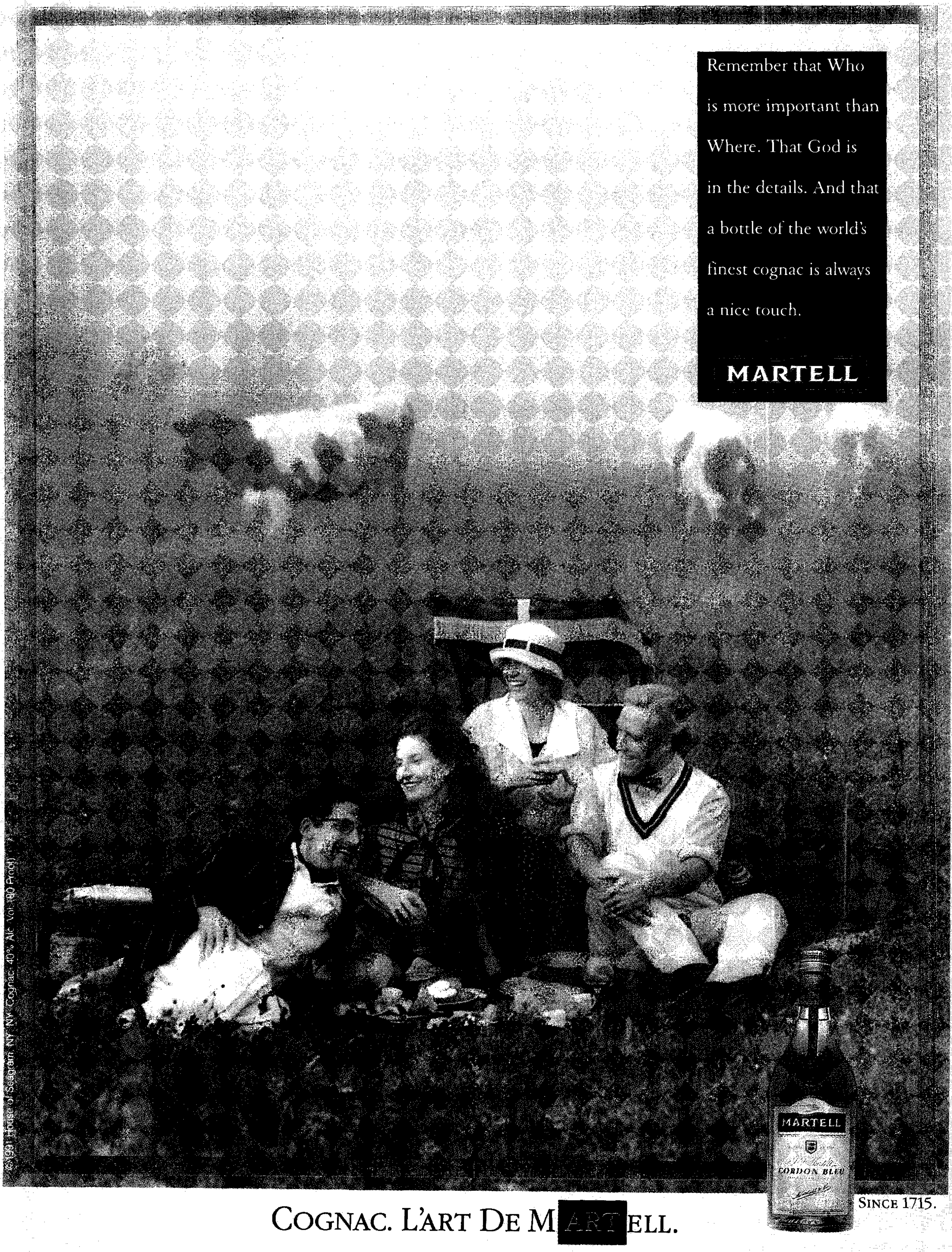

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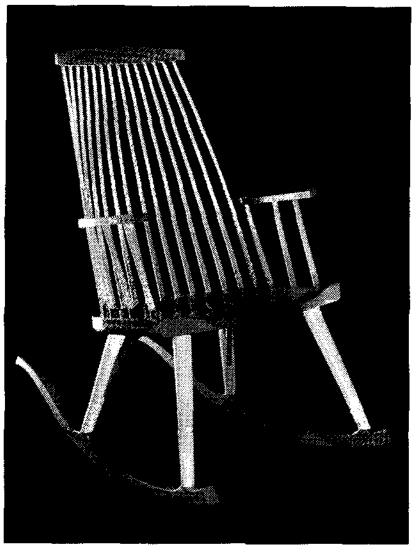

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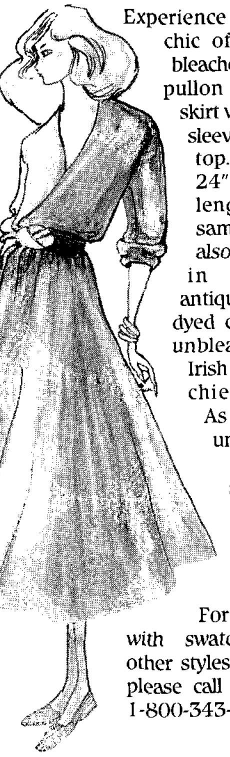

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Simpson, as a member of the leadership, could or should be relatively inconspicuous, he said, "He can't be quiescent, because the memory of him now is of his excesses. Instead of taking a low profile, he must lead while demonstrating restraint and humor in doing so. Otherwise, the memory will be of his recent behavior."

I had been asking various people about the ins and outs of Simpson's lying low, mainly because he himself had raised the question, in a telephone call that he made to a column called "Personalities," in the Style section of the Washington *Post*. He had called, as he later told me, partly to complain about two items about him that the column had run after the Hill-Thomas hearing. I said that I could understand his grievance—that both items had struck me as fairly obvious distortions or, at best, exaggerations of two unrelated events. What did interest me, I said, was the statement that he was reported to have made during the phone call about how he had "better go underground." He had been quoted as saying, "I've pulled back from speaking engagements; I've pulled back from legislating; I'm just going to step back and keep my mouth shut." He readily conceded having made these remarks. "It was a painful lesson, and I'm going to hunker down," he said.

I asked about his role as whip.

"I'd go around to my colleagues, and if they said no . . ." Then he said, "Anytime a guy says, 'I'm all for you, you're great,' I don't count him on my side. If someone says, 'I support you, who do you want me to talk to?,' I know he's with me. If I thought I'd bring opprobrium on my party, I wouldn't run. I couldn't be much of a spokesman if the press and women's groups were all over me."

No one thinks that Simpson can or will "hunker down," as he puts it, for very long. As for the dark side, many people do wonder aloud why this gifted man, who was having unalloyed success in every sense—and could have had more—has so gravely undermined his own standing and prospects. They wonder how it is that this attractive and otherwise likable figure, this thoughtful friend and defender of the underdog—of some underdogs, anyway—can be so abusive in his dealings with reasonable people whose only offense seems to be that they disagree with him. They wonder, but none of those whom I spoke with held a strong opinion about the source of the problem. "I see a lot of anger and insecurity there," says a Democrat who knows Simpson well. "People up here develop an enormous impatience with anyone who disagrees with them, especially the ones who are very busy. They stop listening. They tune you out. Also, when no one runs against you—no one strong, no one who could win—you don't listen. You listen only to the people who raise the money."

Norman Ornstein feels that Simpson may at times have been used (or victimized) by hard men at the White House. "Some people see it as in their interest to use him as an attack dog," Ornstein says. "Al sometimes says he got his information from reliable and trustworthy people. But he didn't. They may be exploiting him."

"There is a logic to that," Stan Cannon says. "It makes sense. And there are people in the White House who may try to entice him. But I think Al watches that. He and Bush are very close, and that's why Al couldn't let himself be used. His relationship with Bush is so close and so deep that they"—Bush's people—"would be afraid to put Al up to something, because they'd have to worry about Bush's reaction. He wouldn't want to see his buddy taking hits. But Al can get away with things that no one else can. He takes these things on. He takes the heavy water, takes the heavy hits—but he does it on his own."

The Cody *Enterprise's* Bruce McCormack said to me, "I asked him if George Bush or John Sununu or anyone had ever said anything or cocked an eyebrow in a way that led him to take the action he did against Arnett, and he said no vehemently. He said it was done totally on his own initiative." Simpson had said as much to me, too—about that and other incidents. McCormack added, "When Al feels George Bush is threatened, he'll go after it. I'm worried about what he'll do this year, when the stakes are high and everything is on the table. Al may wander into these treacherous waters again on behalf of his great friend."

I asked McCormack about the reaction to Simpson's attacks on Arnett

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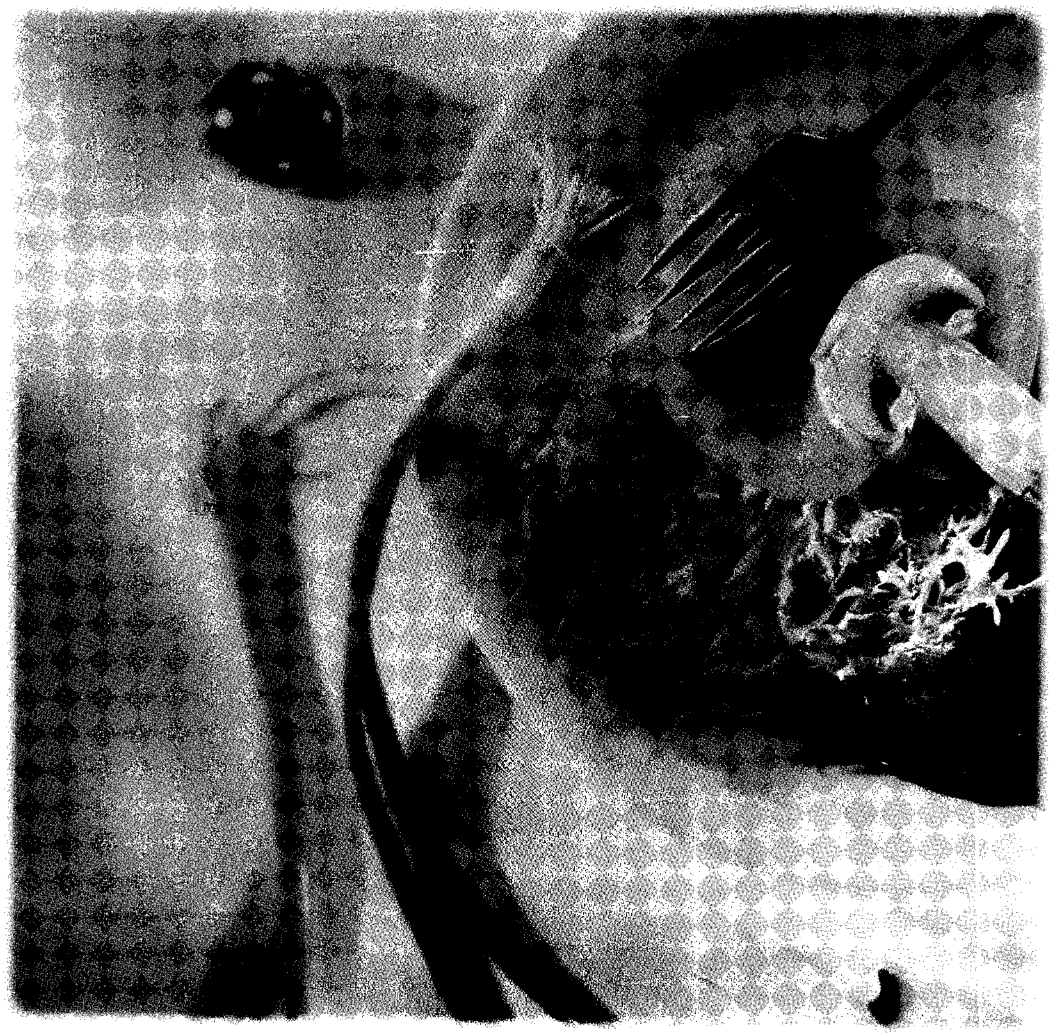

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NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO'S PERFORMANCE TODAY and Hill in Wyoming generally and in Cody particularly.

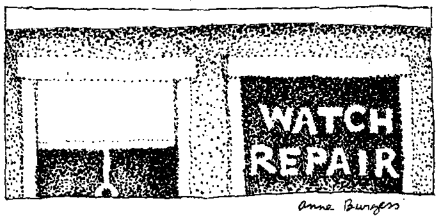
"Wyoming folks look at a third episode," he said. "The 1990 campaign"—in which Simpson was running—"was tough and bitter. Al lashed out at critics—letter writers in the *Star-Tribune*, the press, and his opponent. He had been taking a beating in the letters page. He had created the impression that if you criticized Al he would bludgeon you. Many folks perceived him as a bully. Between the election and the New Year, he stated that he had been under a lot of pressure in Washington and at home in the election campaign. And, he said, we were going to see a kinder, gentler Al. Now what I hear a lot of all over Wyoming is about people cringing and saying that Wyoming might get a bad rap. Even those who back Al and say we know him—we know he isn't another Joe McCarthy—are worried about Wyoming's image."

When I asked if Simpson had become a less visible presence in the state, McCormack said, "Al is back in Wyoming just as much as ever. That hasn't changed. He is turning the other cheek a bit, though. He is a little quieter, but he's around. But we hate to see an old friend—I am an old friend—hurting himself and continuing to hurt himself. People in Cody, I think, reacted to the Anita Hill incident about the way they reacted everywhere. Except here it was on a more private level. We didn't have many letters on it. It was people talking about it over coffee. Nearly everyone in Cody knows Al well. We know he didn't mean it that way. But he didn't get a free ride here, and he never has."

One of Simpson's closest friends in Wyoming is John Perry Barlow, an improbable character who ran a family-owned ranch for seventeen years and now writes songs for the Grateful Dead and also books. Barlow lives in Pinedale, in Sublette County, and was the county chairman of Simpson's first two campaigns for the Senate. They have since broken on environmental issues and become, in Barlow's words, "bitter political enemies," while remaining close personally. "There's a lot of that in this state," Barlow says. "You have to keep it under control, because we have very few people here. If you have a flat tire, the next guy coming down the road could be the one you were slinging mud at." About the Arnett and Hill incidents, Barlow says, "I am heartsick, even though I don't condemn him as unreservedly as someone who doesn't know him might. What was originally a personality tic has become a fatal flaw." When I asked whether he had seen Simpson since the Anita Hill episode, Barlow said, "I passed up an opportunity to talk to him since then. People in Wyoming are very upset—everyone. People used to forgive his rhetorical outbursts in the past, because they were fundamentally wry and humorous. This was meanness without benefit of wit."

SIMPSON's disagreeable side, though not evident to people in Washington, was well known to the people of Wyoming, many of whom, both the humble and the proud, have been mugged by him in letters that he writes himself. (No staff member could or would write them.) A great many of the letters are published in the *Star-Tribune;* Simpson often attacks the paper itself, as well as its readers, even though the *Star-Tribune* has usually endorsed him in elections and has often supported his positions editorially. At a political rally during the 1988 election, Simpson attacked the *Star-Tribune's* coverage of elections and proposed that Wyoming residents buy it out: "We ought to get a bunch of capitalists in Wyoming, buy the boobs out, and send them back to California, where they draw their wages," he told his audience. The *Star-Tribune's* owner, Howard Publications, is based in Oceanside, California. "I don't understand journalism," Simpson told me. "I really don't. They forget that the First Amendment runs both ways."

With Simpson, what you see (and hear) is what you get. He isn't very good at dissembling, and doesn't often try it. His own account of an event or a confrontation usually accords with that of a critic or an adversary and with what appears on the public record. But he is likely to put a spin on a disputed matter which is strongly felt and entirely his own, as he did in the summer of 1990, when he tried to explain away the fuss created by something he had said in Iraq to Saddam Hussein. Simpson and the Senate Minority Leader, Robert Dole, of Kansas, along with three colleagues, had met with Saddam in April of 1990, and the Iraqis provided a transcript of the meeting, which was released—and vouched for—by Dole's office. Simpson had told Saddam at one point that Saddam's "problem is with the Western media, not with the U.S. Government, because you are isolated from the media and the press," and went on, "The press is spoiled and conceited. All the journalists consider themselves brilliant political scientists. They do not want to see anything succeeding or achieving its objectives. My advice is that you allow those bastards to come here and see things for themselves." Although the incident was reported in the *Star-Tribune* on June 7th, it drew little attention until late August, after the Persian Gulf crisis had begun, when the national press had a go at the story.



Simpson offered no apologies for the incident, saying that he had been trying to make Iraq more accessible to the Western press and arguing that what he had said about the press was fully justified—that the flap was an invention of a few press people who were out to get him. "This incident shows me that the journalists are as thin-skinned as us politicians," he told me later.

Increasingly, Simpson's impatience was vented in a biting idiom, and in torrents. A few lines from a troubled constituent would provoke an abusive reply that covered several pages. The editor of the *Star-Tribune's* letters page is Charles Levendosky, who also edits the editorial page and is the state's poet laureate. He said of Simpson in a conversation a year or so ago, "He will typically send in a five-page letter, and I will cut it to twenty-four inches. Two feet of letter is long enough. He doesn't like being edited, and grumbles about it." Wyoming has only four hundred and fifty thousand people, and the *Star-Tribune's* letters page is their public forum; it has a strong impact on political and intellectual attitudes within the state. In the past year, the newspaper received six thousand letters and, Levendosky said, published ninety-seven per cent of them. In May of 1989, Richard High, who was then the paper's editor, adopted a policy that

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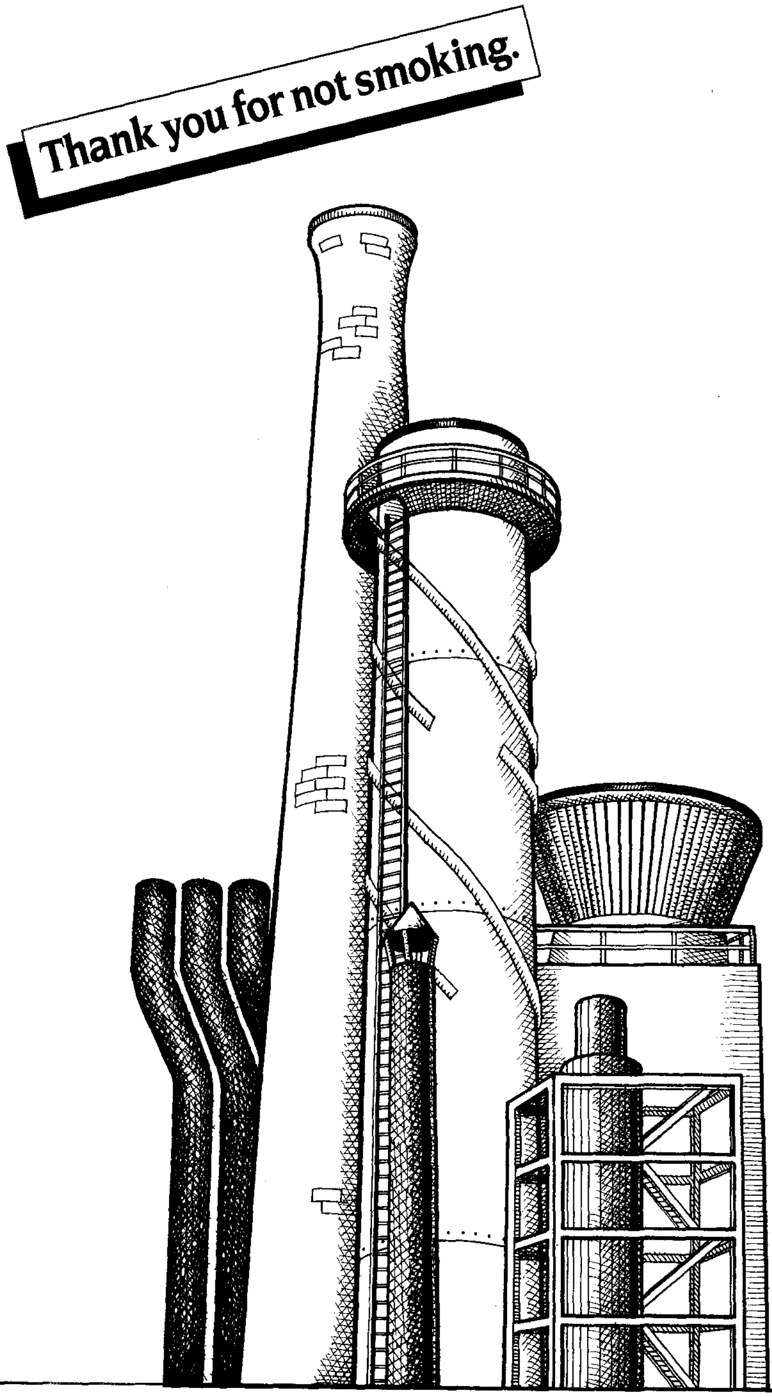
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"Jughead, Reggie, Betty, and Veronica—they've all been locked up. But you, Archie—I had higher hopes for you."

limited each correspondent to three letters a month. Simpson told me that the new editor, Anne MacKinnon, who replaced High in early 1990, had lifted the restriction on him. Levendosky demurred, saying that Simpson, like everyone else, was limited to three letters a month. "He thinks it's unfair," Levendosky said. "People can bash him, but he has only three chances to bash back." According to Levendosky, Simpson generates replies to his replies, and a cycle of bash and counterbash is created. Levendosky, who seems to like the Senator personally, said that Simpson's staff in Wyoming asks the *Star-Tribune* for the addresses of letter writers. Simpson then writes to some of these people directly. In turn, some among them answer him directly, and in one case, Levendosky said, Simpson bundled the letters together and sent them on to the paper to let the editors know what sort of fuss the letters page stimulates. The other members of Wyoming's congressional delegation do not as a rule "bother about letters concerning them," according to Levendosky. "Only Simpson. He is very insecure about his position, and has no humor about it. He has changed a lot in recent years. He used to be relaxed and had a sense of humor. No more."

In late February of last year, Simpson faxed a long letter—five or so single-spaced pages, Levendosky recalled—to the *Star-Tribune*. He was responding to the paper's coverage of the Arnett affair and the letters to the editor that coverage had provoked. The Simpson letter, Levendosky said, would have consumed three times as much space as the paper allows for letters. Levendosky called Simpson's press secretary in Washington, as he had done in the past, to remind him of the space limitation and to ask if the Simpson office would like to edit the letter to acceptable length or leave the job to the editors. The answer was "Do it yourselves." The edited letter, which included the burden of Simpson's comments, appeared on February 26, 1991. Simpson thereupon took out a full-page ad on Sunday, March 10th, that contained the full text of his letter, with the "censored" portions set off in boldface.

The amount of time consumed by Simpson's correspondence is a source of speculation, and I once asked him whether his staff tried to discourage some of his letter writing. "Yes, my staff does try to discourage it," he said. "Sometimes they are right." And how did he find the time for all those letters? It doesn't take much time, he said, adding that he polishes off the letters, usually over the weekend in his office, by using a Dictaphone, sometimes dictating about eight belts of tape at one time. As for why he bothers about these letters at all, Simpson said, "I have always believed that an attack unanswered is an attack believed."

Peter Simpson, Al's brother, who is a vice-president at the University of Wyoming, answers the same question this way: "Everything in Wyoming is political except politics, which is personal. Al is like that. He gives everything his personal attention."

I recently asked Levendosky whether Simpson's role in the Hill-Thomas tempest had affected the pace of his letter writing to the *Star-Tribune*. "We've had only one since the Anita Hill affair," Levendosky replied, and, he explained, it was in response to an attack on Simpson by Linda Burkhart, a Wyoming environmentalist; she accused Simpson of citing on certain occasions—a commencement address, a National Prayer Breakfast—various pithy sayings that he described as his "Laundry List of Life." According to Burkhart, the sayings were lifted from a book called "No Hidden Meanings: An Illustrated Eschatological Laundry List," by Sheldon Kopp. Simpson's letter rejected the charge, but did so good-naturedly. "We might have expected a sharp reply," Levendosky said. "He said the list came from an old professor of his who told him he could use the material as he saw fit. We then published a strong rebuttal letter from an English professor. We heard nothing back from him." Simpson has now resumed the correspondence.

"POLITICS is kind of fun," Simpson once said to me. "But a lot of it is barbaric bullshit. I love to legislate, and that's not bullshit." No one questions his ability as a legislator, but the barbaric side, which until recently he also seemed to enjoy, is the cut and thrust of politics. He talks about it a lot, sounding as if he relishes, or did relish, political combat as long as it doesn't carry over into personal relations. He seems to think that when he personalizes an attack he is merely giving as good as he is getting.

Self-deception is one of those common, if not universal, characteristics that success in political life often inflates alarmingly. One Republican senator feels that Simpson has lost his bearings, saying, "He still likes to think of himself as an old country boy from Wyoming. But he risks becoming a caricature of what he was. I wonder whether being so close to Bush and being whip made him a moth to the flame."

"There is a mysterious interaction between him and the celebrity he has enjoyed in Washington," Barlow says. "One of the problems there is that the rules, such as they are, are liberal, so that he thinks the other side is playing dirty, and he replies in kind. Anita Hill was coming out of the woodwork, he thought. He thought the whole thing was fabricated by the Democrats, and that he was only playing by their rules."

Other Simpson-watchers concede that great early success in politics—the leadership job and the perks that go with it—may have somewhat blurred the uncluttered, purposeful side of Simpson the legislator. But while the "too much too soon" rationale, they say, may be part of the problem, it doesn't explain the anger and the insecurity that were not apparent in the earlier stages of Simpson's career.

Simpson was a success from the start in a political career that, like many others, began in the state legislature. He is remembered not only by Republicans who served with him in Cheyenne but also by Democrats as having been an outstanding state legislator—the best they ever saw, according to some. "The legislature met for forty days every two years," Simpson recalls. "There was no staff. I did my own research. And I was in the minority. That is a good place to be, because you learn in that first year how it feels to be in a minority. So I made a conscious effort to get to know the other side"—a practice that has served him well in Washington. "I'm not a workaholic. But I'd see a bill and say 'This is trash,' and I'd tear it apart. Then I'd write my own, and it would pass. That was very exciting."

The high point of Simpson's thirteen-year tenure in the legislature was reached in 1975, when he sponsored a land-use act that required Wyoming's counties and towns to adopt plans according to more or less statewide standards. In a society that is closer than most others to its frontier traditions and regards possession of land, whether by an individual or by the community, as total and inviolate, the land-use act was widely denounced as "a Commie plot." Simpson's role in maneuvering

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its passage was held against him for many years by many people. ("Pinko S.O.B." was typical of the labels that were attached to him in that period.) However, Wyoming's environment had become an issue in the early nineteen-seventies, mainly because a boom in extracting its mineral wealth—oil, natural gas, coal, and uranium—was under way. The immense deposits of coal that were found to underlie a large part of the state attracted strip miners from other places, who saw themselves at the gates of a new El Dorado and moved in. Much of Wyoming was shaken by what was happening, seeing it as a threat to a way of life based on ranching. Some legislators, Simpson among them, felt that there was a need to reconcile competing interests, and they pushed successfully for the approval of reclamation bills and for so-called severance taxes on the mining companies. The coal companies fought such legislation, and tried bluffing—threatening to pull out and deprive the state of its bonanza. A small environmental lobby also formed at that time.

Simpson was among the leaders of an effort to build bridges between the extractive industries, which supplied the larger part of the state's tax base, and the environmentalists. He himself co-sponsored a tough industrial-siting act and bills that covered water, land, and air quality. But it was the land-use act that pointed up his style as a legislator—especially his talent for working with the other side.

IN 1978, Simpson was elected to the United States Senate, with sixty-two per cent of the vote. Political success in Washington is usually attributable to a mixture of ability and hard work, plus good fortune. So it was with Simpson. First, his predecessor, Clifford P. Hansen, resigned a day before he had to, thereby maneuvering Simpson to the head of the class of '78 in seniority, and seniority counts. Next, in 1980, the Republicans won control of the Senate for the first time in twenty-six years—an event that thrust Simpson into the role of chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Immigration and Refugee Policy, an especially sensitive topic that most senators shunned. He has rightly described it as an "unpopular, ghastly nonpolitical non-nothing—you can make no gain from it. . . . But I'm goofy enough to like to mess around in it." And he has. Messing around has meant pushing bitterly divisive measures, including sanctions against employers who hire illegal immigrants; an amnesty for immigrants who arrived illegally before a certain date; and limits on numbers of new immigrants. In 1986 and again in 1990, Simpson maneuvered the first major reforms of the anachronistic and discriminatory immigration statutes since 1965.

Freshman senators do not as a rule make a splash, but Simpson did. Within three months of arriving in Washington, he and the Colorado Democrat Gary Hart collaborated on what was widely regarded as the most reliable and authoritative report on the serious accident that befell a nuclear reactor at Three Mile Island, in Pennsylvania. Like other Democrats, Hart was immediately impressed by Simpson. "He was a surprise," recalls Hart, who is now of counsel in a law firm in Denver. "He came on as a rustic, and it served him well. He was saying, in effect, 'I don't know what I'm doing here. I'm out of my depth. I belong back in the Wyoming legislature.' This worked for him, although it was sometimes a little off-putting. But he had that sense of humor, which couldn't be said for most of those on his side of the aisle, and which made friends for him on our side. He and Paul Laxalt"—the former Republican senator from Nevada—"were the best-liked Republicans on our side, because each had a great sense of humor and was a good storyteller, Simpson especially."

Simpson talks with some intensity about his bipartisan style. "With me, the legislative process produces a bonding," he says. "I have special affection for many of the people on the other side." One of his closest friends in the Senate is New Jersey's Bill Bradley.

Simpson had just concluded his first term when he became his party's No. 2 man in the Senate—a job that is normally held by a more senior figure. His opponent for the whip's job was Slade Gorton, of Washington, who attributed his loss to having run against "the most popular man in the Senate." Simpson was (and may still be) a successful leader, according to colleagues in both parties—and for several reasons, although personal style is the one that most of them cite first. "He personalizes leadership," a senior Republican member says. "He has strong personal relationships with colleagues, and most

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of us don't have that. It's his nature.”

I asked Simpson about the negative side of leadership.

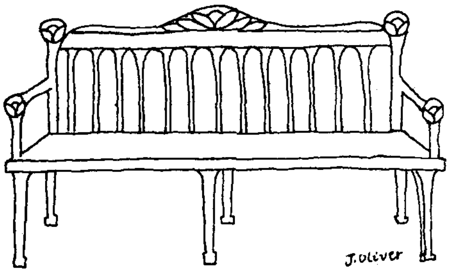
“If someone says, ‘I'll help you if the President will come to my fund-raiser,’ I don't do it,” he said. “I won't do that.”

Simpson describes the legislative process as “tinder dry if it is done properly.” He means tedious. “It is research, hearings, conference committees, vetoes, overriding vetoes. You don't do it for the notoriety, and it sounds goofy when you try to explain how it's really done.” When I asked whether the legislative process was becoming dysfunctional, as some say it is, Simpson said that it was less manageable now than it had been when he arrived. He lays the blame partly on what he calls “pack journalism” and partly on Congress, where he sees too many overlapping jurisdictions. “You had a hundred and forty-three guys from the House on a conference committee for the Clean Air Act, with nine on the Senate side,” he says. “Everyone there was a chairman of some subcommittee. You had to clear every amendment through every subcommittee chairman and every jurisdiction.”

The seesaw progress of the recent immigration bill struck Simpson as exemplary in its strangeness. He had an accomplice from the other party, Senator Edward Kennedy, to whom he gives the lion's share of the credit, and whose experience with immigration bills matches Simpson's. The two are used to working together as well as jousting; they have a jocular relationship. “We don't vote together an awful lot, but we legislate together a lot,” Simpson has said. “We had less than two weeks” before the end of the 1990 session, he says. “Ted said the bill was dead. I wasn't too happy with the Senate version; but I was dead set against the House bill, which was top-heavy with amendments. A lot of them struck out in new directions. The House version was unacceptable to both of us. Ted said, ‘What is your bottom line?’ I mentioned about eight or ten items, and he jotted them down, and we took these to an informal conference of the House. Jack Brooks”—a powerful House Democrat from Texas, who is as blunt and earthy as Simpson—“said, ‘What is it you'd like to have, Slim?’ I said a new national level of immigration and a revised level of classic immigrants—those with special skills and abilities. I wanted to keep on giving priority to spouses and children, less priority to siblings, and to prevent illegal immigration from continuing to grow. I wanted easier deportation proceedings, because the due process available to aliens was more than U.S. citizens had. Jack Brooks liked all that, but most of them on his side said it wouldn't fly. I said that under the rules of the Senate I could filibuster a bill or the conference-committee report at several points along the way, and I indicated my willingness to do so. Ted wanted to take care of the Irish, and so did Bruce Morrison”—another powerful House Democrat, who at the time was running for governor of Connecticut—“and we agreed on forty-eight thousand Irish immigrants over three years. Ted told me that he'd stick with me all the way, and he said, ‘If any part of this is unacceptable to you, I'll be with you on it.’ And he was. Off to conference we went. We alternated good-cop and bad-cop roles. At key moments, Ted went into a high dudgeon, and got red in the face. He called the House Democrats fly-speckers. He said, ‘You guys drive us crazy. Stop all this.’ In the end, we got the bill.” It was widely judged to be a solid and altogether useful piece of legislation.

On most major issues, Simpson is reliably conservative. In its congressional ratings for 1991, the *National Journal* cites only seventeen members of the Senate as being more conservative in their voting.

As political figures go, Simpson is more consistent than many, not least on some controversial issues; on abortion, for example, he has been steadfastly pro-choice since his early days in the state legislature. Although he is well to the right, he does have a libertarian side, and often identifies with those who become targets of discriminatory practice. Advocates of gay rights see him as among their occasional supporters, although Simpson thinks their claim is exaggerated. “The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force published something about me being in favor of Americans with disabilities and of AIDS legislation,” he told me. “I got a lot of mail about why I was favoring gays and lesbians. I didn't do it consciously, but I've always supported civil rights.”



Another of the continuities that Simpson-watchers point to is his impatience with various special interests, notably veterans' groups and lobbyists for older citizens. As a member and former chairman of the Veterans Affairs Committee, Simpson has been praised for his work in overhauling veterans' benefits. He distinguishes between veterans who have seen actual combat—a minority—and those who haven't, and he has on occasion opposed Presidential requests for hefty increases in veterans' programs. He opposed bills to compensate Vietnam veterans who were reported to have been injured by contact with the defoliant Agent Orange, on the ground that it hadn't been proved harmful. And he has been prone to obscure a generally admired record in this area with gratuitously derisive comments about veterans whom he sees as abusing the programs—as undeserving. He talks about a veteran who receives benefits for disabilities allegedly incurred in tripping over a case of lemon extract while coming off a three-day drunk; another of his examples is the soldier who allegedly damaged his knee on a ski slope during leave.

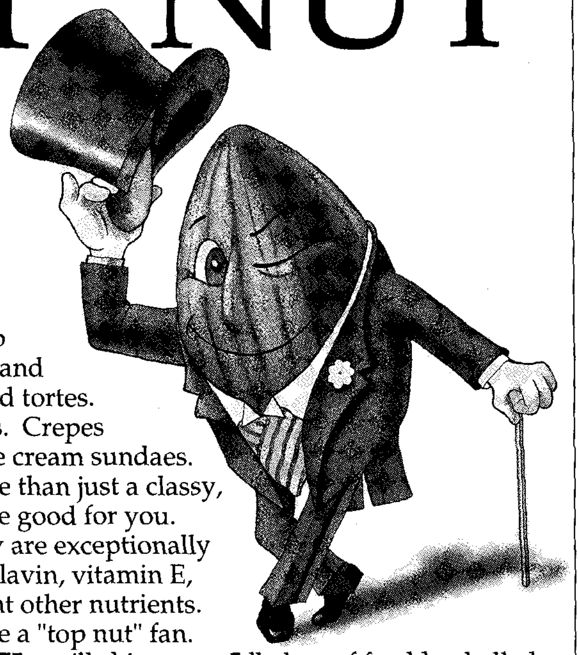
Some of Simpson's colleagues, especially on the Republican side, can be rather impatient with what one of them describes as his “tendency to be preachy—to say, in effect, why can't we all be as tough as he is and tell off the veterans' groups and the elderly?” And some members bridle at hearing the Senate reproached for being overfond of the pork barrel. “Here's one old cowboy that is just tired of the old crap,” Simpson announced during a debate on a public-works bill. “Senators bring their own laundry,” he went on, “and they look at the Senate chamber as a tub to get it laundered.”

Simpson relates naturally to those who he thinks are being criticized unfairly. He will tell witnesses at committee hearings that, yes, it's a terrible process, but to hang in there. His fury used to be as brief as it was unexpected. A notable exception was his prolonged, steamy reaction to the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings, in the fall of 1987, on the nomination of Robert

Bork to the Supreme Court. Simpson's anger then was directed in equal parts at colleagues who successfully opposed Bork and at law professors who appeared as unfriendly witnesses. In questioning a group of the latter, Simpson's feelings were barely containable: "Do you really feel good about just punching around in a law-review article, 1971, or picking a statement about the bedroom and pollution and smokestacks, which I've heard now forty-three times since I've been here? And sterilization of women, and sterilization of men, and a poll tax, i.e. meaning racism, and doesn't that really—do you really feel good about that when you are so bright and so articulate that you have to go back in with a scalpel to mess around and just find those little inflammatory points of Judge Bork and leave out as intelligent people—leave out amicus brief after amicus brief where he protected the rights of minorities and blacks and women—a whole history of that, and opinion after opinion . . . that were never overturned?"

Simpson can't seem to let go of the Bork affair; it rankles still, and may help explain the dressing-down that he administered to Molly Yard, the president of the National Organization for Women, and Eleanor Smeal, the former NOW president, during the hearings on the nomination of David Souter to the Supreme Court. The body language of the women seemed, at least to Simpson, to show their resentment at being called a group of "lovely ladies" by Strom Thurmond, his aging Southern colleague. "Don't shrug," Simpson said to them. "I see that all the time. I get tired of watching shrugs and kind of looking up at the ceiling when Strom Thurmond says something courteous." He then characterized the women's attitude as "a tiresome arrogance."

In a speech on the Senate floor in March of 1990, Simpson called House Majority Leader Richard Gephardt a "frustrated font of trivia." Earlier that week, Gephardt had attacked President Bush's foreign policy with surprising harshness. Simpson's countervolley was harsher still, and zeroed in on Gephardt's failed bid for his party's Presidential nomination in 1988. "It doesn't take any brains to be a critic," Simpson said. "All you need is a shrill voice and a human target. And when the target happens to hold a job that the critic desperately lusts for and has



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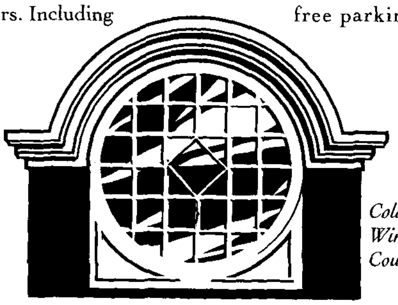

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been denied . . . then the frustration levels must be enormous." Not often does a member of one body lash out at a member of the other in so personal a way.

If everyone is at least two people, the two Simpsons appear to be remarkably polarized. Simpson has in the main managed to have things both ways: liberals barely noticed his heavily conservative voting record and his overall performance, so taken were they with his pro-choice position and his outspoken hostility to bigotry and intolerance in some of their guises. And, of course, his style also counted for quite a lot. As for conservatives, they could easily forgive the good opinion in which Simpson was held by their opponents, since his record was so much to their liking, and because he was an asset and conceivably still is, although a much diminished one.

THE Al Simpson style—impulsive, flamboyant, erratic, contradictory, occasionally fierce—is one that he comes by naturally. His grandfather William L. Simpson had these qualities, and so did Milward, Al's father. All the men of the Simpson family were also noted storytellers; Al and his brother, Peter, are in that tradition, and Milward, Al says, could hold a dinner party rapt for two or three hours. Al's maternal grandfather, Peter Kooi, he told me, "was a gentle man with a great storytelling gift." He went on, "Kooi was Dutch-born and orphaned at an early age. He was for a time a spittoon-hauler on the Burlington railroad in Chicago, and eventually he owned a coal mine near Sheridan, Wyoming." These men were a picturesque lot. Milward's grandfather Finn Burnett was an Indian fighter and a friend of Sacajawea, the Shoshone woman who guided Lewis and Clark. Bill Simpson, Milward's father, was a friend of Butch Cassidy, but as a county attorney in Wyoming he prosecuted Cassidy and got the only conviction ever against the famous outlaw.

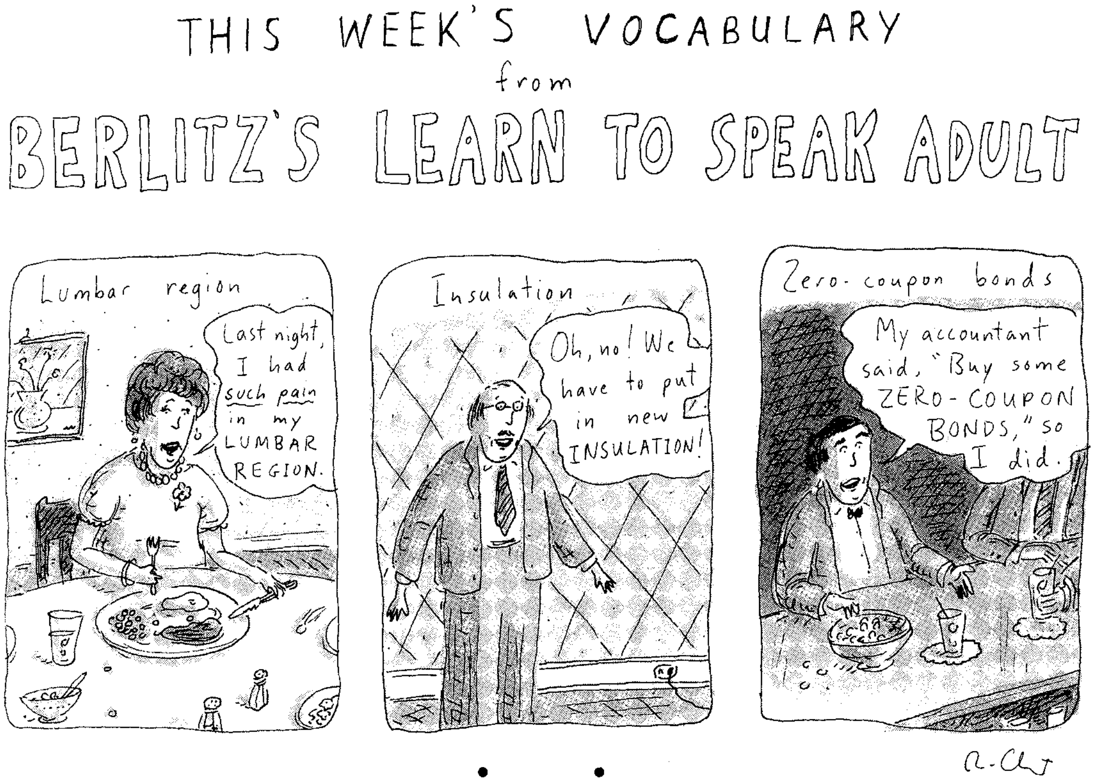
When Bill Simpson was in the fourth grade, he was expelled from his school, in Denver, for having broken a rule against witnessing a public hanging. "He eventually worked in a famous livery stable in Denver called the Elephant Corral," Al says. When Bill met his wife, Margaret, a daughter of Finn Burnett, she was a teen-age teacher in a Catholic mission school on an Indian reservation near Lander, Wyoming. She knew some Latin and was teaching it to Indians, Simpson says. Bill had heard that a little knowledge of Latin could help someone become a lawyer. She did help, and in 1892 Bill Simpson began practicing law in Lander without benefit of formal training. (There was no bar exam in Wyoming then.) Bill and Margaret moved on to Jackson, where Milward was born in 1897; Al says that his father was "one of the first white kids"—non-Indians—"born in Jackson," but Lorna, Al's mother, insists that her husband was actually the first white child born there. What's more, she adds, his birthplace, a log cabin, was the town's first house. "There were only a couple of families there then," she says. "There were no doctors, no nurses, and no transportation in or out." Jackson is enclosed by mountains. The Simpson cabin, she says, was partly wallpapered with pages of the *Congressional Record*. "They read what they could lay their hands on," she says. She thinks that the *Congressional Record*, which came free through the mail, provided Jackson's only real access to the outside world. The Simpsons left a heavy mark on Jackson; Simpson Street was named for Bill, Pearl Street for a great-aunt of Al's. Milward Street, Glenwood Street, and Virginia Street were named for Bill's three children. Redmond Street was named for another great-aunt.

Nonetheless, the family had by then completed only half of a migratory arc that it made through western Wyoming. From Jackson, the Simpsons moved to Meeteetse, a changeless place of fewer than four hundred people, some saloons, and a couple of restaurants. Except for paved streets, Meeteetse today looks very much as it must have looked when the Simpsons arrived, at the end of the century; even the hitching rails lining the main street and the boardwalks remain. In 1905, the family moved again, this time to Cody, and sank roots.

Bill had a wicked temper. "He was tough and brusque," Al says of his grandfather, whom he and Pete called Popoo. "After a few drinks, he had a flash point that was beyond civilized." Bill's body showed the ravages of a youthful bout with what was probably polio, and his detractors referred to him, in the harsh derision of the frontier, as Broken-Ass Bill—a sobriquet that he hated and that, in 1923, provoked him to kill a cowboy who had punched him and unforgivably uttered it. The altercation began in a bar called Frenchy's and spilled onto Cody's main street, where the blow was struck. Bill reacted by walking to the Bank Building, where a celebrated woman doctor, Frances Lane, had her office. She was a friend of Bill's, and she kept a gun, which he took. He returned to Frenchy's, found the cowboy, and, as Al says, "blew him away." He adds, "It was premeditated murder, and all his legal pals came and helped." Milward, who had just arrived to start practicing law, also helped defend his father; it was his first case, according to Pete. Bill was acquitted of first-degree murder, the jury having decided that the cowboy had deserved killing. Bill's temper nearly caused him to kill another man he had fought with: the man was being shaved in a barbershop in Thermopolis, a tiny town south of Meeteetse, where Bill also practiced law for a time; Bill fired a shot that is said to have just grazed the man's temple.

In 1926, Milward was elected to the state legislature and began establishing himself as a political personality who combined industry, flair, and humor with a combustible temper. Within the circle of family and friends, he was called the Fiery Petrel. Milward Simpson served a term as governor, and then lost a bid for reëlection. In 1962, he was elected to the Senate to fill the four years that remained in the term of a deceased incumbent named Keith Thompson. It was then that Al Simpson first met George Bush. Prescott Bush, the President's father, had just resigned from a Senate seat, and Milward Simpson was assigned his office space. In 1966, Milward resigned his seat owing to ill health, and sold his house in Washington to George Bush, who had just been elected to the first of two terms in the House of Representatives.

Milward is now ninety-four years old and is gravely ill from a prolonged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siege of Parkinson's disease, which caused his resignation from the Senate. He lives in a nursing home. Lorna Simpson is ninety-one, a gracious and elegant woman and in reasonably good health. She still resides in the house that she designed, which was completed in September of 1931, the same month that Al was born. "He and the house came together," she says. It is an agreeable structure, enclosed by a high hedge and built around a huge window that affords a clear view of the mountains of the Absaroka Range, which lies between Cody and Yellowstone Park. "We were all in politics, whether we knew it or not," she recalls. "We got it around the table. Milward wanted to reform everything." In the fashion of mothers, she remembers her sons as blameless youths. "Al was always a good student without half trying," she notes. She got the "without half trying" part right, according to Al and Pete, who didn't try very hard, either. Her sons didn't shine in school except on the playing fields, although neither was on their father's level as an athlete; Milward was the first University of Wyoming student to be team captain in the three major sports—football, basketball, and baseball. There are annual Milward Simpson awards for Wyoming's best male and female high-school athletes.

Al Simpson is often likened to a bird—usually a stork, because of his elongated, angular countenance; he is tall, thin, and slightly hunched. It is his adult configuration. "Al was more than chubby when we were thirteen and fourteen," Pete says. "He was ungainly. In high school, he weighed two hundred and fifty pounds." A close family friend says, "Al is one of the most likable guys in the world. But he was a fat, unpopular kid who was the butt of many jokes. He took a lot of grief, because his father and his brother were a big deal and he wasn't. He developed a need to be liked and approved of."

"When I was in the eighth grade, I weighed a hundred and eighty-seven pounds," Simpson says. "My clothes were bought from the husky section of the store. And I was clumsy. Bill Waller, our high-school football coach, was a major influence on me. He told me to go out for the team. He said I was lard-assed and knock-kneed, but he gave me a chance. I became an all-conference basketball player. I couldn't do anything right except shoot, but I'd average eighteen to twenty points a game, thanks to hours of practice"—on a hoop that the family installed, hoping that it would help Al.

Pete Simpson, who, unlike Al, has kept his hair, is also tall—only three and a half inches shorter than his brother—and he, too, is lean, but he isn't storklike. The two men remain very conscious of their father. "My brother and I lived in the home of a great man—a volcano," Pete says. "He cast a very intimidating challenge—harder for me than for Al. He was more attuned to Dad. Al and Mom were both willful, and crossed swords often."

Al inherited the Simpson stormy side. "I had a vicious temper," he says. "I put Mom through her paces. I'd think I'd won the Croix de Guerre or an oak-leaf cluster if I made her cry. She'd put me away in my room and tell me I couldn't come out until I'd learned to control my temper. Then she'd say, 'Your grandfather couldn't control his.' Pete was different. He learned to turn the other cheek. He never did one thing bad. And he would try to talk me out of doing things."

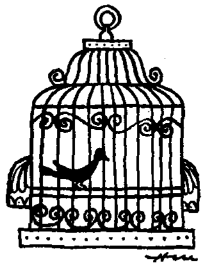
"I covered for him when we were teen-agers," Pete says. That could not have been easy.

"We were crack shots," Al says. "I could shoot fuses out of the air with a .22 rifle. I'd go through five boxes of shells a day." He got into real trouble once for shooting up mailboxes. "We thought we were cute as hell," Al said of himself and his pals. "There were five of us. Someone killed a cow. One guy got seventy-two shells in his mailbox. I was put on federal probation for two years for that and other destructive things. I didn't kill the goats, though, but I was blamed for it." (Just whose goats and how many was unclear.)

Not everyone in Cody remembers Pete and Al as having been very different. Bob Frisby, a family friend who watched the brothers grow up and was finance chairman of Al's first two Senate campaigns, says, "As teen-agers, they used to leave the house at night on a ladder. They shot up a lot more than mailboxes. Those boys were half ornery."

Of his academic performance, Al

says, "I had to work for what I got, but I didn't throw myself into it. I didn't like to do research." He did play football at the University of Wyoming, and recalls the day—December 6, 1952—when he was voted the outstanding player in a game against the University of Houston; he played middle guard. But far and away the most important event of his college career, and probably his life, was encountering Ann Schroll in Laramie; she was a year ahead of him, she says, because he had spent a year after high school at a prep school—the Cranbrook School, in Detroit. Ann was from Greybull, a small town about fifty miles east of Cody; like many Wyoming towns, Greybull is even smaller now than it was when she was growing up. Ann actually first saw Al, more or less in passing, when they were both in high school. She, too, is tall, and her mother, who was keeping an eye out for tall boys, had spotted the Simpson brothers. So Ann and her twin sister went to a dance in Cody. Al and Pete showed up, but there was no dancing with them. "They couldn't dance, and they sat on the sidelines laughing at those of us who were dancing," Ann says. "We were wonderful dancers," she says of herself and her sister. Ann also learned that night that Al Simpson the basketball star was called Fatso because of the way his shorts fit him; and Pete, she says, had severe acne. "We could have overlooked all that if either of them could dance," she was quoted as saying several years ago as saying. "I taught Al to dance later," she says. Their wedding presents included three dance lessons with Arthur Murray.



Friends and acquaintances of Al Simpson are in close agreement on one point: he married well. "She can handle him" is a comment one often hears, although some would say that no one can handle Simpson but Ann makes the best possible job of it. She is the only "adviser" he listens to, according to some of their friends. She is that and more, according to others, who see her as a kind of anchor and balance wheel. An experienced Simpson-watcher describes him as "a rebel without a cause who made something of himself with significant help from Ann."

"If it weren't for my mother, my father couldn't have done what he's done—in or out of politics," says Susan Simpson Gallagher, the youngest of the three Simpson offspring, who is twenty-nine and is the only daughter. (Susan works for a film and video company in New York. Her brothers, Bill and Colin, both practice law in Cody with Charles Kepler, their father's former partner.)

Ann is a slender woman whose considerable beauty is remarkably unaltered by the years. Her intelligence is obvious, and her style is subdued and a nice contrast to that of her vivid spouse. "I started dating Al in my senior year," she says, "and we got married when he graduated," in June of 1954.

Simpson's memory of that era is heavily influenced by the frustration and pain that he felt during his first year at the University of Wyoming's law school and just afterward in the Army. He was in a class of eighteen, he says, "five of whom were cum laude." He adds, "When you know you are there with five aces, it leaves you half in shock. It was a mess with those brilliant guys. I got a D in contracts. And then another D. I wasn't on probation, but I went to the dean and said, 'I'll get a degree somewhere if I can't get one here. I think you're screwing me because my dad is chairman of the board of trustees.'" He meant that because of his father's position the school was bending over backward to be tough. "'So I have to take an extra load of shit. Go ahead and flunk me.'"

Simpson left law school and, fulfilling an R.O.T.C. requirement, began active-duty service with the rank of second lieutenant in November of 1954. He was assigned to an infantry division in West Germany. He couldn't handle being isolated from Wyoming. "I hit the skids in the Army," he says. "I was out of my element. It was the first time in my life I couldn't do what I wanted to do. They made me assistant adjutant of the regiment because I'd had a year of law school. Until then, I could bullshit my way out of anything. But I read those Army manuals as if I had dyslexia. There I was, married to this marvellous chick, and I was smoking three packs a day and drinking beer like it was going out of style. In October of 1955, my blood pressure was out of sight. I figured I wouldn't live to see thirty. I went to

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a field-hospital doctor, who said, ‘Simpson, you are filled with anxiety and your feet swell a lot. Go figure out what’s eating you.’ I was away from Wyoming. Someone sent me a picture of that.” He then pointed to some groves of cottonwoods and fields that he and I were looking out on from the front porch of his ranch—the Bobcat—which is on the South Fork of the Shoshone River, about thirty miles from Cody. The fields run up to the stately Absaroka Range. “I just cried,” he said. “Self-pity is one of the most destructive forces. I felt I was the human toilet bowl. Ann said, ‘I love you, but I’m not your mother. You’re beyond me. You don’t know I’m here. You don’t have ulcers. You’re consumed with self-pity.’

“My bowels were twisted in knots. One day, she started telling me she was pregnant. She then said, ‘I’m telling you I’m pregnant, and you’re telling me about the gas in your stomach.’ I said to myself, ‘This is the ultimate bullshit.’ So, to quote Scripture, I began putting aside my childish ways. It was the first bolt of maturity.” Simpson “had suffered a mild depression,” Stan Cannon says. “There was fear of ulcers. He was hospitalized for a while.”

Simpson was honorably discharged from the Army in 1956. He reëntered the law school from which he’d fled and, he says, did a lot better. One of his classmates there was Mike Svilar, now a lawyer in Riverton, Wyoming, and still a close friend, who says, “Al and I finished in the lowest part of the class. We would say to him, ‘We all passed because of your dad.’ ” Milward was governor of the state then, and in 1958, the year that Al graduated and was admitted to the bar, he was campaigning for reëlection and was expected to win in a walk. Instead, he lost. The defeat shocked and bewildered the family. “What beat him mainly was the capital-punishment issue,” Simpson says. “Clay (Tricky) Riggle shot two people dead in Wheatland. He was tried by a jury and sentenced to die in the chair. The date was set. Under the law, the governor could commute. I was still in law school then. It was 1957. Hours before the switch was to be thrown, Pop called a press conference and began by saying, ‘Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.’ I knew this came from my mother. Then he said, ‘Change the law’ ”—if you want executions. “ ‘But since it’s in my hands, I won’t be responsible for taking a life.’ It didn’t sound very good out here in the Wild West.”

Most people who followed the campaign felt that the flap over capital punishment damaged Milward less than his unwillingness to reroute a highway—Interstate 90—that was coming into the state from South Dakota and heading west toward the Bighorn Mountains. Instead of routing the new road directly to the city of Sheridan, Milward agreed to a looping path south through the towns of Gillette and Buffalo and then northward to Sheridan. Sheridan County, a Republican redoubt, objected to what its leaders saw as a punitive detour. “A potent group of Republicans wanted the road rerouted,” Simpson says. His father said no, and these people—his political allies—asked for a meeting. Milward reckoned that Al could learn something from such a meeting, and suggested that he come early, conceal himself behind a partition in the office, and listen in. Simpson did, and what happened must have been a distinctly formative experience for him, if only because of the way he describes it. “They repeatedly assured Dad that they supported him and respected him and couldn’t imagine any of that changing,” Simpson recalls. “But this matter, they felt, was one he could deal with, and it would be a shame if it weren’t dealt with and ended up costing him twenty-five hundred or so votes in Sheridan County. He heard them out and then said, ‘Get your asses out of here, you fuckers. You are uglier than eels,’ and a lot more of the same. It was magnificent. It was gutsy. It was beautiful. I loved it. They went home and whipped his ass. The whole county changed, and he lost by twenty-five hundred votes. He came back and practiced law with me.”

VERY few members of the Senate are more different from one another than Simpson and Malcolm Wallop, Wyoming’s senior senator, even though both are Republican, deeply conservative, and native to their state. Simpson collects people in the wake of his exuberance; Wallop puts them off with a manner that seems to combine arrogance with abrasiveness. Stylistically, he strikes many people in Wyoming as overconscious of being descended from English toffs, and of his

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connection with the Royal Family; his sister is married to Queen Elizabeth's racing manager, Lord Henry Porchester. Wallop has a ranch near Sheridan, and is known to some of his detractors as the Earl of the Bighorn. In the Senate, Simpson is, of course, a major figure, Wallop a minor one. "He has no sense of humor or feel for the institution, and that clearly sets him apart from Al," Norman Ornstein says. Also, Simpson is a conservative with a few moderate instincts, which tug him toward the center on some issues, whereas Wallop is a conspicuous member of the Senate's hard right. Wallop, whose term expires at the end of 1994, isn't expected to run for another term, and almost surely would have been defeated in his last outing if the Democrats had chosen a stronger or better-financed candidate; their nominee that year was John Vinich, who runs a family-owned bar in Hudson (population 392) and is a member of the state legislature. Vinich had little money, but he came within thirteen hundred and twenty-two votes of displacing Wallop.

The divergent styles and roles of Simpson and Wallop have at times been a problem for both of them. In 1984, for example, Wallop tried to become chairman of the Republican Senate campaign committee—the bottom rung of the leadership ladder. Then Howard Baker, the Senate Republican leader, resigned, and the whip, Ted Stevens, of Alaska, decided to run for the top job. (He lost to Robert Dole.) At that point, Simpson decided to compete for the job of whip. In the Republicans' Senate caucus, the balloting for leadership jobs goes from the top down. Simpson was elected whip, and Wallop's own bid to become part of the leadership failed; the loss was ascribed partly to a hesitancy on the part of some senators to pick two leaders from the same state. The episode produced tension in the Simpson-Wallop relationship.

Two years earlier, Wallop's vulnerabilities at home led to an incident that still troubles Simpson, probably more than anything he'd been involved with in his political life until the Hill-Thomas hearing. Wallop was running that year against a thirty-four-year-old Democrat named Rodger McDaniel. Simpson knew McDaniel; he had written a letter of recommendation when McDaniel was applying to law school, and they served together in the legislature for a few years. They were social friends; McDaniel and his wife visited the Simpsons in Cody. "We were such close friends that I completely underestimated what he might do in 1982," McDaniel says now.

About ten days before the election, a White House tracking poll showed McDaniel and Wallop as dead even. "The bottom had dropped out of Malcolm Wallop's campaign," Simpson says. "A lousy stump speaker with an aristocratic manner" was a *Star-Tribune* reporter's characterization of Wallop. McDaniel recalls Simpson's telling him much later that in the middle of the night he got a phone call from Senator Laxalt, who was then the Republican Party chairman, and he said that Wallop was bombing and that Simpson and Richard Cheney, who, before becoming Secretary of Defense, in 1989, served as the state's representative at large for several terms, would have to save him. "Yes, Paul Laxalt did call," Simpson, who was in Laramie for a football game at the time, says. "Just before the game, someone came into my room and said, 'Here's the letter. Cheney has approved it. It will go out today to ninety-five thousand people.' " The letter was a savage attack on McDaniel which called him a "snake in the grass," adding, "Neither of us would want to serve Wyoming beside a man like Rodger McDaniel, a man who has no integrity." In fact, McDaniel was highly respected in most political circles, Republican as well as Democratic—and not least by Simpson.

Simpson signed the letter and took a copy to the stadium, where he showed it to Ann and his brother. He recalls Ann's saying, "That sure doesn't sound like you," and Pete's saying something similar. "I tried to stop it with a phone call," Simpson says. "But I was told it was too late. The presses were rolling."

The letter had been written by a member of Wallop's staff, McDaniel told me; his information came from Simpson later. "It was run off by Richard Viguerie's conservative direct-mail operation, in a Washington suburb, and played a great role. It was targeted on Republicans who were soft on Wallop and leaning toward me."

McDaniel says that he, too, played

rough, and regrets that under pressure he allowed his campaign to use a modified version of an ad that some other Democrats around the country were using to embarrass their opponents on the issue of Social Security benefits. Wallop, according to McDaniel, had denied ever voting to cut benefits but had supported a budget resolution that would have had the same effect. "The ad was very mean," he says. "It showed a little old lady walking out to collect her Social Security check and finding the mailbox empty."

Cheney has no regrets. "I thought then and still do that it was a legitimate shot. It was a response to the Social Security ad he was running. And it worked. It had a significant impact on the election and helped save Malcolm Wallop's seat."

Simpson called McDaniel very early on the morning after the election, according to McDaniel, who says he didn't take the call. Simpson called repeatedly, and McDaniel finally agreed to talk to him. "He said he wanted me to know how bad he felt about what had happened," McDaniel says. "I said, 'If that's an apology, Al, it's not accepted.' " Over a year or so, Simpson made further attempts to repair the rift, and he eventually succeeded. McDaniel isn't bitter, and clearly likes and admires Simpson, recalling him as "the most capable member of the legislature." He also says, "He had the same wit and speaking ability then, but I never saw this other side before he went to Washington. He could make a great contribution, but he will be remembered in Wyoming for his attacks on his critics. It will cost him."

"Rodger was very gracious," Simpson says. "That was the lowest shot I've ever fired—before or since. A lot of people wrote me about that letter. They said I had been small and disrespectful. I replied by saying, in essence, 'Yes, that's true.' "

I told Simpson what McDaniel had said—about the attacks on critics that disfigured his over-all performance. Solemnly and almost inaudibly, Simpson replied, "That's very hearable."

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lated of the states after Alaska, and among the poorest. A frontier aspect remains, as reflected, for example, in a demographic singularity: Wyoming has always had more men than women.

Wyoming is vastly rich in resources, both those in the ground and those above it. It mines more coal than any other state, and its oil-and-gas industry, the country's fifth or sixth largest, provides an even greater part of the tax base. Until recently, Wyoming was a leading producer of uranium, but the mines have been shut down—a reminder that the state may confront continued shrinkage of its population and its economy. An apparent overdependence on the so-called commodities-based economy—minerals, cattle and sheep ranching, and agriculture—has caused Wyoming to be labelled by one economist a Third World energy colony. Although terms like that anger leaders of the state, Simpson included, the reliance on minerals does create cycles of boom and bust.

With ranching in a decline and mineral extraction a fugitive agent of good times, economists in and around Wyoming would like to see more attention paid to some of the state's other resources—notably its forests, streams, and wildlife. The world's largest herds of elk, bighorn sheep, bison, and pronghorn antelope are in Wyoming. It has more such animals than it has people. Wyoming's northwest corner contains the largest intact ecosystem in the temperate zone: the Greater Yellowstone system, which comprises the Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks, seven national forests, several wildlife refuges, and other lands—federal, state, and private. The area is among the last remaining habitats for several species of animals and birds. Tourism and recreation—backpacking, skiing, fishing, hunting—currently generate at least as many jobs as Wyoming's extractive industries do. This amenities-based economy is stable.

Between partisans of the two economies there is considerable tension. Environmentalists and economists would like to lessen Wyoming's dependence on minerals and livestock, which they see as a threat to the amenities-based economy. The ecosystem, they argue, is not as strong as the sum of its parts—is indeed fragile. Each encroachment upon a stream or a forest, they say, creates a vulnerability in the system. Still, within Wyoming's national forests timber harvesting, oil-and-gas development, and cattle grazing are all permitted, and even encouraged. "The laws for multiple use are on the books," Simpson observes. "I didn't put them there, and I can't remove them. Four of the words on our state seal are: 'oil, mines, grain, and livestock.' That's a talisman. And, look, it's working." He went on to describe the state as "schizophrenic," saying, "It wants an uncluttered, pristine environment, and it wants jobs. It wants the kids to come back to the state. The extractive industries provide the jobs and about seventy per cent of the tax base."

No one disagrees with the idea of multiple use as a guideline for identifying the best combination of activities that a given area can accommodate. In Wyoming, however, multiple use, according to most environmentalists, is a tool for promoting jobs and strengthening the tax base only temporarily. In the Bridger-Teton National Forest, which is part of the Greater Yellowstone system, the oil companies have drilled a hundred and forty-seven holes, a hundred and thirty of which were dry. Although the drilling itself, it is argued, does little or no permanent damage, if major reserves of oil or natural gas are found in the forest the environmental impact is sure to be heavy, what with access roads and the full panoply of extraction activities.

A cowboy astride a bucking bronco adorns Wyoming's license plates, and ranching, whatever its prospects, is still considered one of the higher callings. Allowing ranchers to graze their cattle on lands that lie within national forests is a practice that impairs streambeds, and even causes some of them to disappear. The cattle are a major pollutant. According to a recent article in the *Times Magazine*, "Western ranchers contribute only two per cent to the nation's total red-meat production, yet last year [1989] the Forest Service spent $34.5 million on its range management program and took in only $10.9 million in grazing fees."

Many people in Wyoming, as Simpson points out, want to have things both ways, in the sense that almost anything goes so long as you can still catch fish in your favorite stream. Simpson's attitude toward his state is reverent but also proprietary. Wyoming's need for more people is obvious, but he appears to resent newcomers—at least, those who acquire voices that carry. And, just as he tends to equate *Star-Tribune* opinions that oppose his with out-of-state ownership, he also recoils from environmentalists whose experience with Wyoming may be recent or indirect. And then environmental groups, like most lobbies, are capable of exaggeration, of seeing only the part of the truth that supports their argument, and of behaving self-righteously.

Simpson says that he was considered "a one-hundred-per-cent environmentalist" when he was in the state legislature. No one would call him one now. He turns up on the wrong side of many—probably most—environmental issues, as judged by environmental groups in both Wyoming and Washington. And it is on such issues that he has seemed most vulnerable and most easily aroused to anger. "Simpson despises environmentalists," says a reporter for the *Star-Tribune* who has covered him over the years.

It is possible to accommodate the extractive industries without harming the environment, economists who have been looking closely at Wyoming's problems think; they see multiple use as a good answer, if it is based on careful planning. The state, they think, should move with the country and take advantage of sweeping advances in telecommunications and the steady growth in the service sector of the national economy. These trends go well with an amenities-based economy, according to experts, but not with Wyoming's traditional pursuits. Simpson, many economists say, doesn't understand how dim the prospects are for Wyoming's erratic commodities-based economy. He talks about protecting the environment without understanding its vulnerabilities to activities that he supports, they say.

One of Simpson's fellow-senators, a Democrat who likes him but deplores his attitude toward the environment, says, "The world is going by these guys. We are in transition. Some don't know it, others don't care. There is an attraction-versus-extraction issue of which they seem unaware. Attracting people to live in your state has to come first. The extraction strategy makes the West a colony and condemns it to these boom-and-bust cycles. The money doesn't stay. These people are still conforming to traditional ways—being entitled to cut down all the trees and steal water from the Indians. If we can't do something as simple as saving the wilderness in the West, how are we going to save the rain forests or solve the education problem or the drug problem?"

Simpson seems wholly comfortable with his position. As for a viable alternative to the commodities-based economy, he says, "So far, it's just theory. If you lose oil and gas, citizens will pay for it. People came here because there was no sales tax or inheritance tax and no corporate tax and no income tax; that's in the constitution." But, he added, "I'm not a pessimist." Because of a minerals trust fund that he pushed for in the legislature in 1973, he says, the state now has over a billion dollars in what he calls "untouchable funds." The idea is that this money would be available in hard times to keep Wyoming functional. "No state is more fortunate than Wyoming," Simpson says. That is a difficult case to argue, according to economists, who can and do point out that a trust fund tied to minerals merely underscores the state's overdependence on them.

SIMPSON was reëlected to a third term in November of 1990. His opponent was a thirty-two-year-old college student at the University of Wyoming named Kathy Helling. She had won the Democratic Party's primary in a field of six political unknowns, which included a convicted felon (who ran third); an oil-field hand; and a mental-hospital patient who had been assured of discharge provided that he had the promise of a steady job, and running for the Senate struck him as the answer. In her

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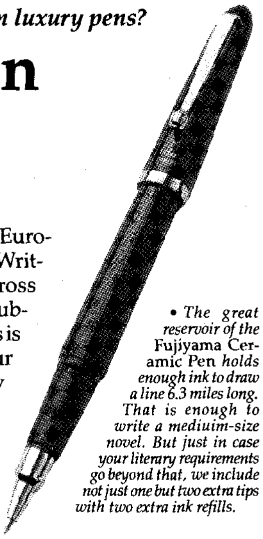

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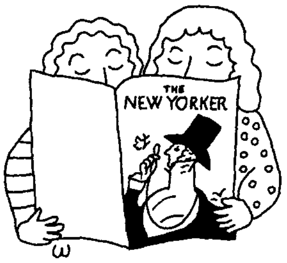

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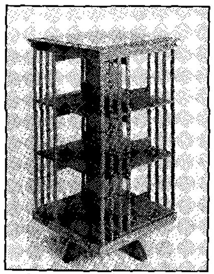

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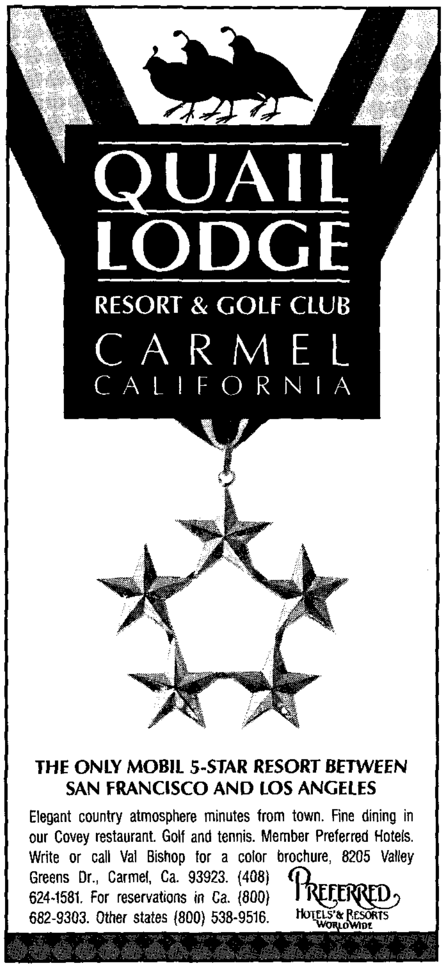
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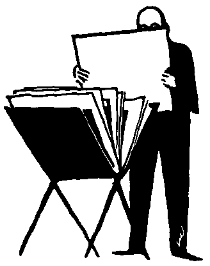
campaign, Helling, who had no prior political experience, raised only fifty-five hundred dollars.

Simpson, on the other hand, raised more than a million dollars, and could probably have got more. He treats all campaigns as deadly serious contests, taking nothing for granted and seeing incumbency itself—the danger of appearing to be out of touch with the state—as the mortal danger. "Al is probably more sensitive to the problems of incumbency than anyone I know," Cheney says. During a radio interview in June of 1989, Simpson was asked whether he might set a limit on his campaign finances for 1990; the reporter reminded him that in 1984 he had "spent a little over three-quarters of a million against basically a token opponent."



Simpson replied, "I think I made the most egregious expenditure of funds known to mankind when I ran in 1984. You're right about the figures. My opponent spent less than five thousand dollars. But I never knew who was out there in the weeds. I had to prepare as if I were going to run against Gerry Spence"—a Wyoming trial lawyer who is at least as flamboyant as Simpson and second only to him in prominence in the state. "The Democrats were looking for a guy—they were ready to finance him. I'm gonna go out and raise a ton more. . . . I don't have any magnanimity in my heart and mind right now, when I know that some squirrel can come in and put four or five million of their own money into a campaign. With media and television these days, you can take an old dried apple and turn him into the king of the beasts. . . . I've seen five-minute political spots from guys who couldn't even get on their hind legs and speak their own name—and they look like the most marvellous people in the history of the country."

According to Simpson's Federal Election Commission report, the bulk of his money through June of 1988 had come from political-action committees, most of them out of state; the largest contributors were the financial and energy industries. The rest of the money came mainly from individuals, with out-of-state people running ahead of Wyoming residents by about two to one. As it turned out, Simpson drew around sixty-four per cent of the vote in 1990—fourteen per cent less than he had received in 1984. Some Democrats concluded that he was no longer invincible. But it's not likely that he will stand for a fourth term. "I talked to him right after the Arnett affair," one of Simpson's old Wyoming friends says, "and he said, 'I twisted off deep. I'm starting to think I shouldn't run for reëlection.' I said, 'I wish you hadn't run last time.' " Simpson may well have decided even before the Arnett incident that his last campaign would indeed be the last.

Some of the Simpson-watchers on Capitol Hill see him as a contradiction; he will be remembered, they say, not for what he achieved with his abundant talent but for how he did whatever he did—for the originality of his style and its sharp edges. Some would assess Simpson's performance in Washington over all as a good run over a tough course. Others see it as a notable beginning that gradually turned sour. Many will remember Simpson's experience in politics as a sad one for him and a disappointment to his friends and admirers, especially in Wyoming. In Washington, some of his old and valued friendships are fading. More and more, one hears him spoken of in elegiac terms, even though he is still there in the Senate and would probably be reëlected if he had to run again soon.

Friends and political colleagues alike wonder whether Simpson is temporarily chastened or is a changed man. He sounds as if he had convinced himself that change he must, but many of the people who have known him longest are skeptical. I recently put the question to Rodger McDaniel, who, now that he has forgiven Simpson, has serious conversations with him from time to time. "I saw the coverage of the apology, and I sensed a difference in the guy," McDaniel said. "But I'm not sure he can change, and I'm not sure that it matters now."

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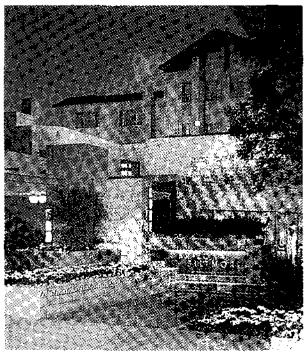

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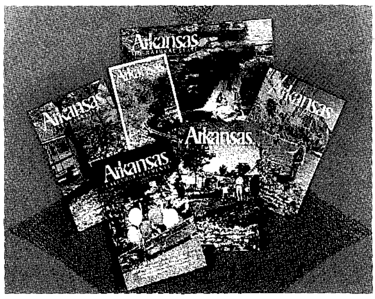

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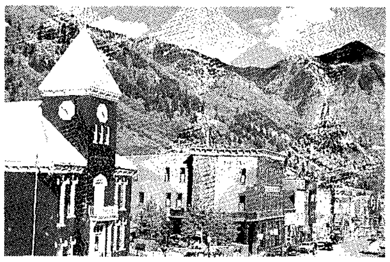

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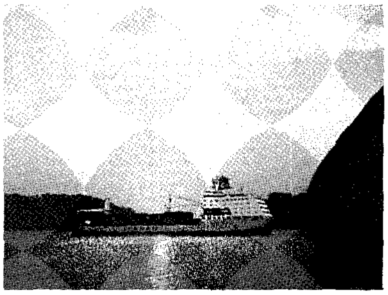

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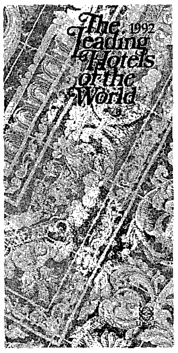

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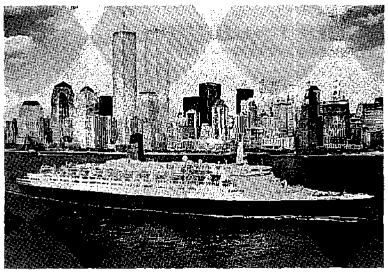

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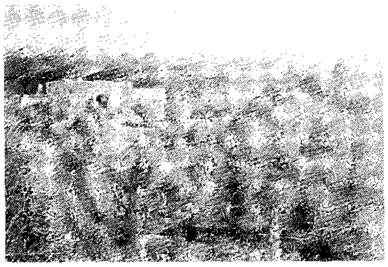

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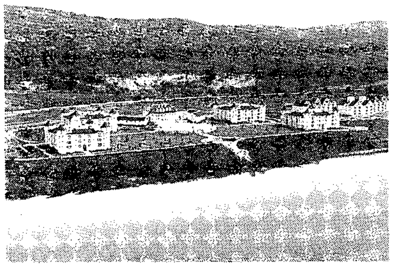

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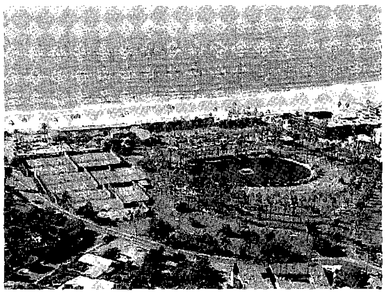

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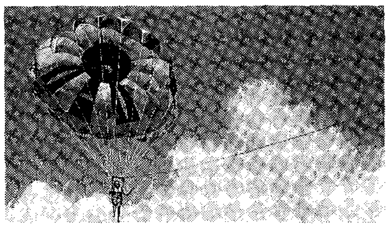

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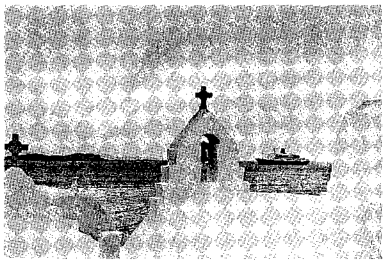

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Stone and Fire

KULLERVO, the tragic hero of the Kalevala, was the subject of Sibelius's first big success, the five-movement "Kullervo" symphony, with roles for soprano, baritone, and chorus, which he composed in 1892, after his studies in Berlin and Vienna. And Kullervo is the hero of Aulis Sallinen's fourth opera, called "Kullervo," which had its world première in Los Angeles on February 25th. In English, the Kalevala—that mid-nineteenth-century epic compiled and shaped by Elias Lönnrot from oral folk poetry that he collected—is not easy reading. I've tried four translations. The Kalevala tales are lively, but in W. F. Kirby's "Hiawatha" metre (the Everyman version, reprinted by Dover) they run heavily:

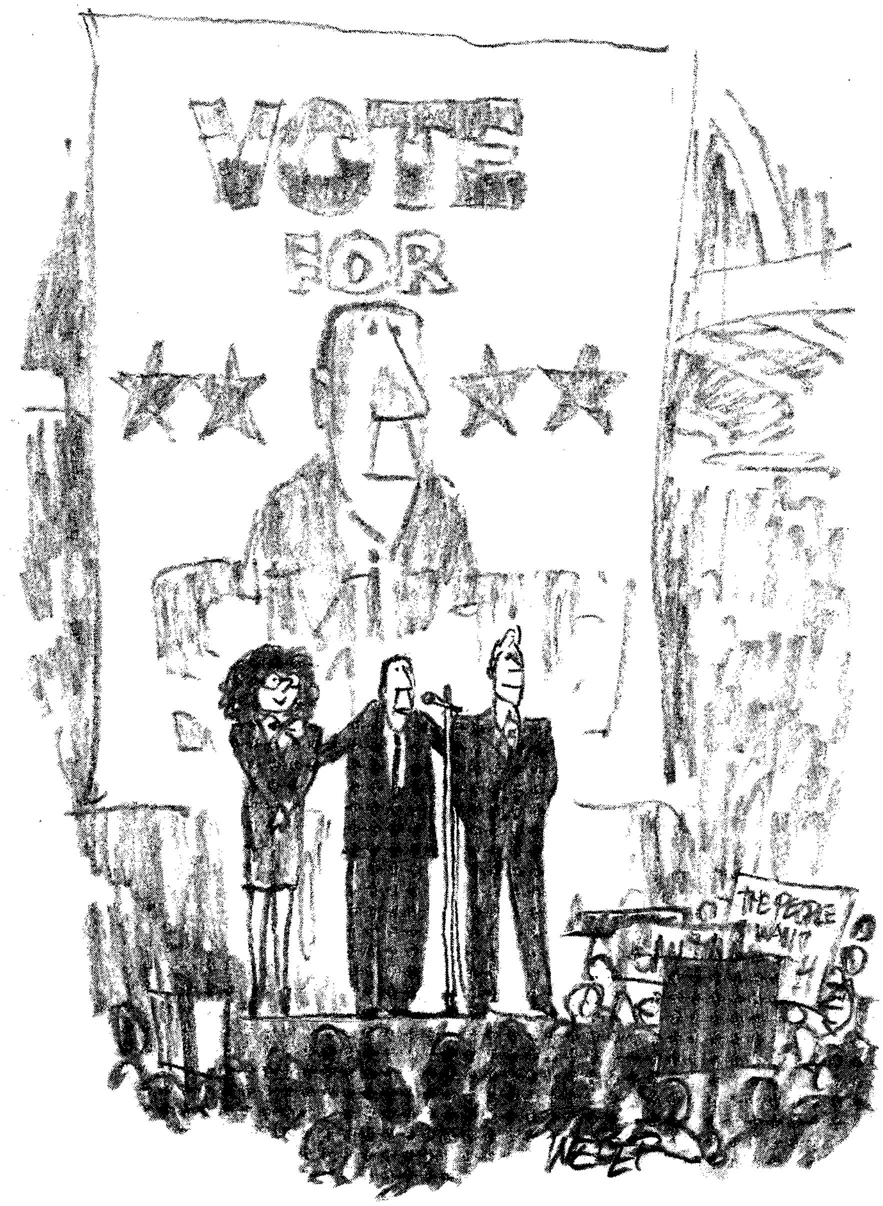
> Untamoinen laid his netting
> Down in Kalervo's fish-waters,
> Kalervoinen saw the netting,
> In his bag he put the fishes. . . .
>
> Kalervoinen oats was sowing,
> *Back of Untamoinen's dwelling;*
> Sheep of Untamo most reckless
> Browsed the oats of Kalervoinen;
> Whereupon his dog ferocious
> Tore the sheep of Untamoinen.

That's from the first of the Kullervo cantos, which are set within the main frame of the Kalevala—a six-canto diversion from the jollier adventures of Väinämöinen, Lemminkäinen, and Ilmarinen. In Keith Bosley's underpunctuated and sometimes syntactically mysterious translation (World's Classics), the second Kullervo canto begins:

> Kullervo, Kalervo's son
> the blue-stockinged gaffer's son
>   yellow-haired, handsome
>   fair of shoe-upper
> *straight away in the smith's home*
> asked for work in the evening
> the master for evening work
> the mistress for morning work. . . .
>
> The smith Ilmari's mistress
>   she is thinking there
> what work to set the new serf
>   what toil the one bought.

The most readable reteller of the tales in English is Babette Deutsch, but her prose paraphrase, intended for children, omits much—such as Kullervo's unwitting seduction of his sister and his later suicide on the spot where it happened. The full text rendered into English prose or verse has proved rebarbative and—so I found, with various translations on the bedside table—soporific. For musicians, however, Sibelius has invested the Kalevala with nobility, grandeur, romance, mystery, and colors, and with the Homeric sweep and resonances that Lönnrot aimed at. Sibelius could believe more ardently in the national epic than we can today, who have learned of Lönnrot's artifice in allotting the adventures he collected among his characters and in weaving distinct poems into a narrative. Before writing the "Kullervo" symphony, Sibelius had listened and thrilled to the bard Larin Paraske, who had a repertory of over eleven thousand lines of folk poetry at her command. He planned a Kalevala opera, "The Building of the Boat," whose overture survives as "The Swan of Tuonela." And the Kalevala inspired many of his later works, among them the "Lemminkäinen" Suite (or Four Legends, including "The Swan of Tuonela"), "Pohjola's Daughter," "Luonnotar," and that late masterpiece "Tapiola."

The territorial strife described in my first quotation, between the brothers Untamo (or Untamoinen, or Unto) and Kalervo (or Kalervoinen), led to the destruction of Kalervo's house. His son Kullervo, a babe of Herculean strength and exceptional clumsiness, grew up as Untamo's slave and was sold, cheap, to the smith Ilmarinen. The Smith's Wife baked for Kullervo



"My heartfelt thanks to Kitty Lundell for writing my speeches, and to Keith Donegan for delivering them."

a loaf in which a stone was concealed; on the stone he broke his knife, his only legacy from his father. In revenge, he delivered the woman's cattle to wolves and bears, drove the beasts into her milking yard, and watched them tear her to pieces. Lönnrot told this tale in his first version (1835) of the Kalevala; in his expanded version (1849) he attributed to Kullervo other tales that he had collected, and thus created the character that Cecil Gray, in his Sibelius monograph, describes as "a strange figure, whose whole life, from birth to death, is one long tale of tragedy unrelieved by any glimmering of light or consolation." The young man learns that his parents are still alive, seeks them out, and is unkindly received. He seduces a young woman and then discovers that she is his sister; she throws herself into the river. He leads a raiding party against his uncle Untamo, source of his woes, and destroys him. Meanwhile, his own family have all died. Alone in the world, he falls upon his sword. In Bosley's version:

> Kullervo, Kalervo's son
> the blue-stockinged gaffer's child
> pushed the hilt into the field
> pressed the butt into the heath
> turned the point towards his breast
> rammed himself upon the point
> and on it he brought about
> his doom, met his death.

And old Väinämöinen, when he hears of it, draws a Freudian moral:

> Do not, folk of the future
> bring up a child crookedly
> with someone stupid lulling
> a stranger sending to sleep!
> A child brought up crookedly
> or a son lulled stupidly
> won't come to grasp things
> have a man's understanding.

In Kullervo nineteenth-century Finns discerned their own Aeschylean hero—deprived of family love in childhood, growing up stonyhearted, perverse, cruel, destructive. The critic Fredrick Cygnaeus called him "vastly superior as a character to Job or to the heroes of Greek tragedies" and said that "only Shakespeare's creations equalled him." In 1864, Aleksis Kivi, the "father of Finnish literature," wrote his five-act tragedy "Kullervo," Cygnaeus-influenced, in which Kullervo sheds his magical attributes and becomes something like a Finnish Oedipus. In 1917, Armas Launis based an opera on the play. Sallinen, his own librettist, fashioned his opera from both the Kalevala cantos and the play; and he added, a program note told us, "a love theme that is all his own." In his version, there is a flare of sensual passion between the Smith's Wife and Kullervo, but in her bed he proves inexperienced and impotent; the hard stone within the soft bread is intended not as a malicious trick but as a message, which Kullervo misreads. Sallinen's Kullervo also has a friend who loves him, the fellow-slave Kimmo (although Kullervo, crying "Life is hateful. . . . I'll make someone suffer," tries to kill Kimmo, and at the close of the drama, when Kullervo turns to Kimmo as his only companion, he discovers that his friend has gone mad). Not knowing Kivi's play, I do not know which love theme is of Sallinen's invention. Presumably, it is not those but one that he stresses in a short note on the opera: "This story would hardly be worth telling if it did not have one song above all others. This is the theme of Kullervo's Mother, woven in bright golden thread. In the shape of the monstrous, hapless man the Mother recognizes the long-lost little boy with glimmering flaxen hair."

THE eyes of the operatic world were turned on Los Angeles, and critics from across the world attended the première; Sallinen has become a big name, and his operas are widely produced. He came to prominence when the first of them, "The Horseman," appeared at the 1975 Savonlinna Festival. His second opera, "The Red Line" (1978), was seen at the Met in 1983. His third, "The King Goes Forth to France" (1984), commissioned jointly by Savonlinna, Covent Garden, and the BBC, was seen at Santa Fe in 1986. "Kullervo," which he completed some four years ago, was commissioned to inaugurate the new opera house in Helsinki—a nearly fourteen-hundred-seat grand-opera house to replace the five-hundred-seater in which the Finnish National Opera now plays. But the new house is not yet finished, and Los Angeles got the première. The Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra played; the singers, the chorus, the set, the production came from Helsinki. A Finnish recording, on the Ondine label—distributed here by Koch International—was already available. ("The Horseman" and "The Red Line" are also recorded.)

I wish I could report a triumph. In an age of international homogenization—when La Scala, the Opéra, and

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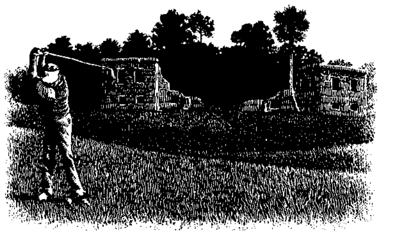

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Sallinen saw a production of the Kivi play about ten years ago, and, he says, "my original idea was a chamber opera, something small and intimate, but then I got the commission to inaugurate the new opera house, so I transferred the idea to a large-scale work." His "Kullervo" is in two acts, of about eighty-five and seventy minutes. It begins with a long, low C and ends with a long, low D, rumbling from the loudspeakers of a synthesizer. The C is sustained to underpin a chorus declaiming portentously from the Kalevala (the passage I first quoted), line by line, in firm unisons, octaves, or block chords, with banging drums and punched brass figures dividing the lines. This is the first of the massive commentary choruses from the Kalevala that punctuate the work. Then there is a scene, presumably from the play, for Untamo and his Lady Macbeth-like wife; their short, exclamatory phrases, filled with tritone leaps, are divided by brief orchestral gestures, beneath a sustained high C-sharp. Some lyricism enters with an aria for the Smith's Wife, accompanied by solo violins, and more with the Mother's aria, accompanied by harp, vibraphone, and synthesizer. The first-act finale, Kullervo's unhappy homecoming, is punctuated by a figure that since Strauss's "Elektra" has spelled the first three syllables of the name Agamemnon. In Act II, Kullervo's seduction of his sister is narrated by a blind pop singer, into a microphone. There is a buffo divertissement—overobvious light relief amid so much gloom—for four of Kullervo's henchmen on his last raid. The score—like the scores of "The Red Line" and "The King Goes Forth"—has an all-over-the-shop quality. The general character is declamatory, violent, abrupt, short-breathed. Sallinen sets words incisively, and he is good at effects, but I found myself wishing that there were more "music."

There is no action apart from the murder of the Smith's Wife (for which Kullervo uses his broken knife, not wolves and bears). The burning of Kalervo's house and of Untamo's was represented by igniting some paper in a bucket. Måns Hedström's set was a tall, gray-walled angular courtyard, pierced by eight ochre exit doors, with steps at the back. Pekka Ojamaa's costumes were modern dress (with many mackintoshes) for the chorus and for the hero, and rich robes for the other principals. Kalle Holmberg's stage direction was striking in an Expressionist sort of way—poses, pauses, pacings, sudden significant clusters. Ulf Söderblom conducted. Of the title role Jorma Hynninen gave an electric account. He has a baritone of uncommon tonal beauty and eloquence, high-cheeked Quercia features, a powerful presence; he is perhaps the most riveting performer on the contemporary stage. I'd love to hear him as Amfortas. For the final scene, he came up through a trap in a Parsifal tableau, his spear erect beside him, and Kimmo, a mad Gurnemanz, greeted him as "Redeemer of the world, Christ, bearing the sins of the world on your shoulders." Kullervo, whose first memories were of the fire that burned his father's house, announces his intention of seeking death by fire, and, as in an old-style Hollywood close, a wordless chorus swells up, above which the voice of the Mother is heard crying her son's name. Kimmo, a tenor, was sung in smooth, free, moving tones by Jorma Silvasti, with the easy, ringing young-hero sound one wants to hear from a Max, a Siegmund. (Sallinen helps by keeping the tessitura, most of the time, on the staff, not above it.) Eeva-Liisa Saarinen brought a strong, shining soprano to the role of the Mother. Everyone sang clearly. And the choral sound was noble.

—ANDREW PORTER

A NEUROLOGIST'S NOTEBOOK

A SURGEON'S LIFE

TOURETTE's syndrome is seen in every race, every culture, every stratum of society; it can be recognized at a glance once one is attuned to it; and cases of barking and twitching, of grimacing, of strange gesturing, of involuntary cursing and blaspheming were recorded by Aretaeus of Cappadocia almost two thousand years ago. Yet it was not clinically delineated until 1885, when Georges Gilles de la Tourette, a young French neurologist—a pupil of Charcot's, and a friend of Freud's—put together these historical accounts with observations of some of his own patients. The syndrome as he described it was characterized, above all, by convulsive tics, by involuntary mimicry or repetition of others' words or actions (echolalia and echopraxia), and by the involuntary or compulsive utterances of curses and obscenities (coprolalia). Some individuals (despite their affliction) showed an odd insouciance or nonchalance; some a tendency to make strange, often witty, occasionally dreamlike associations; some extreme impulsiveness and provocativeness, a constant testing of physical and social boundaries; some a constant, restless reacting to the environment, a lunging at and sniffing of everything, or a sudden flinging of objects; and yet others an extreme stereotypy and obsessiveness—no two patients were ever quite the same.

Any disease introduces a doubleness into life—an "it," with its own needs, demands, limitations. With Tourette's, the "it" takes the form of explicit compulsion, of a multitude of explicit compulsions: one is driven to do this, to do that, against one's will. Tourette's may seize control at any time. Being "taken over" or "possessed" can be more than a figure of speech for someone with severe Tourette's, and no doubt in the Middle Ages Tourette's was sometimes seen as "possession." (Tourette himself was fascinated by the phenomenon of "possession," and wrote a play about the epidemic of demonic possession in medieval Loudun.)

But the relation of disease and self, "it" and "I," can be particularly complex in Tourette's, especially if it has been present from early childhood, growing up with the self, intertwining itself in every possible way. The Tourette's and the self shape themselves each to the other, come more and more to complement each other, until finally, like a long-married couple, they become a single, compound being. This relation is often destructive, but it can also be constructive, can add speed and spontaneity, and a capacity for unusual and sometimes startling performance. For all its intrusiveness, Tourette's may be used creatively, too.

Yet in the years after its first delineation, Tourette's tended to be seen not as an organic but as a "moral" disease—an expression of mischievousness or weakness of the will, to be treated by rectifying the will. From the nineteen-twenties to the nineteen-sixties, it tended to be seen as a psychiatric disease, to be treated by psychoanalysis or psychotherapy; but this, on the whole, proved ineffective, too. Then, with the demonstration, in the early sixties, that the drug haloperidol could dramatically suppress its symptoms, Tourette's was regarded—in a sudden reversal—as a chemical disease, the result of an imbalance of a neurotransmitter, dopamine, in the brain. But all these views are partial, and reductive, and fail to do justice to the full complexity of Tourette's, which may be almost as complex as human nature itself. Neither a biological nor a psychological nor a moral-social viewpoint is adequate; we must see Tourette's simultaneously from all three perspectives—as a biopsychosocial disorder. And one that is far from uncommon: it affects perhaps one person in a thousand.

Many professions, one would think, would be closed to someone with elaborate tics and compulsions, but this does not seem to be the case. We find people with Tourette's—sometimes the most

"I bought three new suits in one swat!"

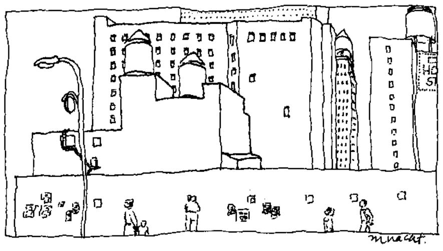
severe Tourette's—in virtually every walk of life. There are Tourettic writers, mathematicians, musicians, actors, disk jockeys, construction workers, mechanics, athletes. Some things, one might *think*, would be completely out of the question—above all, perhaps, the intricate, precise, and steady work of a surgeon. This would have been my own belief not so long ago. But now, improbably, I know *five* surgeons with Tourette's.

I FIRST met Dr. Carl Bennett, as I will call him, at a scientific conference on Tourette's in Boston last year. His appearance was unexceptionable—he was fiftyish, of middle size, with a brownish beard and mustache containing a hint of gray, and was dressed soberly in a dark suit—until he suddenly lunged or reached for the ground or jumped or jerked. I was struck both by his bizarre tics and by his dignity and calm. When I expressed incredulity about his choice of profession, he invited me to visit and stay with him, where he lived and practiced, in a town that I will call Branford, in British Columbia—to do rounds at the hospital with him, to scrub with him, to see him in action. Now, four months later, in early October, I found myself in a small plane approaching Branford, full of curiosity and mixed expectations. Dr. Bennett met me at the airport, greeted me—a strange greeting, half-lunge, half-tic; a gesture of welcome idiosyncratically Tourettized—grabbed my case, and led the way to his car in an odd, rapid skipping walk, with a skip each fifth step and sudden reachings to the ground as if to pick something up.

The situation of Branford is almost idyllic, nestled as it is in the shadow of the Rockies, in southeast British Columbia, with Banff and its mountains to the north, and Montana and Idaho to the south; it lies in a region of great gentleness and fertility but ringed with mountains, glaciers, lakes. Bennett himself has a passion for geography and geology; a few years ago he took a year off from his surgical practice to study both at the University of Victoria. As he drove, he pointed out moraines, stratifications, and other formations, so that what had at first seemed to my eyes a mere pastoral landscape became charged with a sense of history and chthonic forces, of immense geological vistas. Such keen, fierce attention to every detail, such constant looking below the surface, such examination and analysis, is characteristic of the restless, questioning Tourettic mind. It is, so to speak, the other side of its obsessive and perseverative tendencies, its disposition to reiterate, to touch again and again.

And, indeed, whenever the stream of attention and interest was interrupted, Bennett's tics and iterations immediately reasserted themselves—in particular, obsessive touchings of his mustache and glasses. His mustache had constantly to be smoothed and checked for symmetry, his glasses had to be "balanced"—up and down, side to side, diagonally, in and out—with sudden, ticcy touchings of the fingers, until these, too, were exactly "centered." There were also occasional reachings and lungings of his right arm; sudden, compulsive touchings of the windshield with both forefingers ("The touching has to be symmetrical," he commented); sudden repositionings of his knees, or the steering wheel ("I have to have the knees symmetrical in relation to the steering wheel. They have to be *exactly* centered"); and sudden, high-pitched vocalizations, in a voice completely unlike his own, that sounded like "Hi, Patty," "Hi, there," and, on a couple of occasions, "Hideous!" (Patty, I learned later, was a former girlfriend, her name now enshrined in a tic.)

There was little hint of this repertoire until we reached town, and got obstructed by traffic lights. The lights did not annoy Bennett—we were in no hurry—but they did break up the driving, the kinetic melody, the swift, smooth stream of action, with its power to integrate mind and brain. The transition was very sudden: one minute, all was smoothness and action; the next, all was broken-upness, pandemonium, riot. When Bennett was driving smoothly, one had the feeling not that the Tourette's was in any way being suppressed but that the brain and the mind were in a quite different mode of action.



Another few minutes, and we had arrived at his house, a charming, idiosyncratic house with a wild garden, perched on a hill overlooking the town. Bennett's dogs, rather wolflike, with strange, pale eyes, barked, wagged their tails, bounded up to us as we drove in. As we got out of the car, he said "Hi, puppies!" in the same quick, odd, high, crushed voice he had earlier used for "Hi, Patty!" He patted their heads, a tic-like, convulsive patting, a quick-fire volley of five pats to each, delivered with a meticulous symmetry and synchrony. "They're grand dogs, half-Eskimo, half-malamute," he said. "I felt I should get two of them, so they could companion each other. They play together, sleep together, hunt together—everything." And, I thought, are patted together: did he get two dogs partly because of his own symmetrical, symmetrizing compulsions? Now, hearing the dogs bark, his sons ran out—two handsome teen-age kids. I had a sudden feeling that Bennett might cry "Hi, kiddies!" in his Touretty voice, and pat their heads, too, in synchrony, symmetrically. But he introduced them, Mark and David, individually to me. And then, as we entered the house, he introduced me to his wife, Helen, who was preparing a late-afternoon tea for all of us.

As we sat at the table, Bennett was repeatedly distracted by tics—a compulsive touching of the glass lampshade above his head. He had to tap the glass gently with the nails of both forefingers, to produce a sharp, half-musical click or, on occasion, a short salvo of clicks. A third of his time was taken up with this ticcing and clicking, which he seemed unable to stop. Did he have to do it? Did he have to sit there?

"If it were out of reach, would you still have to click it?" I asked.

"No," he said. "It depends entirely on how I'm situated. It's all a question of space. Where I am now, for example, I have no impulse to reach over to that brick wall, but if I were in range I'd have to touch it perhaps a hundred times." I followed his glance to the wall, and saw that it was pockmarked, like the moon, from his touchings and jabbings; and, beyond it, the refrigerator door, dented and battered, as if from the impact of meteorites or projectiles. "Yeah," Bennett said, now following my glance. "I fling things—the iron, the rolling pin, the saucepan, whatever—I fling things at it if I suddenly get enraged." I digested this information in silence. It added a new dimension—a disquieting, violent one—to the picture I was building, and seemed completely at odds with the genial, tranquil man before me.

"If the light so disturbs you, why do you sit near it?" I asked.

"Sure, it's 'disturbance,'" Bennett answered. "But it's also stimulation. I like the feel and the sound of the 'click.' But, yeah, it can be a great distraction. I can't study here, in the dining room—I have to go to my study, out of reach of the lamp."

Another expression of his Tourette's—very different from the sudden impulsive or compulsive touching—is a slow, almost sensuous pressing of the foot to mark out a circle in the ground all around him. "It seems to me almost instinctual," he said when I asked him about it. "Like a dog marking its territory. I feel it in my bones. I think it is something primal, prehuman—maybe something that all of us, without knowing it, have in us. But Tourette's 'releases' these primitive behaviors."

Bennett sometimes calls Tourette's "a disease of disinhibition." He says there are thoughts, not unusual in themselves, which anyone might have in passing but which are normally inhibited. With him, such thoughts perseverate in the back of the mind, obsessively, and burst out suddenly, without his consent or intention. Thus, he says, when the weather is nice he may want to be out in the sun getting a tan. This thought will be in the back of his mind while he is seeing his patients in the hospital, and will emerge in sudden, involuntary utterances. "The nurse may say, 'Mr. Jones has abdominal pain,' and I'm looking out of the window saying, 'Tanning rays, tanning rays.' It might come out five hundred times in a morning. People in the ward must hear it—they can't *not* hear it—but I guess they ignore it, or feel that it doesn't matter."

Sometimes the Tourette's manifests itself in obsessive thoughts and anxieties. "If I'm worried about something," Bennett told me as we sat around the table, "say, I hear a story about a kid being hurt, I have to go up and tap the wall and say, 'I hope it won't happen to mine.'" I witnessed this for myself a couple of days later. There was a news report on TV about a lost child, which distressed and agitated him. He instantly began touching his glasses (top, bottom, left, right, top, bottom, left, right), centering and recentering them in a fury. He made "whoo, whoo" noises, like an owl, and muttered sotto-voce, "David, David—is *he* all right?" Then he dashed from the room to make sure. There was an intense anxiety and overconcern; an immediate alarm at the mention of any lost or hurt child; an immediate identification with himself, with his own children; an immediate, superstitious need to check up.

AFTER tea, Bennett and I went out for a walk, past a little orchard heavy with apples, and on up the hill overlooking the town, the friendly malamutes gambolling around us. As we walked, he told me something of his life. He did not know whether anyone in his family had Tourette's—he was an adopted child. His own Tourette's had started when he was seven. "As a kid, growing up in Toronto, I wore glasses, I had bands on my teeth, *and* I twitched," he said. "That was the coup de grâce. I kept my distance. I was a loner; I'd go for long hikes by myself. I never had friends phoning all the time, like Mark—the contrast is very great." But being a loner and taking long hikes by himself toughened him as well, made him resourceful, gave him a sense of independence and self-sufficiency. He was always good with his hands, and loved the structure of natural things—the way rocks formed, the way plants grew, the way animals moved, the way muscles balanced and pulled against each other, the way the body was put together. He decided very early that he wanted to be a surgeon.

Anatomy came "naturally" to him, he said, but he found medical school extremely difficult, not merely because of his tics and touchings, which became more elaborate with the years, but because of strange difficulties and obsessions which obstructed the act of reading. "I'd have to read each line many times," he said. "I'd have to line up each paragraph to get all four corners symmetrically in my visual field." Besides this lining up of each paragraph, and sometimes of each line, he was beset by the need to "balance" syllables and words, by the need to "symmetrize" the punctuation in his mind, by the need to check the frequency of a given letter, and by the

"As many bands as you hear, that's how many bands you heard playing right."

–*Louis Armstrong*

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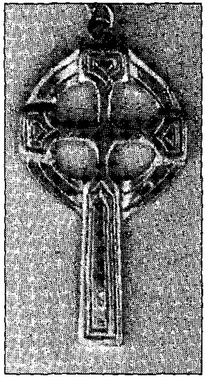

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need to repeat words or phrases or lines to himself. All this made it impossible to read easily and fluently. Those problems are still with him, and make it difficult for him to skim quickly, to get the gist, or to enjoy fine writing or narrative or poetry. But they did force him to read painstakingly, and to learn his medical texts very nearly by heart.

When he got out of medical school, he indulged his interest in faraway places, particularly the North: he worked as a general practitioner in the Northwest Territories and the Yukon, and worked on icebreakers circling the Arctic. He had a gift for intimacy, and grew close to the Eskimos he worked with; and he became something of an expert in polar medicine. And when he married, in 1968—he was twenty-eight—he went with his bride around the world, and gratified a boyhood wish to climb Kilimanjaro.

For the past seventeen years, he has practiced in small, isolated communities in western Canada—first, for twelve years, as a general practitioner in a small city. Then, five years ago, when the need to have mountains, wild country, and lakes on his doorstep grew stronger, he moved to Branford. ("And here I will stay. I never want to leave it.") Branford, he told me, has the right "feel." The people are warm but not chummy; they keep a certain distance. There is a natural well-bredness and civility. The schools are of high quality, there is a community college, there are theatres, and bookstores—Helen runs one of them—but there is also a strong feeling for the outdoors, for the wilds. There is much hunting and fishing, but Bennett prefers backpacking and climbing and cross-country skiing.

When Bennett first came to Branford, he was regarded, he thought, with a certain suspicion. "A surgeon who twitches! Who needs him? What next?" There were no patients at first, and he did not know if he could make it there, but gradually he won the town's affection and respect. His practice began to expand, and his colleagues, who had at first been startled and incredulous, soon came to trust and accept him, too, and to bring him fully into the medical community. "But enough said," he concluded as we returned to the house. It was almost dark now, and the lights of Branford were twinkling. "Come to the hospital tomorrow—we have a conference at seven-thirty. Then I'll do outpatients, and rounds on my patients. And Friday I operate—you can scrub with me."

I slept soundly in the Bennetts' basement room that night, but in the morning I woke early, roused by a strange whirring noise in the room next to mine—the playroom. The playroom door had translucent glass panels. As I peered through them, still half-asleep, I saw what appeared to be a locomotive in motion—a large, whirring wheel going round and round, and giving off puffs of smoke and occasional hoots. Bewildered, I opened the door and peeked in. Bennett, stripped to the waist, was pedalling furiously on an exercise bike while calmly smoking a large pipe. A pathology book was open before him—turned, I observed, to the chapter on neurofibromatosis. This is how he invariably begins each morning—a half hour on his bike, puffing his favorite pipe, with a pathology or surgery book open to the day's work before him. The pipe, the rhythmic exercise calm him. There are no tics, no compulsions—at most, a little hooting. (He seems to imagine at such times that he is a prairie train.) He can read without his usual obsessions and distractions.

But as soon as the rhythmic cycling stopped, a flurry of tics and compulsions took over; he kept digging at his belly, which was trim, and muttering, "Fat, fat, fat . . . fat, fat, fat . . . fat, fat, fat," and then, puzzlingly, "Fat and a quarter tit." (Sometimes the "tit" was left out.)

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"I have no idea. Nor do I know where 'Hideous' comes from—it suddenly appeared one day two years ago. It'll disappear one day, and there will be another word instead. When I'm tired, it turns into 'Gideous.' One cannot always find sense in these words; often it is just the sound that attracts me. Any odd sound, any odd name, may start repeating itself, get me going. I get hung up with a word for two or three months. Then, one morning, it's gone, and there's another one in its place." Knowing his appetite for strange words and sounds, Bennett's sons are constantly on the lookout for "odd" names—

names that sound odd to an English-speaking ear, many of them foreign. They scan the papers and their books for such words, they listen to the radio and TV, and when they find a "juicy" name they add it to a list they keep. Bennett says of this list, "It's about the most valuable thing in the house." He calls its words "candy for the mind."

This list was started six years ago, after the name Oginga Odinga, with its alliterations, got Bennett going—and now it contains over two hundred names. Of these, twenty-two are "current" at the present time—apt to be regurgitated at any moment, and chewed over, repeated, and savored internally. Of the twenty-two, the name of Slavek J. Hurka—an industrial-relations professor at the University of Saskatchewan, where Helen studied—goes the furthest back; it started to echolale itself in 1974, and has been doing so, without significant breaks, for the last seventeen years. Most words last only a few months. Some of the names (Boris Blank, Floyd Flake, Morris Gook, Lubor J. Zink) have a short, percussive quality. Others (Yelberton A. Tittle, Babaloo Mandel) are marked by euphonious polysyllabic alliterations. It is only the sound of the words, their "melody," as Bennett says, which implants them in his mind; their origins and meanings and associations are irrelevant.

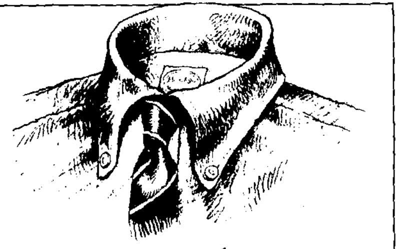
"It is similar with the number compulsions," he said. "Now I have to do everything by threes or fives, but until a few months ago it was fours and sevens. Then one morning I woke up—*four* and *seven* had gone, but *three* and *five* had appeared instead. It's as if one circuit were turned on upstairs, and another turned off. It doesn't seem to have anything to do with *me*."

AT seven-twenty-five, we drove into town. It took barely five minutes to get to the hospital, but our arrival there was more complicated than usual, because Bennett had unwittingly become notorious. He had been interviewed by a magazine a few weeks earlier, and the article had just come out. Everyone was smiling, and ribbing him about it. A little embarrassed, but also enjoying it, Bennett took the joking in good part. ("I'll never live it down—I'll be a marked man now.") In the doctors' common room, Bennett was clearly very much at ease with his colleagues, and they with him. One sign of this ease, paradoxically, was that he felt free to Tourette with them—to touch or tap them gently with his fingertips, or, on two occasions when he was sharing a sofa, to suddenly twist on his side and tap his colleague's shoulder with his toes—a practice I had observed in other Touretters. Bennett is somewhat cautious with his Tourettisms on first acquaintance, and conceals or downplays them until he gets to know people. When he first started working at the hospital, he told me, he would skip in the corridors only after checking to be sure that no one was looking; now when he skips or hops no one gives it a second glance.

The conversations in the common room were like those in any hospital—doctors talking among themselves about unusual cases. Bennett himself, lying half-curled on the floor, kicking and thrusting one foot in the air, described an unusual case of neurofibromatosis—a young man whom he had recently operated on. His colleagues listened attentively. The abnormality of the behavior and the complete normality of the discourse formed an extraordinary contrast. There was something bizarre about the whole scene; but it was evidently so common as to be unremarkable, and no longer attracted the slightest notice. But an outsider seeing it would have been stunned.

After coffee and muffins, we repaired to the surgical-outpatients department, where half a dozen patients awaited Bennett. The first was a trail guide from Banff, very Western in plaid shirt, tight jeans, and cowboy hat. His horse had fallen and rolled on top of him, and he had developed an immense pseudocyst of the pancreas. Bennett spoke with the man—who said the swelling was diminishing—and gently, smoothly palpated the fluctuant mass in his abdomen. He checked the sonograms with the radiologist—they confirmed the cyst's recession—and then came back and reassured the patient. "It's going down by itself. It's shrinking nicely—you won't be needing surgery after all. You can get back to riding. I'll see you in a month." And the trail guide, delighted, walked off with a jaunty step. Later, I had a word with the radiologist. "Bennett's not only a whiz at diagnosis," he said. "He's the most compassionate surgeon I know."

The next patient was a heavy woman with a melanoma on her buttock which



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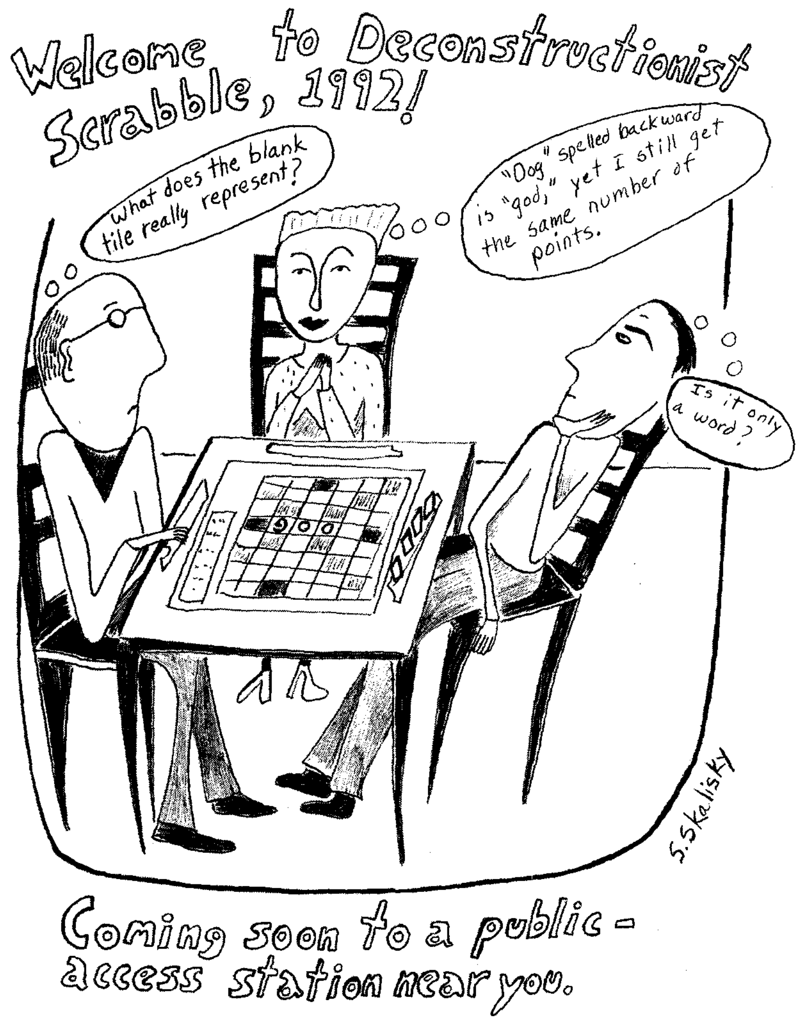
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needed to be excised at some depth. Bennett scrubbed up, donned sterile gloves. Something about the sterile field, the prohibition, seemed to stir his Tourette's; he made sudden darting motions, or incipient motions, of his sterile, gloved right hand toward the ungloved, unwashed, "dirty" part of his left arm. The patient eyed this without expression. What did she think, I wondered, of this odd darting motion, and the sudden convulsive shakings he also made with his hand? She could not have been entirely surprised, for her G.P. must have prepared her to some extent, must have said, "You need a small operation. I recommend Dr. Bennett—he's a wonderful surgeon. I have to tell you that he sometimes makes strange movements and sounds—he has a thing called Tourette's syndrome—but don't worry, it doesn't matter. It never affects his surgery."

Now, the preliminaries over, Bennett got down to the serious work, swabbing the buttock with an iodine antiseptic and then injecting local anesthetic, with an absolutely steady hand. But as soon as the rhythm of action was broken for a moment—he needed more local, and the nurse held out the vial for him to refill his syringe—there was once again the darting and near-touching. The nurse did not bat an eyelid; she had seen it before, and knew he wouldn't contaminate his gloves. Now, with a firm hand, Bennett made an oval incision an inch to either side of the melanoma, and in forty seconds he had removed it, along with a Brazil-nut-shaped wodge of fat and skin. "It's out!" he said. Then, very rapidly, with great dexterity, he sewed the margins of the wound together, putting five neat knots on each nylon stitch. The patient, twisting her head, watched him as he sewed, and joshed him: "Do you do all the sewing at home?"

He laughed. "Yes. All except the socks. But no one darns socks these days."

She looked again. "You're making quite a quilt."

The whole operation completed in less than three minutes, Bennett cried, "Done! Here's what we took." He held the lump of flesh before her.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed, with a shudder. "Don't show me. But thanks anyway."

All this looked highly professional from beginning to end, and, apart from the dartings and near-touchings, non-Tourettic. But I couldn't decide about Bennett's showing the excised lump to the patient. ("Here!") One may show a gallstone to a patient, but does *one* show a bleeding, misshapen piece of fat and flesh? Clearly, she didn't want to see it, but Bennett wanted to show it, and I wondered if this urge was part of his Tourettic scrupulosity and exactitude, his need to have everything *looked at and understood.* I had the same thought later in the morning, when he was seeing an old lady in whose bile duct he had inserted a T-tube. He went to great lengths to draw the tube, to explain all the anatomy, and the old lady said, "I don't want to know it. Just do it!"

Was this Bennett the Touretter being obsessive or Professor Bennett the lecturer on anatomy? (He gives weekly anatomy lectures in Calgary.) Was it simply an expression of his meticulousness and concern? An imagining, perhaps, that all patients shared his curiosity and love of detail? Some patients doubtless did, but obviously not these.

So it went on through a lengthy outpatient list. Bennett is evidently a very popular surgeon, and he saw or operated on each patient swiftly and dexterously, with an absolute and single-minded concentration, so that when they saw him they knew they had his whole attention. They forgot that they had waited, or that there were others still waiting, and felt that for him they were the only people in the world.

Very pleasant, very real, the surgeon's life, I kept thinking—direct, friendly relationships, especially clear with outpatients like this. An immediacy of relation, of work, of results, of gratification—much greater than with a physician, especially a neurologist (like me). I thought of my mother, how much she enjoyed the surgeon's life, and how I always loved sitting in at her surgical-outpatient rounds. I could not become a surgeon myself, because of an incorrigible clumsiness, but even as a child I had loved the surgeon's life, and watching surgeons at work. This love, this pleasure, half-forgotten, came back to me with great force as I observed Bennett with his patients; made me want to be more than a spectator; made me want to do something, to hold a retractor, to join in somehow in the surgery.

Bennett's last patient was a young mechanic with extensive neurofibromatosis, a bizarre and sometimes cancerous disease that can produce huge brownish swellings and protruding sheets of skin, disfiguring the whole body. This young man had had a huge apron of tissue hanging down from his chest, so large that he could lift it up and cover his head, and so heavy that it bowed him forward with its weight. Bennett had removed this a couple of weeks earlier—a massive procedure—with great expertise, and was now examining another huge apron descending from the shoulders, and great flaps of brownish flesh in the groins and armpits. I was relieved that he did not tic "Hideous!" as he removed the stitches from the surgery, for I feared the impact of such a word being uttered aloud, even if it was nothing but a long-standing verbal tic. But, mercifully, there was no "Hideous," there were no verbal tics at all, until Bennett was examining the dorsal skin flap, and let fly a brief "Hid—," the end of the word omitted by a tactful apocope. This, I learned later, was not a conscious suppression—Bennett had no memory of the tic—and yet it seemed to me there must have been, if not a conscious, then a subconscious solicitude and tact at work. "Fine young man," Bennett said, as we went outside. "Not self-conscious. Nice personality, outgoing. Most people with this would lock themselves in a closet." I could not help feeling that his words could also be applied to himself. There are many people with Tourette's who become agonized and self-conscious, withdraw from the world, and lock themselves in a closet. Not so Bennett: he had struggled against this; he had come through and braved life, braved people, braved the most improbable of professions. All his patients, I think, perceived this, and it was one of the reasons they trusted him so.

THE man with the skin flap was the last of the outpatients, but for Bennett, immensely busy, there was only a brief break before an equally long afternoon with his inpatients on the ward. I excused myself from this to take an afternoon off and walk around the town. I wandered through Branford with the oddest sense of déjà vu and jamais vu mixed; I kept feeling that I had seen the town before, but then again that it was new to me. And then, suddenly, I had it—yes, I had seen it, I had been here before, for a night in August, 1960, when it had a population of only a few thousand and consisted of little more than a few dusty streets, motels, bars—a crossroads, little more than a truck stop in the long trek across the West. Now its population was twenty thousand, Main Street a gleaming boulevard filled with shops and cars; there was a town hall, a police station, a regional hospital, several schools—it was this which surrounded me, the overwhelming present, yet through it I saw the dusty crossroads and the bars, the Branford of thirty years before, still strangely vivid, because never updated, in my mind.

FRIDAY is operating day for Bennett, and he was scheduled to do a mastectomy. I was eager to join him, to see him in action. Outpatients are one thing—one can always concentrate for a few minutes—but how would he conduct himself in a lengthy and difficult procedure demanding intense, unremitting concentration, not for seconds or minutes but for hours?

Bennett preparing for the operating room was a startling sight. "You should scrub next to him," his young assistant said. "It's quite an experience." It was indeed, for what I saw in the outpatient clinic was magnified here: constant sudden dartings and reachings with the hands, almost but never quite touching his unscrubbed, unsterile shoulder, his assistant, the mirror; sudden lungings, and touchings of his colleagues with his feet; and a barrage of vocalizations—"Hooty-hooo! Hooty-hooo!"—suggestive of a huge owl.

The scrubbing over, Bennett and his assistant were gloved and gowned, and they moved to the patient, already anesthetized, on the table. They looked briefly at a mammogram on the X-ray box. Then Bennett took the knife, made a bold, clear incision—there was no hint of any ticcing or distraction—and moved straightaway into the rhythm of the operation. Twenty minutes passed, fifty, seventy, a hundred. The operation was often complex—vessels to be tied, nerves to be found—but the action was confident, smooth, moving

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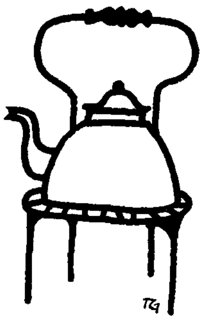
forward at its own pace, with never the slightest hint of Tourette's. Finally, after two and a half hours of the most complex, taxing surgery, Bennett closed up, thanked everybody, yawned, and stretched. Here, then, was an entire operation without a trace of Tourette's. Not because it had been suppressed, or held in—there was never any sign of control or constraint—but because, simply, there was never any impulse to tic. "Most of the time when I'm operating, it never even crosses my mind that I have Tourette's," Bennett says. His whole identity at such times is that of a surgeon at work, and his entire psychic and neural organization becomes aligned with this, becomes active, focussed, at ease, un-Tourettic. It is only if the operation is broken for a few minutes—to review a special X-ray taken during the surgery, for example—that Bennett, waiting, unoccupied, remembers that he *is* Tourettic, and in that instant he becomes so. As soon as the flow of the operation resumes, the Tourette's, the Tourettic identity, vanishes once again. Bennett's assistants, though they have known him and worked with him for years, are still astounded whenever they see this. "It's like a miracle," one of them says. "The way the Tourette's disappears." And Bennett himself is astonished, too, and quizzes me, as he peels off his gloves, on the neurophysiology of it all.



Things were not always so easy, Bennett told me later. Occasionally, if he was bombarded by outside demands during surgery—"You have three patients waiting in the E.R.," "Mrs. X wants to know if she can come in on the tenth," "Your wife wants you to pick up three bags of dog food"—these pressures, these distractions, would break his concentration, break the smooth and rhythmic flow. A couple of years ago, he made it a rule that he must never be disturbed while operating, and must be allowed to concentrate totally on the surgery, and the O.R. has been tic-free ever since.

FRIDAY afternoon is open. Bennett often likes to go for long hikes on Fridays, or cycle rides, or drives, with a sense of the trail, the open road, before him. There is a favorite ranch he loves to go to, with a beautiful lake and an airstrip, accessible only via a rugged dirt road. It is a wonderfully situated ranch, a narrow fertile strip perfectly placed between the lake and mountains, and we walked for miles, talking of this and that, with Bennett botanizing or geologizing as we went. Then, briefly, we went to the lake, where I took a swim; when I came out of the water I found that Bennett, rather suddenly, had curled up for a nap. He looked peaceful, tension-free, as he slept; and the suddenness and depth of his sleep made me wonder how much difficulty he encountered in the daytime, how much he concealed beneath his genial surface—how much, inwardly, he had to control and deal with.

Later, as we continued our ramble about the ranch, he remarked that I had seen only some of the outward expressions of his Tourette's, and these, bizarre as they occasionally seemed, were by no means the worst problems it caused him. The real problems, the inner problems, were panic and rage—feelings so violent that they threatened to overwhelm him, and so sudden that he had virtually no warning of their onset. He had only to get a parking ticket or see a police car, sometimes, for scenarios of violence to flash through his mind: mad chases, shoot-outs, flaming destructions, hideous mutilation and death—scenarios that would become immensely elaborated in seconds, and rush through his mind with manic-Tourettic speed. One part of him, uninvolved, could watch these scenes with detachment, but another part of him was taken over, and felt impelled to action. He could prevent himself from giving way to outbursts in public, but the strain of controlling himself was severe and exhausting. At home, in private, he could let himself go—not at others but at inanimate objects around him. There was the wall I had seen, which he had often struck in his rage, and the refrigerator, at which he had flung virtually everything in the kitchen. In his office, he had kicked a hole in the wall, and had had to put a plant in front to cover it; and in his study at home the cedar walls were covered with knife marks. "It's not gentle," he said to me. "You can see it as whimsical, funny—be tempted to romanticize it—but Tourette's comes from deep down in the nervous system and the unconscious. It taps into the oldest, strongest feelings we have. Tourette's is like an epilepsy in the subcortex; when it takes over, there's just a thin line of control, a thin line of cortex, between you and it, between you and that raging storm, the blind force of the subcortex. One can see the charming things, the funny things, the creative side of Tourette's, but there's also that dark side. You have to fight it all your life."

DRIVING back from the ranch was a stimulating, at times terrifying, experience. Now that Bennett was getting to know me, he felt at liberty to let himself and his Tourette's go. The steering wheel was abandoned for seconds at a time—or so it seemed to me, in my alarm—while he tapped on the windshield (to a litany of "Hooty-hoo!" and "Hi, there!" and "Hideous!"), rearranged his glasses, "centered" them in a hundred different ways, and, with bent forefingers, continually smoothed and evened his mustache while gazing in the rearview mirror rather than at the road. His need to center the steering wheel in relation to his knees also grew almost frenetic at this time: he had constantly to "balance" it, to jerk it to and fro, causing the car to zigzag erratically down the road. "Don't worry," he said when he saw my anxiety. "I know this road. I could see from way back that nothing was coming. I've never had an accident driving."

The impulse to look, and to be looked at, is very striking with Bennett, and, indeed, as soon as we got back to the house he seized Mark and planted himself in front of him, smoothing his mustache furiously and saying, "Look at me! Look at me!" Mark, arrested, stayed where he was, but his eyes wandered to and fro. Now Bennett seized Mark's head, held it rigidly toward him, hissing, "Look, look at me!" And Mark became totally still, transfixed, as if hypnotized.

I found this scene disquieting. Other scenes with the family I had found rather moving: Bennett dabbing at Helen's hair, symmetrically, with outstretched fingers, going "whoo, whoo" softly. She was placid, accepting; it was a touching scene, both tender and absurd. "I love him as he is," Helen said. "I wouldn't want him any other way." Bennett feels the same way: "Funny disease—I don't think of it as a disease but as just me. I say the word 'disease,' but it doesn't seem to be the appropriate word."

Though Bennett is quite prepared, even eager, to think of Tourette's in neurochemical or neurophysiological terms—he thinks in terms of chemical abnormalities, of "circuits turning on and off," and of "primitive, normally inhibited behaviors being released"—he also feels it as something that has come to be part of himself. For this reason (among others), he has found that he cannot tolerate haloperidol and similar drugs—they reduce his Tourette's, assuredly, but they reduce *him* as well, so that he no longer feels fully himself. "The side effects of haloperidol were dreadful," he said. "I was intensely restless, I couldn't stand still, my body twisted, I shuffled like a Parkinsonian. It was a huge relief to get off it. On the other hand, Prozac has been a godsend for the obsessions, the rages, though it doesn't touch the tics." Prozac has indeed been a godsend for many Touretters, though some have found it to have no effect, and a few have had paradoxical effects—an intensification of their agitations, obsessions, and rages.

Though Bennett has had tics since the age of seven or so, he did not identify what he had as Tourette's syndrome until he was thirty-seven. "When we were first married, he just called it a 'nervous habit,' " Helen told me. "We used to joke about it. I'd say, 'I'll quit smoking, and you quit twitching.' We thought of it as something he *could* quit if he wanted. You'd ask him, 'Why do you do it?' He'd say, 'I don't know why.' He didn't seem to be self-conscious about it. Then, in 1977, when Mark was a baby, Carl heard this program, 'Quirks and Quarks,' on the radio. He got all excited and hollered, 'Helen, come listen! This guy's talking about what I do!' He was excited to hear that other people had it. And it was a relief to me, because I had always sensed that there was something wrong. It was good to put a label on it. He never made a thing of it, he wouldn't raise the subject, but, once we knew, we'd tell people if they asked. It's only in the last few years that he's met other people with it, or gone to meetings of the Tourette Syndrome Association." (Tourette's syndrome, until very recently, was remarkably underdiagnosed and unknown, even to the medical profession, and most people diagnosed themselves, or were diagnosed by friends and family, after seeing or reading something about it in the media. Indeed, I know of another doctor, a surgeon in Louisiana, who was diagnosed by one of his own patients who had seen a Touretter on "Donahue." Much of this media emphasis has been due to the efforts of the T.S.A., which had only thirty members in the early seventies but now has more than twenty thousand.)

SATURDAY morning, and I have to return to New York. "I'll fly you to Calgary if the weather's fine," Bennett said suddenly last night. "Ever flown with a Touretter before?"

I had canoed with one, I said, and driven across country with another, but flying with one . . .

"You'll enjoy it," Bennett said. "It'll be a novel experience. I am the world's only flying Touretter-surgeon."

When I awake, at dawn, I perceive, with mixed feelings, that the weather, though very cold, is perfect. We drive to the little airport in Branford, a veering, twitching journey that makes me nervous about the flight. "It's much easier in the air, where there's no road to keep to, and you don't have to keep your hands on the controls all the time," Bennett says. At the airport, he parks, opens a hangar, and proudly points out his airplane—a tiny red-and-white single-engine Cessna Cardinal. He pulls it out onto the tarmac and then checks it, rechecks it, and re-rechecks it before warming up the engine. It is near-freezing on the airfield, and a north wind is blowing. I watch all the checks and rechecks with impatience but also with a sense of reassurance. If his Tourette's makes him check everything three or five times, so much the safer. I had a similar feeling of reassurance about his surgery—that his Tourette's, if anything, made him more meticulous, more exact, without in the least damping down his intuitiveness, his freedom.

His checking done, Bennett leaps like a trapeze artist into the plane, revs the engine while I climb in, and takes off. As we climb, the sun is rising over the Rockies to the east, and floods the little cabin with a pale, golden light. We head toward nine-thousand-foot crests, and Bennett tics, flutters, reaches, taps, touches his glasses, his mustache, the top of the cockpit. Minor tics, Little League, I think, but what if he has big

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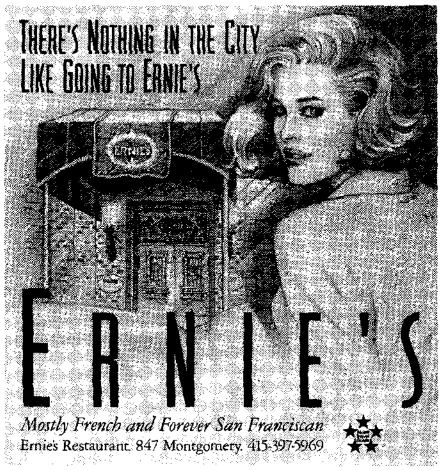
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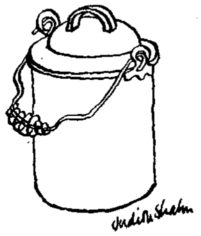
tics? What if he wants to twirl the plane in midair, to hop and skip with it, to do somersaults, to loop the loop? What if he has an impulse to leap out and touch the propeller? Touretters tend to be fascinated by spinning objects; I have a vision of him lunging forward, half out the window, compulsively lunging at the propeller before us. But his tics and compulsions remain very minor, and when he takes his hands off the controls the plane continues quietly. Mercifully, there is no road to keep to. If we rise or fall or veer fifty feet, what does it matter? We have the whole sky to play with.

And Bennett, though superbly skilled, a natural aviator, *is* like a child at play. Part of Tourette's, at least, is no more than this—the release of a playful impulse normally inhibited or lost in the rest of us. The freedom, the spaciousness obviously delight Bennett; he has a carefree, boyish look I rarely saw on the ground. Now, rising, we fly over the first peaks, the advance guard of the Rockies; yellowing larches stream beneath us. We clear the slopes by a thousand feet or more. I wonder whether Bennett, if he were by himself, might want to clear the peaks by ten feet, by inches—Touretters are sometimes addicted to close shaves. At ten thousand feet, we move in a corridor between peaks, mountains shining in the morning sun to our left, mountains silhouetted against it to our right. At eleven thousand feet, we can see the whole width of the Rockies—they are only fifty-five miles across here—and the vast golden Alberta prairie starting to the east. Every so often, Bennett's right hand flutters in front of me, or his hand taps lightly on the windshield. "Sedimentary rocks, look!" He gestures through the window. "Lifted up from the sea bottom at seventy to eighty degrees." He gazes at the steeply sloping rocks as at a friend; he is intensely at home with these mountains, this land. Snow lies on the sunless slopes of the mountains, none yet on their sunlit faces; and over to the northwest, toward Banff, we can see glaciers on the mountains. Bennett shifts, and shifts, and shifts again, trying to get his knees exactly symmetrical beneath the controls of the plane.



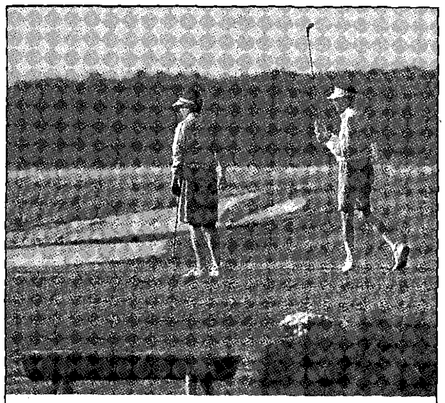
In Alberta now—we have been flying for forty minutes—the Highwood River winds beneath us. Flying due north, we start a gentle descent toward Calgary, the last, declining slopes of the Rockies all shimmering with aspen. Now, lower, to vast fields of wheat and alfalfa—farms, ranches, fertile prairie—but still, everywhere, stands of golden aspen. Beyond the checkerboard of fields, the towers of Calgary rise abruptly from the flat plain.

Suddenly, the radio crackles alive—a giant Russian air transport is coming in; the main runway, closed for maintenance, must quickly be opened up. And another massive plane, from the Zambian Air Force. The world's planes come to Calgary for special work and maintenance; its facilities, Bennett tells me, are some of the best in North America. *In the middle of this important flurry, Bennett radios in our position* and statistics (fifteen-foot-long Cardinal, with a Touretter and his *neurologist), and is immediately answered*, as fully and helpfully as if he were a 747. All planes, all pilots are equal in this world. And it is a world apart, with a freemasonry of its own, its own language, codes, myths, and manners. Bennett, clearly, is part of this world, and is recognized by the traffic controller and greeted cheerfully as he taxis in.

He leaps out with a startling, tic-like suddenness and celerity—I follow at a slower, "normal" pace—and starts talking with two giant young men on the tarmac, Kevin and Chuck, brothers, both fourth-generation pilots in the Rockies. They know him well. "He's just one of us," Chuck says to me. "A regular guy. Tourette's—what the hell? He's a good human being. A damn good pilot, too."

Bennett yarns with his fellow-pilots, and files his flight plan for the return trip to Branford. He has to return straightaway; he is due to speak at eleven to a group of nurses, and his subject, for once, is not surgery but Tourette's. His little plane is refuelled, and readied for the return flight. We hug, and say goodbye, and as I head for my flight to New York I turn to watch him go. Bennett walks to his plane, taxis onto the main runway, and takes off, fast, with a tail wind following. I watch him for a while, and then he is gone.

—OLIVER SACKS



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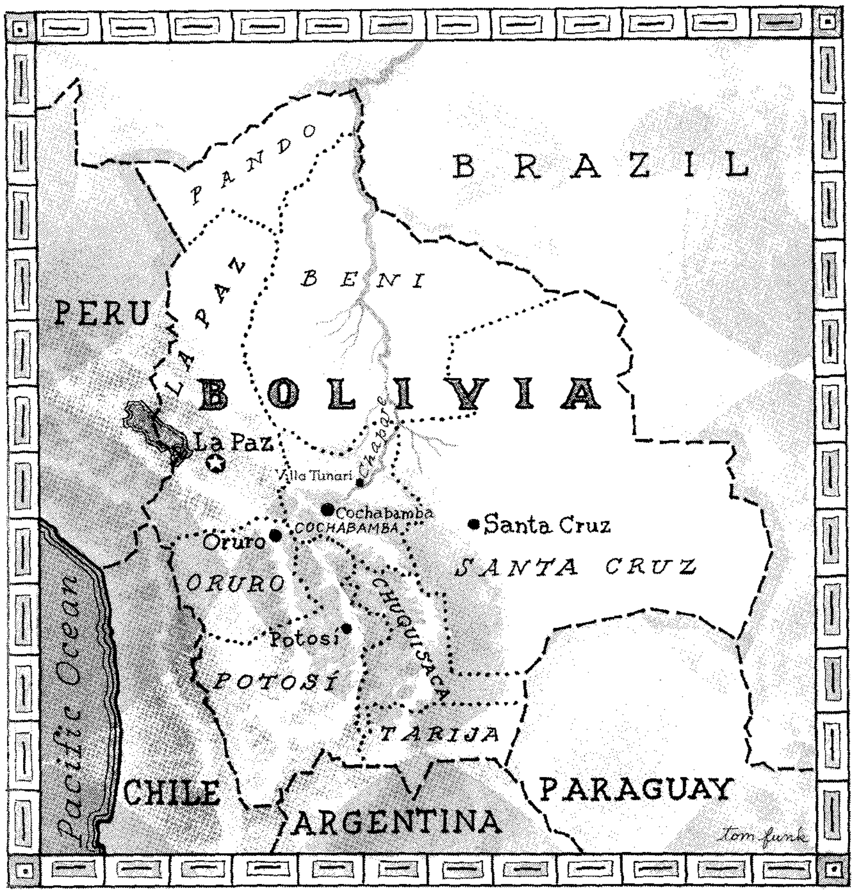
LETTER FROM BOLIVIA



ALMOST every event worth noting in La Paz seems to take place along the Prado, a pleasant ten-block stretch of boulevard that cuts straight through the heart of the city. The Prado is a favorite strolling destination, and it is also frequently used for demonstrations. During one of the more violent of several coups that took place in the nineteen-seventies, for example, an armored helicopter swooped down at the northern end of the boulevard and opened fire on thousands of protesters who had gathered at Plaza San Francisco; dozens were killed, to signify that resistance was useless. In July of 1980, paramilitary squads under the direction of General Luis García Meza started a coup by assassinating three leftist labor and political leaders hiding inside the headquarters of the Bolivian Workers Confederation, a graceful old house on the Prado. The squads then blew up the building. The house has been replaced by a parking lot, and modern office buildings and hotels now outnumber the few surviving ornate mansions, but the Prado's daily rituals and rhythms can deceive one into thinking that it has stayed unchanged since it was dedicated, in 1925. The clipped shrubbery and modest statues of Columbus, Bolívar, and Athena remain. Criollo women out for an afternoon of shopping still favor pearls and careful hairdos, and middle-aged criollo men do their strolling dressed in stolid brown double-breasted suits. Indian women still offer goods for sale on the sidewalk, babies slung in hand-loomed *aguayos* on their backs. Tenants don't change much, and old customs linger. The Bolivian Mineworkers Federation, the now ravaged heart of what used to be the powerful Bolivian Workers Confederation, has managed to hang on to a tiny warren of offices at the rear of the parking lot where the confederation headquarters once stood. And every now and then out-of-work miners still march up the Prado toward the seat of government, the Palacio Quemado, or Burned Palace, shouting that they want their back wages, and revolution.

The Indian women are selling L'eggs pantyhose and electronic goods these days—evidence that a revolution is in fact already taking place, though hardly the socialist one that the miners did their best to bring about. Instead, Bolivia is the site of a six-year-old experiment in neoliberal upheaval, and I arrived in La Paz last November in time to witness one more episode in the continuing test—what at first appeared to be a routine municipal-election campaign. Elections here are hardly a routine event: the first free Presidential election in more than twenty years was held in 1985. But, because so many of the actors on the current political scene have been around far longer than anyone cares to remember, the electoral process already has something of a used, worn feeling to it. Víctor Paz Estenssoro, who became President in 1985, had already been President in 1952 and again in 1960. In 1964, he was overthrown by a coup, which inaugurated a long sequence of military regimes. The leading contender in the 1985 elections was General Hugo Bánzer, one of the more successful of the military dictators.

The Bolivian constitution requires that, to be elected, a candidate have an absolute majority, which none of the excessively well-known array of politicians ever gets; as a result, the outcome of most recent elections—whether municipal or Presidential—has been decided through back-channel negotiations in Congress. Thus, although General Bánzer actually won the Presidential election in 1985 with a plurality of a few thousand votes, the subsequent dealmaking handed power to Paz Estenssoro. Paz Estenssoro's political successor won the 1989 election with a similarly slim majority, but the right-wing Bánzer prevented him from becoming President by forming an alliance with the third-place runner-up, his own former archenemy Jaime Paz Zamora, a leftist, who is in power today. (Paz Zamora is a political opponent of Paz Estenssoro, his uncle.) The expectation before the nationwide municipal elections that took place last December was that abstention rates would be high, and that the traditional parties' candidates would square off briefly before settling down to a session of horse-trading.

Nevertheless, the mayoral campaigns in La Paz were colorful and a little desperate. The ruling coalition's candidate, a man with the unlikely name of Ronald MacLean, urgently wanted to win a third two-year term as mayor, to finish up the administrative reform he had been carrying out. (Typically, the only time MacLean attained a plurality, he didn't get to rule, and his subsequent administrations were the result of deals.) His slogan was "All Colors for MacLean," which was a brave attempt to bridge the chasm separating him—he is upper class, conservative, blond, and white-skinned—from the country's Indian majority. Paz Estenssoro's party, the Movimiento Nacional Revolucionario, or M.N.R., just as urgently needed to win in order to regain its slipping hold on national politics. Its candidate, Guido Capra, it was claimed, "Listens and Knows," and because he is a confident, personable civil engineer with an easy style the slogan seemed credible.

Background noise from some lesser political aspirants—leftists, loony arrivistes, a talk-show host—occasionally distracted the attention of the media and the pollsters from the main campaigns, but no one really focussed on the outsiders until the upstart multimillionaire brewer and aspiring Presidential candidate Max Fernández, of the Unión Cívica Solidaridad, or U.C.S., decided to show the élite of La Paz just how large his political following is. On the Sunday I arrived, he and Juan Ayoroa, his designated mayoral candidate for La Paz, who is a retired general with virtually no political experience, led a caravan of trucks and station wagons stuffed with their supporters up and down the Prado, at a time when the avenue is closed to traffic and filled with strolling families.

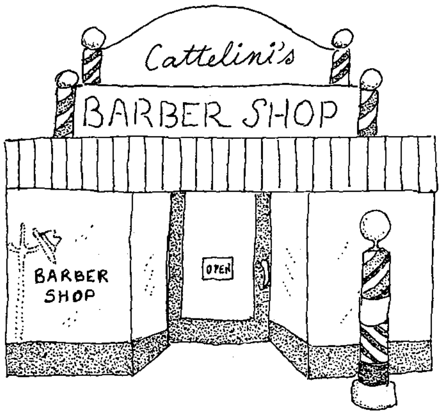
The display struck many people I talked to in the establishment's campaigns as unseemly, but the truth is that none of their candidates had been able to muster a similar crowd, and so by the eve of the elections the people working with MacLean or with the M.N.R. were ready to acknowledge that Ayoroa was a distant but decidedly plausible threat. So was the candidate for the party founded by the talk-show host, which is called Condepa, for Conciencia de Patria, or Awareness of the Fatherland. No one imagined, though, that Condepa's mayoral candidate, an orthodox leftist who makes much of his Indian origins, was about to win the La Paz mayoralty by a landslide, or that throughout the country Max Fernández' candidates would vacuum up almost twenty-three per cent of the vote, two percentage points behind the M.N.R. and just five points behind the ruling Paz-Bánzer coalition. The effects of the neoliberal revolution that had turned Bolivia's economy upside down were extending into politics, although not quite in the way its leaders had hoped.

I first understood the appeal of the man everyone in Bolivia calls Max one drizzly afternoon before the elections, when he attended a campaign event for his Unión Cívica Solidaridad at the central slaughterhouse in La Paz. It is not a pretty place, especially when it rains; as the head of the La Paz Association of Slaughterers repeatedly informed the crowd over a loudspeaker, neither the muddy, fly-infested grounds nor the machinery had been improved since the place opened, half a century ago. Nevertheless, the site had been decorated for the event with flowers and handwoven Indian banners studded with silver objects and dolls, and the crowd added lustre, too. There were folk dancers in gaudy costumes, a brass band playing mournful Andean songs, and plump Indian market women—*cholas*—dressed in their Sunday best: voluminous satin skirts and alpaca shawls, bowler hats worn tilted at a smart angle, and big gold earrings dangling almost to their shoulders. Max, who is a hulking man with a florid complexion, was up on the speaker's platform, his face almost hidden from view by an enormous flower wreath someone had draped over his neck. The head of the slaughterers' association looked near tears as he called Max "a father, who has shown his commitment to us with works," and whom, he promised, "we will do our best to help get to the top, as he deserves."

Brand-new meat-packing machinery from Brazil, piled up in crates at the entrance to the slaughterhouse, and worth about half a million dollars, was the source of the public gratitude. Contrary to his usual practice, Max was not giving this equipment away but had found affordable financing for the slaughterhouse coöperative. Max, who rose to wealth from humble beginnings, is not a graceful or dramatic orator, but his very awkwardness helps make him a convincing speaker for listeners who are as poor and socially outcast as he once was. "Do you think I'm in the business of selling slaughterhouses?" he asked the crowd when his turn came. "I have my own money and I don't need more, but in the U.C.S. we are good citizens who want to work for the good of all Bolivians. How many mayors have passed through this city without doing a thing? And yet we are standing in what could be one of the great breeding grounds for cholera in the city."

Not every man who has made a vast fortune out of nothing, who lives in a smoked-glass-and-cast-concrete fortress with a dozen anxious assistants permanently at his command, decides that the thing to do in his spare time is to travel the country dispensing largesse and running for President. In the headquarters of the Cervecería Boliviana Nacional, which has a massive crystal chandelier in the new marble lobby, Max told me it was his natural constituency that made him get into politics. At one point in his career, he was the owner of a sizable fleet of trucks, and so he already commanded the loyalty of thousands of drivers. Now, as the owner of the Cervecería Boliviana, he estimates that he is responsible for the well-being of some forty thousand families, counting brewery employees, grain suppliers, distributors, drivers, and carriers. In effect, this makes him the single largest employer in Bolivia outside the government, and it was this community, Max told me, that knew how much he had done for the beer factory and was demanding that he do the same for the country. "I'm not a fanatic for politics," he said. "But my people insisted so much, there was so much pressure from so many sectors, I had to do it."

Max acquired a controlling interes in the brewery in 1986, shortly after Paz Estenssoro came to power and embarked on a revolution that he called the New Economic Policy. The overnight restructuring of the country' jerry-built economy sent most busi



nesses into a tailspin; Max, on the other hand, had enough cash at the ready to snap up the shares of the foundering Cerveceria Boliviana, which were offered to him at cut-rate prices by a desperate board. He told me that he had started out as a messenger boy in his home province, Cochabamba, some thirty years ago, and that his rise was due to his capacity for hard work and his joyous passion for "planning, finances, and marketing."

Max's detractors—who until very recently included the United States Ambassador here—have often speculated that Max actually owes his fortune to the drug trade, which would then be the source of the financing for the electric generators, the sports fields, and the school and market buildings that Max bestows everywhere on his campaign tours. Bolivia's beer king distrusts the press and is uncomfortable with interviews, but there was no bitterness, defensiveness, or gloating in his manner when I brought up the subject. "There was some tension between me and the Embassy," he said. "Finally, I went to the Drug Enforcement Agency people and showed them documents explaining how I had made my fortune. Everything I possess is registered under the name Max Fernández: cars, buildings, a new tin-can-manufacturing plant in Oruro, which cost me eight million dollars. I have nothing to hide. I think they're satisfied now." Embassy officials later confirmed that the tenor of their dealings with Max had "modified considerably" in recent weeks, because, despite former Ambassador Robert Gelbard's well-known suspicions, the D.E.A. had not been able to prove any of the allegations about Max.

What no one questions is that under Max's ownership the Cervecería Boliviana Nacional has flourished. The payroll is up from three thousand to wenty-three thousand. Distribution is up from nine thousand dozen bottles a day to nearly ninety thousand dozen. Max has imported state-of-the-art canning equipment, which will allow the brewery to begin exporting, and he hopes to travel to Russia this year to ee about setting up a brewery there. This, he insisted, was his true passion. Politics was a circumstantial sideline, for which the only guiding ideology s that wherever a citizen needs bread r health we give it to him, without sking for anything in exchange."

But Max sounded a little put out a few days after the elections, when, having spent close to four million dollars in handouts, and having won close to six hundred city-council seats across the country, in addition to a hundred mayoralties, he declared that he had wanted more. "I've made a great many investments at all levels, but some cities have turned their backs on me," he told the press. "I'm hurt that people should be so ungrateful." Hurt, but not enough to consider leaving national politics. In fact, the establishment's continuing post mortems on the elections are made increasingly gloomy by the realization that the man all the candidates will have to beat in 1993—a Presidential-election year—will, in all probability, be Max Fernández.

AMONG the people gathered in the slaughterhouse yard on the day Max Fernández handed over the new equipment, a number of men were unmistakably identifiable as miners by their livid color and gaunt faces. Several of them told me that they were near fifty or older; the very fact that they were still alive made them a statistical exception—life expectancy for Bolivian males is fifty, but miners often die earlier than that, from silicosis, tuberculosis, or alcohol-related diseases. The miners said that they had been laid off in 1985 from the two most famous of all Bolivia's tin mines, Siglo XX and Catavi. These were discovered and mined by the legendary Simón Patiño, who built up one of the world's great fortunes at the beginning of the century, when the demand for canned food sent the price of tin soaring, and who, having made his fortune and run into tax problems with the Bolivian government one too many times, went to live and die abroad in luxury. Siglo XX and Catavi were also the organizing strongholds of the miners' federation: where the movement to nationalize the mines took hold; where miners conspired and campaigned against one military dictatorship after another; and where their wives barred access to the camps with their bodies whenever a dictator sent the troops in with orders to shoot. It has been several decades since the miners had friends in government, and longer still since they could see the world in terms that were not strictly dictated by Trotskyist or orthodox Communist Party ideology, but times change. They told me

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they thought that Max could have their vote if they could make a deal with him. What kind of a deal? "Anything," one of the men replied. "A little work, maybe."

When American Embassy officials or representatives from organizations like the World Bank list the achievements of Victor Paz Estenssoro's fourth term in power, they generally say that he stopped inflation, balanced the budget, and broke the back of the miners' movement. The irony is that it was the miners, more than any other political force, who made Paz Estenssoro the century's most influential politician. In 1952, the M.N.R. rose to power in a widespread popular insurrection, with the Mineworkers Federation at its heart: miners led strikes, plotted, marched on La Paz, built barricades, and cheered their leader, Juan Lechín, who was the only one of the principal revolutionary conspirators to address the crowds during those heady days. Lechín and the miners were able to alter the course of Bolivian history, because they worked in an industry that provided Bolivia's only significant source of foreign income before the advent of the drug trade. They were indispensable. When the insurrection triumphed, Paz Estenssoro carried out a drastic program of nationalization, land confiscation, and ambitious educational and political reforms. When he came to power for the fourth time, in 1985, at the age of seventy-seven, no popular triumph was involved, and he was thus politically answerable to no one, yet his final four years as President were remarkable both for his achievements and for the way he confounded expectations.

Paz Estenssoro, who is said to like order above all things, inherited a country in chaos. The foreign debt was three billion two hundred and seventy million dollars—the size of the gross national product. The annual rate of inflation was twenty-four thousand per cent. The mining industry was collapsing. Two days after Paz took power, he appointed an emergency task force of businessmen, economists, lawyers, and congressmen to draw up an economic-emergency program. According to a participant in the first meeting, Paz began the session by reminding everyone that he could go down in history as the author of the great 1952 reforms: suffrage for women and illiterates, free primary education, nationalized resources, land for the peasantry. What, he wanted to know, would happen if he rested on those laurels and applied inoffensive solutions to the current crisis? The task-force members thought about this and replied that at the rate things were going Paz might soon guarantee himself a place in history as th man who presided over the world's highest-ever rate of inflation—higher even, probably, than that of Germany after the First World War. "In that case, let's get to work," Paz said.

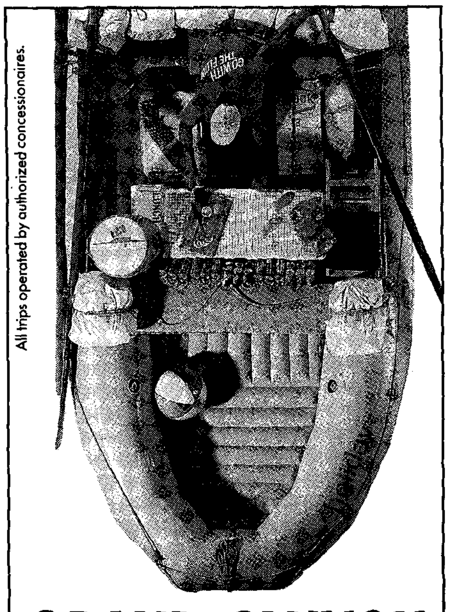
Three weeks later, Bolivia once again embarked on a revolution—this time, the neoliberal economic one, which knocked over everything the M.N.R. was thought to stand for. With the help of the Harvard economist Jeffrey Sachs who has since gone on to advise th governments of Russia and Poland on how to create capitalism, Paz decreed a free-floating currency and open economic borders. Shortly after he took power, world tin prices fell, and h saw to it that the state mining corporation, Comibol, got rid of more than two-thirds of its thirty thousand miners and other employees. Then h promised to reverse the most important symbolic achievement of his firs administration: the state's appropriation of the mining industry, which even in its dilapidated condition remains Bolivia's treasure. The country is still reeling. And the laid-off miners the heroes of their century's revolutionary epic, are stunned, bitter, broke and defeated.

The intended benefits of the strait jacket policies that Paz Estenssor and his advisers applied to the economy are clear: the end of inflation an the consequent possibility of designin an orderly economic policy; a new shrunken role in the economy for th government; the timid beginnings o an efficient and independent busines sector. The social costs of a program so ruthlessly applied are also clea Bolivia now rivals Haiti as the country with the lowest standard of living in the hemisphere: unemployment and underemployment hover at around forty per cent. But, like the initial collapse of the business sector, this devastation was predicted and taken into account by the planners. It's the unwanted side effects that have everyone dumbfounded: the general cynicism about traditional politics; the rise of Max Fernández; and the disreputable ways that people forced into unemployment have found to make ends meet. Some have taken to begging, some to sidewalk peddling. In the first months of the programmed misery, as official unemployment climbed to nearly twenty-five per cent, thousands of desperate people—including, of course, the miners—headed for the tropics and set themselves up as coca farmers. Given that the illegal cocaine trade was slowly destroying the Bolivian social body—and that it remains Bolivia's principal problem vis-à-vis the United States—this may have been the most unwanted side effect of all.

BEYOND the snow-covered volcanoes that guard the dry brown altiplano is a second Bolivia—semitropical, rich in oil and natural-gas deposits, sparsely inhabited, and psychologically very distant from the tradition-bound highlands. It is here, in the prosperous industrial and agricultural province of Santa Cruz—where Max Fernández made his fortune—that the cocaine trade is said to have started, almost two decades ago. The late Bolivian journalist René Bascopé believed that in the mid-nineteen-seventies, when a severe financial crisis hit the wealthy cotton growers of Santa Cruz, many of them turned to the nascent Colombian cocaine trade to offer raw materials. Coca grown in Colombia was not of high quality, and the traffickers there, who were beginning to manufacture cocaine in laboratories, needed Peruvian and Bolivian middlemen who could guarantee a steady supply of coca leaves. This was provided by a trickle of *colonos*, or settlers—both peasants and former miners—who were leaving the desolate altiplano in search of a better life and settling in the province of Cochabamba, next door to Santa Cruz. A lot of these migrants found that the Chapare, an area of river-crossed subtropical flatlands, was a good place to grow coca and that, thanks to the cotton growers, coca was an increasingly profitable way to make a living. When the economic crisis provoked by the New Economic Policy hit, in 1985, large numbers of out-of-work miners—a majority, according to some estimates—joined the *colonos* in the coca fields.

The leaf of the coca bush provides only one of the essential ingredients for the manufacture of cocaine, but this ingredient is the toxin that gives the drug its kick—cocaine alkaloid, which is processed to obtain cocaine hydrochloride, the white powder. For centuries before the laboratory process for precipitating cocaine hydrochloride was developed, coca leaves were used in the Andes for ritual purposes; chewed with small amounts of ash, they act as a sensory suppressant and a euphoriant. After the Conquest, the Spaniards learned to provide coca leaves in large amounts to the enslaved Indians in the mines and on the haciendas; chewing the leaves enabled workers to endure constant hunger, exhaustion, and despair. *Pij'cheo*, the practice of chewing coca, is both legal and customary today among Indians and the very poor—categories that are virtually synonymous. Bolivian miners receive a daily coca ration as part of their salaries. In all the Andean countries, significant amounts of coca are grown legally for domestic consumption, and a small quantity is sold legally to pharmaceutical companies and then to the Coca-Cola Company, which extracts the flavor for its soft drinks. What is *not* legal is buying coca for the purpose of manufacturing cocaine, and it is the nebulous quality of this distinction—and the political and military difficulties of enforcing it—that makes the Chapare the quagmire for drug-interdiction policy that it is today.

The Chapare is where I first had an inkling of the difficulties involved in getting coca farmers to sympathize with the United States' war on drugs. I had spent the day travelling through the region with José Chile, a former miner who is now a coca grower and a leader of a local growers' association. Much of our time was spent tracking down a few sacks of cement that Chile was transporting in stages to his home district, where he hoped to build a rudimentary clinic, in the further hope of persuading the government to send a doctor to staff it. The cement had been a donation from a local government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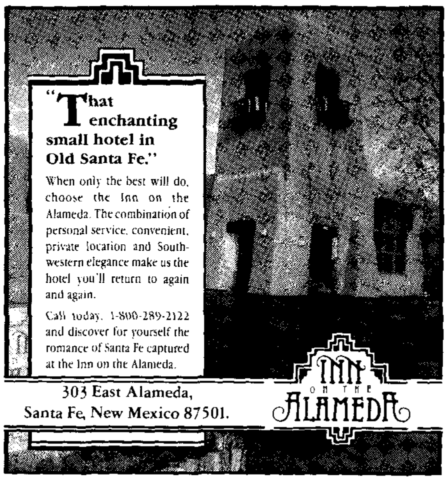
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office, but since Chile had no transport he and his neighbors had had to rely on one friendly driver and then another to nudge the shipment down the main Chapare road from village to village over the past several days.

I had met José Chile the day before, in the city of Cochabamba, in a sparsely furnished building that houses the Special Federation of Farmers of the Cochabamba Tropics, which represents about twenty-five thousand growers and their families. Although miners are a minority among the Chapare settlers, they are quite active in the coca growers' five associations. Chile introduced himself as the federation's finance secretary, and, without wasting any time on chitchat, he agreed to join me in the Chapare for a day and talk about the coca farmers' life there.

Surrounded by other former miners in the federation's headquarters that afternoon, Chile seemed efficient and dignified. When I saw him next, at three in the morning of the following day, trotting alone out of the shadows of the shantytown where he stays when he is in the city, he looked small and shrunken. I had rented a jeep, and our driver, also an Indian from the altiplano, appeared towering and robust next to him; José Chile had taken on the distinct look of a miner—the drawn, sere aspect of someone who has spent a lifetime working underground. But despite his harrowed look and a dour reserve before strangers, Chile turned out to be a sociable and cheery man, and found nothing to complain about in the fact that it was before dawn and we were travelling quickly up into freezing temperatures, along a rutted dirt road in a vehicle with hardly any springs.

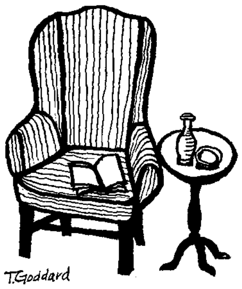
The steep, low range we were climbing is buffeted by cold altiplano winds on its western side. The eastern slope looks toward the Amazon basin, and the climate is more temperate. As we came up and over the last promontory, we felt the air grow warmer. Day broke as we drove down canyons guarded by tall, mist-covered peaks that were wrapped in dense green vegetation except where ferns and spidery trees parted to make way for streams of rainwater racing toward the rivers below. After a four-hour drive, or about a hundred miles, the two-lane gravel road flattened out, the air became steamy, and we reached Villa Tunari, a very small town at the entrance to the Chapare sub-Amazonian lowlands. A short while later, we stopped at Eteramasama, where the Chapare farmers' two principal means of making money from coca can be found within a hundred feet of each other. Here, a block from the main road, is one of the three main coca exchanges for the region, and here also, on this particular day, was a travelling delegation from the government's Department of Agricultural Reconversion, which pays farmers two thousand dollars for every hectare of "legal" coca they uproot; that is, coca planted before new plots were outlawed, in 1988.

The coca exchange is a large open-sided warehouse where buyers flock to appraise the merchandise and haggle over the best lots. Sometimes they are purchasing on behalf of the Coca-Cola Company. (The D.E.A. says it always knows when it has managed to bring down prices through interdiction, because the soft-drink company's resident Bolivian buyer makes an appearance.) Most often, they are purchasing for the drug trade, but on this point Chile became untypically reticent. I asked him how, with special anti-drug troops stationed just down the road, buyers for the drug trade could appear, make their purchases, and carry away their merchandise unseen, and Chile said only, "Who knows?" This was the same unsurprising answer provided, rather more tensely, by two employees at the government reconversion office. They also offered an explanation of how the program works. Farmers wishing to receive two thousand dollars for an uprooted plot get two visits from a reconversion inspector, who measures the coca plot before and after the uprooting and testifies that eradication has indeed taken place. The reconversion office then sends a check, along with a certificate that qualifies the grower for alternative-development aid from the government and the United States Agency for International Development. Despite the best efforts of A.I.D. and a host of other international agencies, like the United Nations Drug Control Program, the reconversion employees said that most farmers eradicated only part of their coca holdings, generally when there was a family emergency, or when coca prices were low.

ANIMAL
CRACKERS
B. Seese

To some degree, José Chile has a vested interest in seeing his fellow-farmers resist reconversion. He is a union man, and for him union work is a matter of life-and-death confrontation with an endlessly hostile state. In 1965, Chile participated in the Mineworkers Federation's feverish attempt to take over the tin mines at Oruro and Catavi, which ended with a military offensive that left twenty-four people dead. (Chile himself drank too much the evening before and overslept as a result, missing the bloodshed.) He has marched and conspired, joined hunger strikes, manned barricades. He left the mines before the 1985 mass dismissals, but after wages had sunk so low that he couldn't keep his family alive on them. A brother had gone into coca farming in the tropics before him, and at the time it was possible to make around seven thousand dollars a year by farming a couple of hectares. In the Chapare, Chile immediately became active in his federation's local *sindicato*, which acts as a grass-roots administrative system for the settlers. Shortly after Chile arrived, coca prices suffered their first major collapse, and the *sindicato* became even more important as a mutual-help-and-support organization. When the United States and Bolivia embarked on their first joint military offensive on coca, during the Paz Estenssoro regime, even the most apolitical farmers were terrified and outraged. The *sindicato* acquired a new edge; it acquired, in effect, a miner personality, and is now militantly committed to getting rid of the United States military presence in the region and defending the legality of coca production.

WHAT the growers are defending is a livelihood that is now barely above subsistence level. Although coca prices rise and fall, the days o seven-thousand-dollar yearly incomes are long gone. Buyers are paying around a hundred and sixty bolivianos a load these days, or about forty-five dollars, which Chile says is a good price; he can harvest four crops a year on one hectare for a total earnings of about seventeen hundred dollars. Still, the signs that we were travelling through a region in economic recession were everywhere. We were in the prime-real-estate zone of the Chapare, an area that has a road, some water and electricity, and, as of last year, the rudiments of a sewer system. (The very poor, like José Chile, live several days' walk from the road and the public services.) Yet even in this privileged place there were dozens of shacks with "For Sale" signs tacked up on the plank walls.



In the hot shade of a restaurant at Isinuta, where the road ends, we finally caught up with Chile's neighbors and fellow former miners, who told him that the cement for the clinic had arrived safely this far, and that now all they had to do was wait for the river, swollen by heavy rains, to subside so they could cross it and continue on their way home, carrying the cement on their backs. They had been waiting already for a couple of days, but, since the rains had stopped, they thought that they would be able to cross any time now. We sipped some of Max Fernández' beer and watched the rare traffic along the road: a bicycle, a pickup truck carrying passengers in the back, a four-wheel-drive vehicle carrying international reconversion technocrats and project supervisors, a nonarmored personnel carrier filled with Bolivian special forces. The miners pat on the ground at the sight. "They grab our bicycles, our radios, our coca, and half an hour later we see their girlfriends trying to sell it all," one of he men said.

Chile is also used to seeing operatives from the Drug Enforcement Agency. For all practical purposes, the D.E.A. runs the Bolivian government's nti-drug program, providing a rare atch of ideological common ground or poor Indians like Chile and the white urban middle classes of La Paz, whether conservative, liberal, or radical: they are united in their loathing f the gringos' interference in local affairs. The D.E.A. first moved into Bolivia in a major way in 1986, when it staged the showy display that radicalized so many coca farmers; this was Operation Blast Furnace, in which Bolivian and United States troops parachuted into jungle laboratories and torched them in view of dozens of photographers and many more local residents. The M.N.R. regime of Paz Estenssoro later decided that allowing Blast Furnace had been a mistake, and so did Paz Estenssoro's opponents in the Revolutionary Left Movement, President Paz Zamora's party. In the early days of his administration, Paz Zamora swore that he would not tolerate a United States military presence here, and that he would not give in to American pressure to militarize the drug fight by involving local troops. Yet since May of 1990, thanks to determined lobbying by the United States Embassy, Bolivia has accepted a significant American military presence, and the drug fight is no longer being left to the police. United States troops are training Bolivian Army conscripts, although it is not clear whether the Bolivian soldiers, many of whom are teen-agers, are supposed to take on the elusive drug mafia or get involved in confrontations with the coca growers.

The United States spent about thirty-five million dollars in direct military assistance here last year, and dozens of American military instructors were in the country to train Bolivian antinarcotics troops. Despite the years of United States military and police assistance and intense local involvement by the D.E.A., there are still almost forty thousand families making a living from coca farming in the Chapare alone. Having lived through the delinquent regime of General García Meza, the narco-President, who ruled with brazen and ruthless use of force from 1980 to 1982, La Paz residents are virtually united in their conviction that the one thing Bolivia's military doesn't need is an opportunity for further corruption. Ernesto Machicao, an articulate young congressman from the M.N.R., told me of another concern: the local drug élite, which has thus far been extremely reluctant to use violence, may resort to Colombian-type tactics if pressed too far. People here

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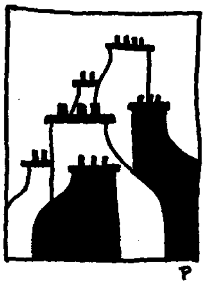
also worry about the effect of bringing down coca prices so much that cocaine—or, at least, the highly addictive and harmful crude coca paste—becomes affordable for the local population. Already, and as a result of the decline in coca prices, many Chapare farmers who previously had little or no association with the drug side of the trade are processing their own paste at home, to make extra money. And people worry about the contradiction in United States foreign policy, which, as Machicao pointed out, supports democracy with one hand and strengthens the military with the other. "It's not as if military strikes against civilian regimes were unusual here," he said.

Of course, there have been periodic successes: huge laboratories burned down in the Beni region; the surrender of seven leading traffickers under a no-extradition guarantee last year; the dismissal, at D.E.A. insistence, of Colonel Faustino Rico Toro, the man President Paz Zamora had appointed as head of the special anti-drug forces. Rico Toro was dismissed because he had long-standing and very public links to General García Meza. But United States officials fear that this last affair is noteworthy less as a drug-interdiction triumph than as a demonstration of how high corruption goes in the Paz-Bánzer government.

The Paz-Bánzer administration has committed itself to eradicating about thirty-five thousand hectares of coca cultivation by 1993, and the United States has linked the payment of hundreds of millions of dollars in aid to the success of the program. However, the voluntary eradication is running behind schedule. So far, none of the miner-farmers who are José Chile's neighbors have eradicated any coca, because they have worked out the figures, and the figures don't make sense. Theoretically, eradication is only the first step to making a decent living by growing something else, but Gustavo Camargo, an agronomist who was hired jointly by the coca farmers' associations to advise them on alternative crops, pointed out to me that few crops grow easily in the Chapare, and that profitable ones are expensive. "Take pineapple, for example," Camargo said. "It is adaptable to soil and climate conditions here, and a single hectare of export-quality pineapple can yield thirty thousand dollars a year. But a farmer needs twenty thousand dollars to plant forty thousand pineapples in a start-up hectare, not to mention the costs of agro-inputs and of training farmers."

There are other problems. Sitting in the muggy restaurant at Isinuta, Óscar Arias, a miner who has the same harrowed look as José Chile, said that coca was the only product with buyers willing to send planes to take it out. He had oranges, bananas, yuca rotting at home, he said, because he had no way to get his crops to market. "The only people really benefitting from eradication are the program's employees and their cronies," he went on. "We miners have shown that we can start from nothing and build a lot. We've known how to bring in drinking water, health clinics, roads, all through our own effort, but the government knows only how to make promises."



We left him and Chile's other neighbors at the river and headed back toward Eteramasama, where Chile stopped at a hopelessly underequipped clinic to ask the new doctor if she would come to his district for a vaccination campaign. She agreed, and Chile proceeded to draft an announcement of the campaign, to be broadcast by the local radio station. So far, he seemed highly pleased with the day's progress, but when we got back on the road he said something that surprised me. "It takes so long to get so little," he said. "What I need to do is figure out how to get in touch with Max Fernández. He can help."

TWO days later, Fernández' Unión Cívica Solidaridad got about a third of the Chapare's votes, and most of them appear to have been cast by deserters from Víctor Paz Estenssoro's M.N.R. Nobody was more worried about this in La Paz than the current head of the M.N.R., Gonzalo (Goni) Sánchez de Lozada, who in his own way is quite as bizarre a politician as Max Fernández.

There are many compelling reasons that Sánchez de Lozada should never be President, and he takes perverse pleasure in listing them. First, there is the question of the accent: because his father, a left-wing politician, lived with his family in the United States—first as a diplomat and then in exile—from the time that Goni was one, and because Goni did not return to Bolivia until he was twenty-one, and because he has a tin ear, he speaks Spanish with what sounds like a parody of a gringo accent, and also makes grammatical mistakes, which he enjoys quoting to others. Then, there is the question of attitude: he *thinks* like a gringo, favoring efficiency and resul over history and process to a degree that often maddens even his followers There is his corrosive sarcasm, and the fact that he likes to say what he thinks He doesn't remember names *or* faces There is some debate whether he is the wealthiest or the second-wealthiest man in the country. By rights, he should never have made it to Congress, but in fact he has already been elected President of Bolivia once. He is the man who, as Paz Estenssoro's neolibera Minister of Planning, brought inflation down from twenty-four thousand per cent to about fifteen per cent in 1985. In gratitude, a small plurality o the electorate—twenty-six per cent—gave him their vote in 1989, despite the fact that Paz, jealous and querulous virtually refused to campaign for him He is also the man who, as head o the Senate, lobbied successfully to have Paz Estenssoro named President ove General Bánzer, the actual winner o the 1985 elections, and it was he who was robbed of his own victory by Bánzer's pact with Paz Zamora fou years later.

We talked in a wealthy suburb o La Paz, in the den of Sánchez d Lozada's comfortable, rambling house which contains a wonderful collectio of colonial art. Sánchez de Lozad wants very badly to be President o Bolivia, but, at the age of sixty-one with his moment of historical significance receding fast, he may find tha the 1993 elections will be his las chance. Hugo Bánzer will run aga in 1993, with President Paz Zamora support, and Sánchez de Lozada woul like to believe that Bánzer will g fewer votes than he did the last time because people are unhappy with th Paz-Bánzer alliance. But Max Fernández could easily win enough vote to turn the contest into a three-wa race, and between him and Bánze they could deal Sánchez de Lozada o of the Presidency yet again. Onc people voted for him because he be inflation, but now that the full consequences of the readjustment program are being felt, he acknowledged, "people are extremely doubtful about the famous neoliberal model." He went on, "If you ask people if they're better off today than they were, and if they will be better off soon, the answer is no. I'm completely convinced that the reforms were inevitable, that there was no alternative, but it is undeniable that as a result Bolivia is at a very difficult crossroads."

When I asked him why he and Paz Estenssoro had dealt so ruthlessly with the miners, he answered, "It wasn't our intention." The mass dismissals at the mines, he insisted, were the inevitable result of the collapsing tin market, but others remember a more complicated chain of events. I talked to one man who was deeply involved in the planning and execution of the New Economic Policy, and who believes that the mining measures were as much the result of necessity as an integral part of the economic revolution. "The metal content in the mines was very low," he said. "The world price collapse was beyond our control, and the government was also under great pressure from the international finance and development organizations. It was the most efficient thing to do."

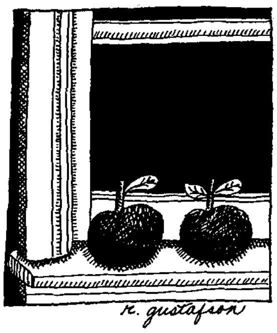
Sánchez de Lozada has been puzzling over the reform plan he supervised and its consequences in ways that sometimes make it sound eerily as if he were criticizing someone else's program. Now that the mass dismissals are over, and thousands of campesinos have left their land, unable to compete with the cheaper prices of imported produce that flooded in as a result of the N.E.P.'s free-trade policy, he muses on the fact that people coping with quadruple-digit rates of nflation find it almost mpossible to survive once nflation comes down to a nere ten or fifteen per ent. "It's difficult for technocrats to understand that hyperinflation creates its own mechanisms for survival," he said. "A lot of people fall back then on what is almost a barter economy. When you take those mechanisms away, you'd better make sure that inflation goes down to absolute zero. If in the United States a single inflation point gets people worried, imagine what it does to people here, who are living on the edge."

At this stage, Sánchez de Lozada thinks, something other than neoliberal orthodoxy is called for. Unusually for a politician, he is given to self-criticism and reflection, and it is perhaps these qualities which make him the favorite candidate for 1993 of almost every middle-class person I spoke to. But he understands very clearly that his chances are slipping. "In the M.N.R., we're a little like the Red Queen, running to stay in place," he said. "We know we need answers to structural problems, but we don't have them yet. I'm trying. What I know is that we need a two-tiered economy, with one level that is export-geared and highly productive, and another that addresses the needs and limited capacities of the traditional peasant economy, which can exist only with very low production costs. We have to combine the capacity to charge a reasonable level of taxes with mechanisms to address the critical needs of the majority—and stay free of the excesses of the welfare state. The thing is, in countries as destitute as this, you have to address the problems simultaneously. I don't have the answers yet, but I know that that is the general direction, and I'm working on it. The problem is that people aren't interested in terribly sophisticated solutions; they need immediate answers."

And he offered the hard political truth that he says he and Víctor Paz Estenssoro learned when their government was in power: "If the price of tin goes down overnight from five dollars and sixty cents a ton to two dollars and forty cents, and you're a good manager, you fire half your workers. But if you're in government and you do that you lose the next elections." He should know: one of the places that Max Fernández trounced the M.N.R. in December was the city of Potosí, where the Party has traditionally been strong, but where some three thousand mineworkers were dismissed in 1985.

"I'm afraid not. My marriage becomes effective as of that date."

THE hill that overlooks Potosí, which is the capital of the province of the same name, will probably be the grave of the miners' movement, but it was also its cradle. It could even be said that the Cerro Rico, or Rich Hill, of Potosí was the cradle of Bolivia itself, for without the staggering amounts of silver that Indian peons hacked out of its bowels in the sixteenth century the Spanish Crown would never have thought to make a separate administrative unit of the vast, frozen, infertile, endlessly hostile region that it baptized Upper Peru, and that became economically viable as "Bolivia" only because of the wealth of Potosí. The hill's silver contributed to the genesis of world capitalism, and helped fuel Europe's first great inflationary crisis, but in Potosí the silver booms that came and went left nothing behind except a near-feudal system of injustice and a town plaza surrounded by a few cobbled streets of exquisite charm. Later, when the hill's silver reserves seemed exhausted at last, along came the tin boom. Once again, thousands of workers flocked to the mines, and once again the explosion of wealth failed to produce anything but misery for the area. In this commemorative year of the five hundredth anniversary of the Spanish Discovery, Potosí has become a favored recipient of international aid, but not even the money lavished on it by the Spanish government and the various international development agencies has managed to dent the atrocious infant-mortality and life-expectancy statistics for destitute campesinos and the miners who remain, most of whom are self-employed. The province of Potosí is one of the poorest regions in the world—so impoverished that there are fewer than five thousand motor vehicles of any kind in it, for a population of nearly seven hundred thousand. There is no system of paved roads, and no commercial flights go in or out of its tiny airport.



What used to be Potosí's most prosperous government-owned mine, the Unificada, is now all but abandoned. An elevator still takes an occasional worker to the stiflingly hot inner tunnels, where a little tin and some associated metals are being mined, and once in a while a rail car clatters down the tracks that used to carry Potosí's wealth to the refinery twenty-four hours a day. Out of what was once a work force of twenty-five hundred, there are four hundred workers left, few of whom are actually miners. The countless massacres of the miners by both civilian governments and military dictatorships were unsuccessful in turning them from their stubborn vision of socialist revolution, but the Paz Estenssoro regime managed to do away with the miners, their union, and their dreams by the simple expedient of firing most of them. I found a few of the survivors in the repair room, a gloomy cavern deep in the mine. There Alejandro Gutiérrez, a former secretary of the Bolivian Mineworkers Federation, raged against Víctor Paz Estenssoro, the United States, the current government, and the ruin of Potosí. What was the future of Bolivia, he wanted to know—to sell its greatest wealth to Yankees? To see the best, the bravest of its workers peddling imported cigarettes on the streets of La Paz, or growing coca for the drug trade in the Chapare, or digging for silver in frighteningly primitive private mines—bare holes in the earth, really—which have turned the Cerro Rico into a landscape of unstable and deadly pits? Where, he demanded, were the benefits of capitalism?

The repair room's walls were plastered with militant posters showing heroic workers, outlined in red, greeting the socialist dawn. A couple of miners, great lumps of coca leaves wedged between tongue and cheek, came in for repair work on their drills. "We're all Communists here!" Gutiérrez roared, but I wondered if his compañeros had been among those who voted for Max: the benefits of capitalism were not to be found in the Cerro Rico, yet belief in Communism hadn't got the miners very far, either. The two miners listened quizzically to Gutiérrez, and did not join in. He was listing the miners' historic battles against the dictatorships, their role in bringing down one after another of the hated generals, which prompted me to think of the miners' last great struggle, in 1983, when they destabilized the transitional civilian government of President Hernán Siles Zuazo by staging a violent, unruly protest in La Paz, marching down the Prado and exploding sticks of dynamite to demand an end to inflation.

Outside the mines, there is general agreement that the march signalled the end of the miners' union as a vanguard force in Bolivian politics, and I asked Gutiérrez whether the violence displayed by the miners on the Prado, the attempt to polarize Bolivia at a time when people were glad simply to be rid of the military, had not backfired on them. "Not at all!" he roared again. "We made people afraid of us! We stopped traffic! We set buses on fire!" And then, more reflectively, "We used the only weapons we had. Workers don't have bullets, the government does. We have our dynamite, and it was a poor defense."

THE miners at Porco, one of a dozen mines owned or administered by the Comsur corporation, whose principal stockholder is Gonzalo Sánchez de Lozada, no longer know whether they agree with Gutiérrez or not. Porco, which lies a couple of hours' drive through the mountainous desert that leads from Potosí to the tin mines of Oruro, was the very first silver mine exploited by the conquistadores, before an Indian told them of the amazing treasure hidden inside the Cerro Rico. Probably as a result of the Cerro's wealth, Porco was neglected and mismanaged for centuries after that, but today prosperity is evident from the moment one approaches the mine, which Comsur has rented from the government since 1965. Comsur has broadened and built up the shafts, installed tracks everywhere, and brought in high-tech drilling equipment. It is also constructing a sixteen-million-dollar zinc mill to expand its processing capacity. (There has been no significant investment in any government-owned mine since long before the 1952 nationalization.)

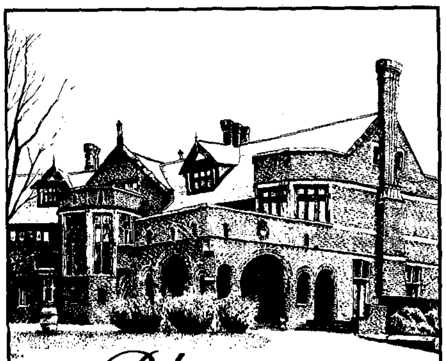
The most striking difference between Cerro Rico and Porco is in the miners themselves. The base wage is higher at Porco, but most of the men prefer to hire themselves out to the mine on a contract basis, and by working sixteen-hour shifts some miners earn as much as two thousand bolivianos, or about five hundred and forty dollars, a month—five times as much as a government schoolteacher. They don't look like miners—in fact, most of them are local campesinos driven off the land by the New Economic Policy, and by a drought that has now lasted for five years—but the difference is due chiefly to the Comsur management's obsession with safety regulations. Hard hats, boots, and dust masks are mandatory. (The miners at Cerro Rico do not wear dust masks, and they would probably scorn the suggestion that they do so.) The pits are well lit throughout, with signs everywhere pointing to little hollows in the wall, where one can wait for the railroad car to pass or to the way out. Support timbers are carefully shored up, floods are instantly dealt with, ventilation is good. I toured the mines with the safety inspector, Juan Aguilar, and he told me proudly that there had not been a single fatality in the mine all last year. Small wonder, then, that when I talked to a young man who is a former union representative he was in a state of high confusion.

"The truth is, our relations with management are very cordial," he said, a little guiltily. "They treat us well, they respect us." He told me that there had been only one work stoppage the previous year, over the delayed delivery of some tools. (No one even bothers to count the stoppages and strikes at the state-owned mines anymore.) "The state miners must see things differently, because they say that we are exploited, and, of course, it's true that the state can't exploit the workers, because only capitalists can, but then that must mean that workers have to try harder to make the mines successful." The strain of reconciling the different arguments in his head kept him sitting tensely on the edge of his chair, and when I asked him if such disagreement with the state miners could lead to a division in the Mineworkers Federation he was so flustered that he started to answer and then stopped to ask whether I would mind giving my opinion first.

"There's some discussion of a division," he acknowledged. "The state miners have had all the union leadership positions locked up for a long time, but now there are actually more of us here at Porco than there are at Cerro Rico, for example; there are nearly five hundred workers here, of whom more than three hundred are miners. We could form a union, but then we would be splitting the workers' movement, and no one could ever recover from that blow." He paused as a counter-argument forced its way through. "How can we keep on with the struggle, though?" he asked. "How can we keep obeying the calls for one more strike? No one pays attention to that anymore. The fact is that the state didn't know how to make a success of mining, and the workers' movement has already been damaged, because it's just ideology now. I think that perhaps unionism in Bolivia is already dead."

Juan Lechín, the man who led the miners over nearly four decades of revolutionary effervescence, hasn't been back to Potosí for a while. These days, he sees visitors and kibitzes with acquaintances in the Club de La Paz, a dark-wood-and-mirrors café just off the Prado, where every client seems to be at least sixty years old. Lechín is approaching eighty (he will not reveal his age) but is still dapper and hale. His detractors, who are legion, say that his very longevity is proof that he was never a miner or even saw the inside of a pit, that he climbed to fame on the shoulders of the miners—thanks to his skills as a soccer player, which made him a hero to them. (In his youth, he was captain of the revered La Paz team, the Strongest.) They say that he has fortunes squirrelled away in Venezuela, and that while he was, first, Paz Estenssoro's most direct source of popular support, then his Minister of Mines, and then his outspoken critic, he consistently betrayed the miners and his own principles in the name of expediency. All this could well be true, but what is also evident is that the miners knew who and what Lechín was when they made him their leader, and that they must have realized that a spokesman from their own ranks—small and Indian-looking, stumbling over awkward phrases, in Quechua-accented Spanish—would have got them nowhere in the corridors of power. It was Lechín they needed, with his soaring gift for public speaking, his boulevardier charm, his legendary courage, and his wily skills to match the corrupt talents of the establishment.

We had lunch in a fancy rooftop restaurant on the Prado, staring out at the dun, treeless shantytowns that line the ancient crater in which La Paz is nestled. Lechín does not look like a prosperous man; his jacket, though natty, was a little threadbare. He doesn't own a car, and he lives in a single room in his sister's house, as he has for years. He resigned from the leadership of the Bolivian Workers Confederation in 1987, after every attempt to force the government to reverse its mining policies failed, and now he makes a living as an adviser to the "informal sector," in which so many former workers have ended up. He still cannot understand why the miners' movement should be so reviled. "We changed Bolivia," he said. "I remember that before the 1952 insurrection there was a peasant who managed to put himself through teachers' college, and he tried to set up a little school for the peasants in his



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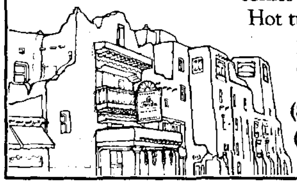

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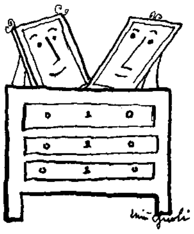
district. A month hadn't gone by before the landowners had him lynched. Look how many rural schools were built after the revolution! They say the miners created a labor aristocracy, but you can't compare the miners' needs with anyone else's. Inside the mines, a worker lasts three years before he begins to get sick. The union demanded good-quality subsidized foodstuffs, because our workers deserved it. We created solidarity; people became capable of going on strike—we had no strike funds yet, mind you—to support the demands of miners in a different district. The Paz Estenssoro regime destroyed all that in 1985. Now you have all these little technocrats running around saying that they fought for democracy—where did they fight? I never saw any of them risking their lives to overthrow a dictatorship. I never saw any who had the ability to call two thousand people out on a protest march. We did that."



We said goodbye on the Prado, after I asked him if he thought that the last great miners' march, the one along this street, when the marchers set off dynamite, had been a mistake.

"What kind of mistake?" he asked. "You know very well that a successful leader never really leads, but follows. Miners' wages at that time were barely seven dollars a month! Do you think I could have stopped them from doing what they did?"

IT was the day before the elections, and also the close of the school year in La Paz, a time when the strollers and the *cholas* are joined on the Prado by graduating high-school students and their families on their way to the graduation ceremonies, which take place at a cinema on the bottom end of the boulevard. The previous evening, I had had dinner with a group of middle-class intellectuals who had been pondering the difficulties of writing an official history text for young students that could last for more than one regime. How would a Bánzerite author explain the achievements of Paz Estenssoro's 1952 revolution? Or write the account of his return to power? How could an objective account of the post-M.N.R. regimes, on the other hand, deal with Bánzer without risking military unrest? What favorable, patriotic light could be cast on García Meza, the narco-President? How could national pride be built on a history filled with misguided and bloody wars, which had led, in 1884, to the loss of Bolivia's shoreline to Chile and, in 1935, to the loss of most of its eastern territories to Paraguay?

The evening turned into a reflection on prominent figures in Bolivian history, like the fabled nineteenth-century dictator Mariano Melgarejo, who built the few roads that Bolivia still has only after he had decided to march at the head of his troops to the defense of Napoleon III and realized how impassable his native land was. And who once went to surrender to the man who had led an uprising against him but instead shot him dead, and appeared on the balcony of the Presidential palace to face the waiting hordes outside shouting, "The king is dead! So who's alive now?"

The intellectuals recalled the experience of an acquaintance who had been named Information Minister of an incoming government sometime during the turbulent seventies; he showed up for his first day of work after a night of hearty celebration only to be told that the regime he supported was no longer in power. They told stories about Saúl Salmón, the mad, Argentine-hating *radionovela* scriptwriter on whom a major character in Mario Vargas Llosa's autobiographical "Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter" is based, who returned from a long exile in Peru (where Vargas Llosa met and worked for him) and became briefly—and wildly—the mayor of La Paz. They contemplated a future in which Max Fernández, in power, might generate even more extravagant stories. After the laughter died down, the mood was decidedly gloomy, and in the silence one man burst out, "I think we should invent an official history for ourselves that would serve us better than the rea one! Everything we learned in schoo about Bolivia has to do only with defeats."

In this context, Bolivia's very recent history, full though it is of devastation and loss, looks more dignified than most of its entire past, and, indeed, the graduating students who wer gathering that afternoon outside th cinema on the Prado to have thei pictures taken said that they wer immensely proud to be Bolivian and proud of their own achievement. "This is the most important moment of ny family's life," a happy young nan said. He was there to attend the raduation of his friend José Luis gnacio, who was dressed in a black uit, white shirt, and pointy black hoes, and who only reluctantly admitted that the Indian couple in traditional dress standing next to him were s parents. "Nobody wants to dress ike that anymore," said his sister, vho was wearing fashionably ripped luejeans and lots of makeup. "Only ourists like that." José Luis was his amily's first high-school graduate, but is sister did not think that she would e able to follow in his steps. "The nly way we can get by, with the conomic situation the way it is, is y selling something on the street," he said. "That's what always gets s Bolivians the food we need each ay." José Luis, however, had aspirations. He thought that life had got just little easier in the last couple of ears—he is sixteen, and he couldn't eally remember what life in Bolivia vas like during the final years of e Paz Estenssoro regime, except at it was hard—and he said that if e economy continued to improve he vould be able to pursue his dream f attending technical college and raduating as an electrical engineer. You're nothing these days if you're st a high-school graduate," he pointed out. "You stay a messenger boy rever."

Then he excused himself and went pose for a photograph with other lack-suited graduates and their families in Indian dress in the shadow of e Prado's grandest statue. It is a epresentation on horseback of Marial Andrés de Santa Cruz, an idealtic follower of Simón Bolívar, who d the Bolivians into practically every e of the very few battles they have n, who administered the state fairly d honestly, and who, overthrown his enemies, spent the rest of his e in exile.

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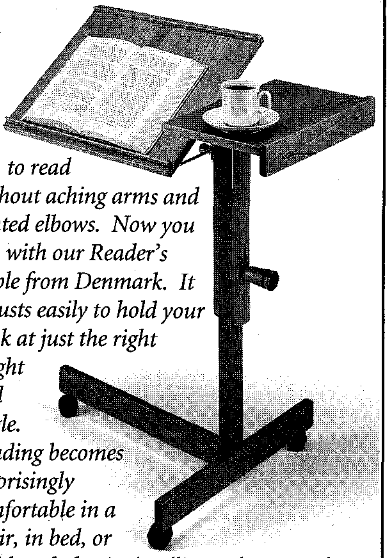

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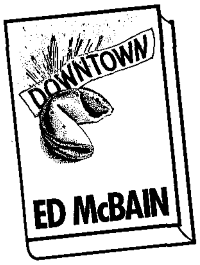

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BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE NEW EMPERORS: CHINA IN THE ERA OF MAO AND DENG, by Harrison E. Salisbury (Little, Brown; $24.95). This compelling narrative introduces the Chinese Communist leadership at the moment when its victorious forces entered Beijing in 1949, and goes on to relate how power corrupted: how heroic figures degenerated into courtiers; how Mao Zedong set about destroying his colleagues, and, in the process, nearly ruined his country; how Deng Xiaoping survived, to lead China to prosperity; and how his decision to use force against the students in Tiananmen Square has imperilled his achievement. Mr. Salisbury has interviewed men and women who knew these leaders intimately, and his story deftly blends the personal with the political and the ideological. The reader learns why these successful revolutionaries were not well equipped to deal with the practical problems of peaceful governance, and appreciates, too, the ways that Russian-Chinese enmity distorted not only Chinese, Russian, and American diplomacy but China's economic development. Mr. Salisbury thinks that Mao and Deng saw themselves as traditional Chinese emperors—absolute rulers for whom greatness and cruelty were inseparable.

A WOMAN, A MAN, AND TWO KINGDOMS: THE STORY OF MADAME D'ÉPINAY AND THE ABBÉ GALIANI, by Francis Steegmuller (Knopf; $23). Louise d'Épinay (1726-83) was a wellborn Parisian who, married young to a philandering wastrel, sought fulfillment in friendships with men of intellectual distinction, among them Voltaire, Rousseau, Grimm, and Diderot. Ferdinando Galiani, a diminutive young priest-diplomat from the Kingdom of Naples, was a man of learning and classical scholarship who nevertheless exuded, in Diderot's words, "wit, nonsense, merriment and everything that enables one to forget life's displeasures." When he was introduced to Madame d'Épinay, she took to him at once, and he soon became a treasured member of her circle; after he was recalled to Naples, the two continued their friendship by letter for the rest of her life. In an effervescent correspondence, much of [illegible] translated here, they report on the happenings and political currents in their respective cities; their formidable literary talents afford us a good idea of the tone and substance of European intellectual life at the close of an epoch. Mr. Steegmuller tells this story with finesse, and brings back to life a captivating pair of human beings.

FASCINATING RHYTHM: THE COLLABORATION OF GEORGE AND IRA GERSHWIN, by Deena Rosenberg (Dutton; $29.95). This book is meant to be a dual biography of the Gershwins, but it is in fact a study of the artistic symbiosis by which the brothers enriched American song and the American musical theatre. The author, a noted scholar and music historian, gives us a rounded picture of the Gershwins' world—Tin Pan Alley, the Broadway theatre, Hollywood in the days of the big musicals—but she concentrates on the actual works: George's hundreds of songs and other musical compositions, from "I Got Rhythm" to "Porgy and Bess," and Ira's vas lyrical output. The art of both men is subjected to analysis that abound in offbeat insights—into George' musical wit and the subtleties o Ira's versifying—and in interesting revelations, like the source of th ever-electrifying glissando that open "Rhapsody in Blue."

NOTE: "As If It Matters," a collectio of poems by Eamon Grennan, ha been published by Graywolf ($1 cloth, $11 paper). Many of the poem originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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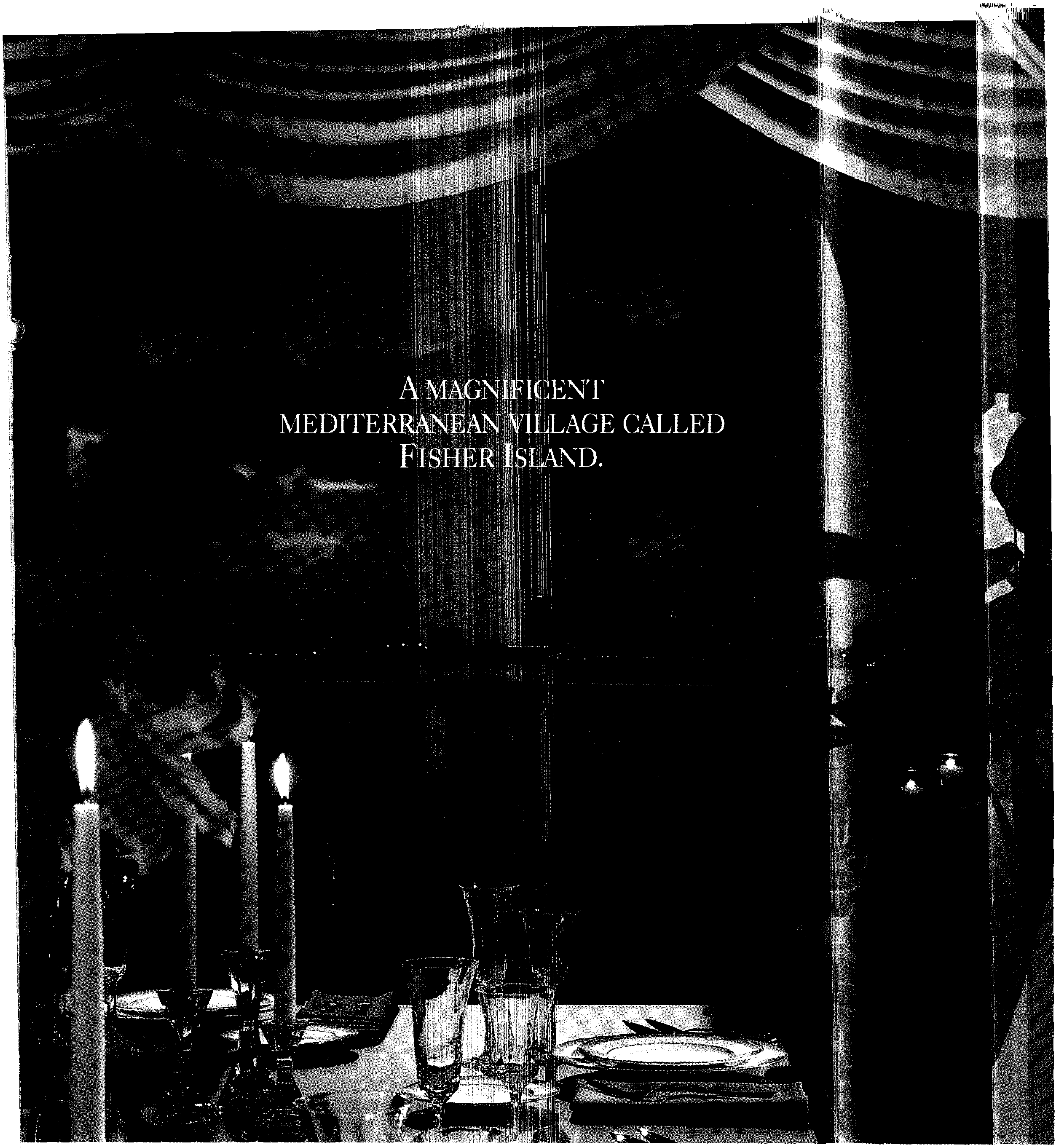
Perhaps they should stick to sellin cookies.



Interior design by Carole Korn Interiors.

n a breeze-swept island off Miami, a gnificent Mediterranean village awaits. ts name is Fisher Island.

ere are gathered people who share a nmon appreciation for the good life. heir community offers a superb seaside f course; tennis on grass and clay courts; an international spa; two deepwater marinas for yachts of any length; seven restaurants; a dinner theater and shops.

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FISHER ISLAND

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